

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 stonenity, 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
