

# John Entwistle, Fallen Angel

Nobody loves the fallen angel  
Once he's hit the ground  
There's only one way to go and that's down  
Nobody loves the prince of evil  
Don't need him around  
So Lucifer's hiding underground.

You aim high, but you hit low  
He stays, and you go  
Black sky, hello  
Goodbye, rainbow.

(Guitar Solo)

Nobody loves a fallen idol  
Failure leaves a scar  
And memories only go so far  
Nobody cares but everyone stares  
As you stagger to the bar  
That face is familiar  
Didn't he used to be a star?

You aim high, but you hit low  
Blue skies, Acapulco  
Dark eyes, incognito  
You live fast, better spend slow  
Or it's goodbye, to the chateau  
Hello, Skid Row.

You aim high, but you hit low  
You live fast, better spend slow  
Black sky, hello  
Goodbye, rainbow.