

# The Stone Roses, Tightrope

You should have been an angel, it would of suited you  
My gold-leafed, triptych angel, she knows just what to do  
In the half light of morning, in our 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, baby, 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

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