

Deckard "Wasted At Your Wing"

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Sing sweet angel sing for I am wasted at your wing
So far so good
So good for you but not for me

Cry my angel cry for I am bound to wonder why
Your tears are gold
So rare and pure for fools I'm sure

CAN'T STAND LOSING YOU

Drive sweetheart just drive for although you have
arrived
I think it's good
To be alive when you're at my side

All your graceful ways are mine
On disgraceful days
When this fiction rose with the morning sun
It's a poison prose but a pretty one
I am wasted here at your side it's clear that we can't go
on

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