

Jayhawks

"Dead End Angel"

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go to sleep, my dead end angel
say good-night dear precious one
for I know you're empty-handed
and all the police carry guns
whisper to me in the morning
and I'll kiss your blues away
for I know your body's aching
and the lynch-mob's on the way
just to hear your footsteps
climbing up the stairs
just to live one single day
without a single care
go to sleep, my dead end angel
say good-night dear precious one

for I know you're empty-handed
and all the police carry guns
just to hear your footsteps
climbing up the stairs
just to live one single day
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and all the police carry guns

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