

Craig Morris

"Slaves And Angels"

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I appreciate your friendship, I recall that you were kind,
I remember that one phonecall, your words are preying
on my mind.

I look forward to next summer, no, I retract that
information,

I depend upon your presence, you take the pain from
desperation.

I couldn't get to sleep 'cos I was frightened.

I defended your decision, I got drunk and raised some
hell,

I cast aside my inhibitions, you promised me you'd
never tell,

I cried when Rhett and Scarlet parted, I laughed when
Buster Keaton fell,

I cheered when man walked on the moon, you smiled
when I was sent to hell.

I couldn't get to sleep 'cos I was crying.

I couldn't get to sleep

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