

## *THE DEVIL'S IN TOWN*

*On a cold February night, all calm and still The Devil is in a home in Laredo, He's waiting to kill. From miles away, a man sees His fiery breath, Tonight a hero will be born, there will be no death.*

*The man of whom I speak wants no fame or glory, So the best I can tell it, here's the story. There were no tracks leading out in the fresh white snow, A young girl lay in the burning house, in he must go.*

*He could find no one, when he went in. He had to go back twice for air, and the devil laughed at him. He must have looked that fiery Devil in the eye Because, my friend, on his third try*

*He was upstairs in the young girl's room, full of smoke and bad air The fire roared down below; the Devil laughed, he didn't care. The man found the girl lying on the bed, He had beaten the Devil to her, she wasn't dead.*

*Take my hand child; I'll lead you out of here For the devil's at the door and the Angel of Death is near Don't look in his eyes, ignore his hot breath on your face Follow me, now, out of the Devil's embrace.*

*If I were there, I know I would admire This man who saved this girl from the house on fire. I'm so proud of this man, like no other, This man I speak of – is my brother.*

*Kerry Peterie*