

Sweet, Lost Angels

(Connolly/Priest/Scott/Tucker)

Infinity

Like time without a friend who'll sing the song

If melodie should end you're dead my friend

Lost angels come and take control

Lost angels gotta keep on hold on

Hold on, hold on

Gotta get on back to the life in the street

Gotta get down 'cause I'm dead on my feet

Gotta get back to the love in the street

We're lost angels

Gotta choose the way to rock' n' roll

Insanity

I can feel the knives inside my brain

I stand alone at the threshold of my pain

Lost angels come and take control

Lost angels gotta keep on hold on

Hold on, hold on

Gotta get on back to the life in the street

Gotta get down 'cause I'm dead on my feet

Gotta get back to the love in the street

We're lost angels

Gotta choose the way

I see it now

All my friends inside my life appeared before my eyes

And returning to space to see myself dissapear

Lost angels come and take control

Lost angels gotta keep on hold on

Hold on, hold on

Gotta get on back to the life in the street

Gotta get down 'cause I'm dead on my feet

Gotta get back to the love in the street

We're lost angels

Gotta choose the way

Gotta get on back to the life in the street

Gotta get down 'cause I'm dead on my feet

Gotta get back to the love in the street

We're lost angels...