

# The Mission, Wing And A Prayer

Gypsy in my blood  
And I lie where the myth is sold  
Cross my palm with silver  
And I'll give you my heart of gold  
Steal away my crystal ball  
And bring me in from the cold  
And it's fair to say there's no comfort here  
No hands to hold and treasure dear  
You could very well be the very death of me  
Crawling 'round your floor  
On my hands and knees  
All caution to the wind  
Taken by the breeze  
No grave concern for repercussion  
No room for talk or brave discussion

Well I never  
But the devil may care  
I'm coming in  
On a wing and a prayer

Snowbound daze  
Leaves me high and dry  
And I swear there's more to me than meets your hollow eyes  
Throw me a line I'm sinking fast  
I'm not yet willing to die  
My secret's safe with you I trust  
Show me faith and give me dust

Well I never  
But the devil may care  
I'm coming in  
On a wing and a prayer

The devil always fools  
With the best laid plans  
And never can I meet  
With all your choice demands  
It goes against the grain  
To place my life in your hands  
I'll take the flak if you'll take the blame

Well I never  
But the devil may care  
I'm coming in  
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