

Angels, Poor Baby

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

(Would you like some of this?)

Drop the morning overdose, the day has just begun
draw back te veil, bare your stonerity, your bleeding gums
you look in the looking glass before you look outside
stand and stare your fish-eye's open wide
Live along the hour glass, don't need no alibi
the tragic end that's just begun
there's a shodow in your eye
the day is only half past, you might see eye to eye
but who'd make love to and outcast?
Take off your jewel of jewels, where's your social war?
just don't leave your wet footprints on my bedroom door
you look at the lightning, you do not blink
feeling for the scar -- but it's too late now
to suffer much -- it's gone too far
