

Angels, Alexander

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

She walks down the line, no sense of time
eternity...

she talks of the years, blinded by tears
her magesty...

fantasy, the mirror that's confused her

She pleaded guilty to a charge of perverse delight

trying to control the childhood dream that

haunts her through the night

is it the spoken truth or it the truth that is heard?

there's no one speaking and no one's listening to words

On skid row after dark

On skid row after dark

On skid row after dark

She hides in the night, turns down her light

time to wait...

she holds out her hand, dreams of her man

love or hate --- is all too late

already she was dying

She pleaded guilty to a charge of perverse delight

trying to control the childhood dream that

haunts her through the night

is it the spoken truth or it the truth that is heard?

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