## Stone Roses, Tightrope

You should have been an angel, it would've suited you My gold-leafed triptych angel, she knows just what to do In the half light of morning, in a world between the sheets I swear I saw her angel wing, my vision was complete And I know I'll never want another lover, my sweet Can there be more in this world than the joy of just watching you sleep? I don't know just what to feel Won't someone tell me my love's real? Are we etched in stone or just scratched in the sand Waiting for the waves to come and reclaim the land? Will the sun shine all sweetness and light Burn us to a cinder, our third stone satellite? I'm on a tightrope, baby, nine miles high Striding through the clouds, on my ribbon in the sky I'm on a tightrope, one thing I've found I don't know how to stop, and it's a long, long, long way down She's all that ever mattered, and all that ever will My cup, it runneth over, I'll never get my fill The boats in the harbour, slip from their chains Head for new horizons, let's do the same I'm on a tightrope, baby, nine miles high Striding through the clouds, on my ribbon in the sky I'm on a tightrope, one thing I've found I don't know how to stop, and it's a tightrope baby nine miles high Striding through the clouds, on my ribbon in the sky I'm on a tightrope, one thing I've found I don't know how to stop, and it's a long, long, long way down