

Angels, Take Me Home

(Neeson-Spencer-R. Brewster-Towers)

Mother cut her finger
and it won't stop bleeding
should've stayed in bed
but the family needed feeding
positively negative
take another sedative
tried to break the chain
but the pain is so repetitive
Picking up the pieces
pushing for a prize
running out of aces
running out of alibies
Take an X, take me
Take an X, take me
Take an X, take me
Take an X, take me
Mother cut her finger
and it won't stop bleeding
should've stayed in bed
but the family needed feeding
father's in the kitchen
counting out his money
shooting down espresso
with a little taste of honey
Picking up the pieces
pushing for a prize
the cracks are on yer faces
the mask is in your eyes
y' sit inside the temple
selling wisdom to the wise
running out of aces
running out of alibies
Take an X, take me
Take an X, take me
Take an X, take me
Take an X, take me
Take an X, take me
Take an X, take me
Take an X, take me
