

# John Ralston

## "Bloodthirsty Angels & The Terrible Trumpets"

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You know I never wanted much  
Never more than you could give with the touch  
Such a sympathetic bruise, but not a premature scar

But all these bloodthirsty angles rushing around your  
room  
I wonder what we can do; I wonder what we should do  
When the terrible trumpets play that sad marching tune  
I wonder when they may lose; I wonder what did we  
lose

You know I never felt brand new  
And I never expect to in this life  
These days I cower too much beneath the blanket of  
bugs

But all these bloodthirsty angles rushing around your  
room  
I wonder what we can do; I wonder what we should do  
When the terrible trumpets play that sad marching tune  
I wonder when they may lose; I wonder what did we  
lose

That's what we do  
That's what we do  
That's what we do  
That's what we do  
That's what we do  
That's what we do  
That's what we do  
That's what we do  
When we lose  
When we lose

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