

Jakob Dylan, Evil Is Alive And Well

It doesn't always have a shape
Almost never does it have a name
It maybe has a pitchfork maybe has a tail
But evil is alive and well
It might walk upright from out of the inferno
May be coming horseback through deep snow
It's ragged and fat hungry as hell

Evil is alive and well
Evil is alive
Evil is well
Evil is alive
Evil is well
On your feet to the tower and yell
Evil is alive and well

May be too humble to want to speak
May have a blood soaked bird in it's teeth
Smoked filled skies and bees in the well
Evil is alive and well
Maybe in a palace it may be in the streets
May be here among us on a crowded beach
May be asleep in a roadside motel
But evil is alive and well

Evil is alive
Evil is well
Evil is alive
Evil is well
On your feet to the tower and yell
Evil is alive and well

It's well
Down in every ditch
Up on every hill
It's well
I've got my radio on
Drowning the bells

When midnight's done and the day won't start
And All I ever gave you was a broken heart
It's hard to admit but it's easy to tell
That evil is alive and well