

# Angels, Jump Back Baby

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

Blue master Thatcher got a well laid plan  
to make himself a singularly self-made man  
new Paris shirt, Ives Saint Laurent  
you got everything that you want  
Cats are runnin' to your candy coloured Chevrolet  
consume and consume and the loser has to pay  
the higher you climb, the deeper you go  
talk about a change, nothing change so slow  
Climbing up the ivory stairs, never gonna get anywhere  
slipping on the first step, can't get a good grip  
climbing up the ivory stairs  
The kid on the street with his aim to the ground  
all those credit card conspiracies eating flesh by the pound  
parlour-cum dance between the sun and the moon  
they got you dancing to a gallows tune  
Climbing up the ivory stairs, never gonna get anywhere  
slipping on the first step, can't get a good grip  
climbing up the ivory stairs  
Oh no, you've found the door  
too late you found that you never got the key  
oh no, in the confusion  
don't turn your weary eyes on me

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