

Purple Deep

"Wasted Sunsets"

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the day is gone when the angels come to stay
and all the silent whispers will be blown away
lying in the corner, a pair of high-heel shoes
hanging on the wall, gold and silver for the blues

one too many wasted sunsets
one too many for the road
and after dark, the door is always open
hopin' someone else will show

someone is waiting behind an unlocked door
grey circle's overhead, empty's on the floor
the cracks in the walls have grown too long
the slow hand is dragging on, afraid to meet the dawn

one too many wasted sunsets
one too many for the road
and after dark, the door is always open
hopin' someone else will show

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