

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.