

Angel, Broken Dreams

Looking out my window pane,
Sitting by the door alone
She's left me once again,
Cheap wigs and long black hose.
It's an every night affair,
With someone new she says
I've lost my taste for toys
I bring joys to little boys.

She puts on her brand new face
Her baby blues and long white lace
She turns to hug and hold me tight
Whatever soothes me in my fright.
She's gonna soon be leaving town,
With some other man she's found
She tells me I'm a big boy now,
And just be a little, little proud.

Mother can't you see what I need??
Mother can't you hear when I plead??

Broken hearts and broken dreams,
Are what I've made my life it seems
Little children soon grow old
So that's what I'm taught and told
I can't explain the pains I hide
No matter how I try and try
Everything I do seems wrong,
Ever since the day I was born.

Mother can't you see what I need??
Mother can't you hear when I plead??

Solo

Wipe the tears away from my face,
As I turned and walked from that place
Leave my past behind without a trace

Looking back I'm older now
Seems I might have cried too loud
It took too long to see
I was the one to set me free
Some people say I'm looking good
And for my age I really should
I'm just an old man on the brink
And maybe that's the way that they think.