

Richard John Thompson, Halo

Checkout, drop my gun to the floor
And put my hands through my hair
Run around looking for something I've forgotten
That never was there

All I said was put your hands to the floor
I know it doesn't mean much anymore

But has anybody seen my halo?
I thought I lost it here yesterday
Has anybody seen my halo?
I need it to avoid the rain
And how bad it feels

Wake up, put my clothes on and go
Back to the place I did so wrong
Loaded with nothing but a conscience
That's been dead for so long

I know you've got a right to be mad
I guess it doesn't mean much to be sad

Has anybody seen my halo?
I thought I lost it here yesterday
Has anybody seen my halo?
I need it to avoid the rain
And how bad it feels

9 o'clock, or something like that
I really don't know anymore
Light hits my face
Through the bars on the window
With my silhouette on the floor

Oh I've got these pictures in my mind
Of what I had to leave behind

Has anybody seen my halo?
I thought I lost it here yesterday
Has anybody seen my halo?
I need it to avoid the rain
And how bad it feels
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