

# Angels, Let The Night Roll On

(R Brewster-Spencer-Neeson)

Junk city late at night  
room without windows  
naked light  
everybody's out of sight  
Lonely lovers fantasise  
drifting in and out of life  
crying so far apart  
chasing poison darts  
shooting straight in for the heart  
Junk city, junk time rules  
some people never win  
junk city, junk time fools  
I'm on the street again  
I said I'd never make it in the street  
don't it taste so bittersweet  
so tired of shifting sands  
mirror tell me who's that man  
you got the future in your hands  
Junk city, late at night  
room without windows, naked light  
too late to start again  
too afraid to make it end  
ahhh -- you can help me now my friend  
Junk city, junk time rules  
some people never win  
junk city, junk time fools  
I'm on the street again

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