

John Waite, Encircled

In these days of wild roses
I held a compass in my hand
I had three wishes for a future
That I won't need to understand
And I've got holly green on blood red
Manhattan Christmas on my arm
My soul ain't worth saving
Feels like I've lost my lucky charm
And I've been living in the gutter
I've been loaded like a gun
I've been sliding down the mountain
And it feels like kingdom come
And I'm always fighting windmills
Have to take it as it comes
See I'm
I'm encircled
I am
If you want me tell me
Cause I can't play this game much longer
Feels a lot like oblivion
This feeling just keeps getting stronger
And I've been living in the gutter
Without American Express
Heroes changing horses midstream
I'm detached
I'm second-guessed
Won't you please come back and get me
My whole world is in a mess
See I'm
I'm encircled
This time I am
I'm encircled
In these days of wild roses
I'm encircled
Yeah
And I've been living in the gutter
I've been loaded like a gun
I've been sliding down the mountain
And it feels like kingdom come
And I'm always fighting windmills
Have to take it as it comes
See I'm encircled
This time I am
I'm encircled
I am
In these days of wild roses