

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, 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, long way down