

THE DEVIL MAY CARE

One o'clock two o'clock three o'clock, four
Does this sound familiar, have you heard this before?
She's hidden all the money in the clock on the wall
When it strikes eleven there'll be nothing at all

Run to the chapel, whisper your prayer,
God don't give a hoot but the devil may care
I know why she has gone, but I just don't know where,
God don't give a hoot but the devil may care

Time is ticking on now, the pen's running out
The paper's getting thinner and the desk has a doubt
The dictionary doesn't give a name for my crime,
But the jury will invent one when they're given the time

At the top of the tower up the shadowy stair
God don't give a hoot but the devil may care
At the bottom of the pit, in the fiery lair
God don't give a hoot when the devil may care

I live on what I borrowed, I'll die on my own
Lend a tramp a penny, give a dog a loan
She's broken my bank, I've broken her heart,
I've spoken out loud out spoken at the start

All of the stocks and none of the shares
God don't give a hoot when the devil may care
Justice in the market place was meant to be square
God don't give a hoot when the devil may care

Six o'clock seven o'clock eight o'clock nine
Tap your feet to the ticking and the tocking of time
That is not a grail, that ain't even a cup!
You know you're going down when you're on your way up

Dark love is rife, true love is rare
God don't give a hoot when the devil may care
The architect is dead and his plans been laid bare
God don't give a hoot when the devil may care
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