

# The Trews, Black Halo

Mr. Richard Jones  
skull and two crossbones  
can't be bought or sold  
detached and lost and cold  
everyone he knows wears a black halo  
impulse misery waiting on Queen Street  
Stand your lonely ground, in the middle of nowhere  
things come round and round  
to the middle of nowhere  
Fashion lies in seasons  
leaves from the spring to fall  
so you have your reasons  
for not having it all  
but the cold winter coming back  
Stand your lonely ground  
in the middle of nowhere  
things come round and round  
to the middle of nowhere  
Send the good on down and you pretend to care  
things come round and round  
to the middle of nowhere  
meanwhile we're all damned  
Mr. Richard Jones  
please don't break my bones  
impulse misery hurts too much for me  
Stand your lonely ground  
in the middle of nowhere  
things come round and round  
to the middle of nowhere