

Deep Purple, Wasted Sunsets

The day is gone when the angels come to stay
And all the silent whispers will be blown away
And lying in the corner a pair of high heel shoes
Hanging on the wall gold and silver for the blues

One too many wasted sunsets
One too many for the road
And after dark the door is always open
Hoping someone else will show

Someone is waiting behind an unlocked door
Grey circles overhead empties on the floor
The cracks in the walls have grown too long
The slow hand is dragging on afraid to meet the dawn

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