

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
