

Bryan Ferry, Broken Wings

(ferry)

Through the golden sunset
Across the borderline
Stands a cross
A simple sign
There the fires of evening
Reveal so many things
But who can mend broken wings?
Southern belles, fancy rings
Divorced from many things
As the story goes
Wish I could fly
Take the ever winding

Where the morning rain
Takes a cloud from the sky
There I long to love you
Love is everything
Who can mend broken wings?
Through the night, love is blind
The light of day not kind
The sense of loss you find
No sense at all
And should you gaze and wonder
Where the eagle flies
Fallen angels might sing
Who can mend broken wings?