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
And how bad it feels
And how bad it feels