

# The Sweet, Lost Angels

(Connolly/Priest/Scott/Tucker)

Infinity

Like time without a friend who'll sing the song  
If melody should end you're dead my friend

Lost angels come and take control  
Lost angels gotta keep on hold on  
Hold on, hold on

Gotta get on back to the life in the street  
Gotta get down 'cause I'm dead on my feet  
Gotta get back to the love in the street  
We're lost angels  
Gotta choose the way to rock' n' roll

Insanity

I can feel the knives inside my brain  
I stand alone at the threshold of my pain

Lost angels come and take control  
Lost angels gotta keep on hold on  
Hold on, hold on

Gotta get on back to the life in the street  
Gotta get down 'cause I'm dead on my feet  
Gotta get back to the love in the street  
We're lost angels  
Gotta choose the way

I see it now

All my friends inside my life appeared before my eyes  
And returning to space to see myself disappear

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Lost angels gotta keep on hold on  
Hold on, hold on

Gotta get on back to the life in the street  
Gotta get down 'cause I'm dead on my feet  
Gotta get back to the love in the street  
We're lost angels  
Gotta choose the way  
Gotta get on back to the life in the street  
Gotta get down 'cause I'm dead on my feet  
Gotta get back to the love in the street  
We're lost angels...