

# Angels, Breakdown 1985

(R. Brewster-Miller)

I spend my life  
scratching in the dirt  
trying to find someone to clean me up  
and give back what I deserve  
there's footsteps from behind  
there's knocking on my door  
but there's nobody there  
I said I didn't need them any more

Picking up pieces  
trying to make them fit  
thinking about Jesus  
shivering in the heat  
up against the world  
like a dead end kid  
you spend your life  
bleeding

I see faces on the ceiling  
when I lie awake in bed  
and I can never shed the tears  
always damming up my head  
it's so easy to pretend  
I don't believe in  
all that I said

Picking up pieces  
trying to make them fit  
thinking about Jesus  
shivering in the heat  
up against the world  
like a dead end kid  
you spend your life  
bleeding...

You spend your life  
blaming the gods  
you believe in  
redirecting Valentines  
from Eden

you've been trying  
you've been lying  
you've been crucifying  
you spend your life  
bleeding with the times

I see myself  
silhouetted at the wheel  
like an alien without a friend  
nothing to conceal  
so I climb into the back seat  
and I wonder if it's love  
when it's down to getting naked  
it's just like any other photograph

Picking up pieces  
trying to make them fit  
thinking about Jesus  
shivering in the heat  
up against the world  
like a dead end kid  
dreaming up speeches

the rebel hypocrite  
only one step ahead  
of lying in the street  
you spend you life bleeding

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