

Angels, Some Of That Love

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

Wrong notes, old frustrating used quotes
men with pencils making copious notes
out in the dark, cut the far left wing
an old man shaking a sheet of tin
judgement's fallen, the well spawned webs
pictures of old used bareness
local priest still holds the floor
with the same old lines from the time before
Don't you know when I've had enough
laugh it off, ain't that tough
don't you know when I've had enough
I like to be alone
want to be alone, just to be alone
Sacred profession still guards the walls
but my castle keeps guarantees the fall
selling souls for a mean half truth
but the power and the king shared the palace roof
welcome flowers lead a funeral train
when you're out in the desert don't you pray for me
Don't you know when I've had enough
laugh it off, ain't that tough
don't you know when I've had enough
I like to be alone
want to be alone, just to be alone
And they fool themselves
into thinking that they're talking about
taht they never doubt it,
want to be alone, just to be alone
Save me
