

# Dead Soul Tribe, Crows On The Wire

Black angels spread their wings  
And they swallow the sky  
Carry my ghost to a hiding place  
From cellophane smiles  
And halos of barbwire

Fly me far from everything  
From everyone and  
Fly me away from myself

Tears of the crying Sun  
Like despair on the wing  
Swirl through the gray  
like a cauldron achurn  
For the Winter sky  
Cry for the crows on the wire  
For they fly no more

Take me far from everything  
Everyone and  
Take me away from myself

Far from you  
Take me away from myself  
Away from you

Silent like the January mist of morn  
Skies adorned  
Dressed in shadows dancing with the failing wind

But it's too late now  
Too late now  
Way too late  
Too late  
To make up for everything  
Way too late  
Too late  
For taking back anything  
Way too late  
Too late  
To cry for you  
Way too late  
Too late  
To cry for myself

Black as the deepest night  
As you fly on your way  
Fly to my dreams  
As you glide on the wings of my memory  
Don't know where you're going  
But please take me anyway

Take me far from everyone  
And bid them all farewell  
Take me far away from here  
If you could only  
Take me away from myself

Far from you  
Take me away from myself  
Away from you