

Jude Cole

"It Comes Around"

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Poetry and angels
Flowers and perfume
You fill your house with pretty things
Pretty things hide the bitter truth

Well, there's a fire on the mountain
Burning out of control
And you're standing at the top now
With nowhere left to go

So lock your doors up tight
And say a prayer tonight
You know it's hard to keep the demons down
When it comes around

In the darkness of your room
While you're drinking to your past
And living your cartoon
Deep down in the gutter, they're calling your name
One day it comes around

You were such a pretty woman
Those were the days
One thing's for sure in this town, baby
Being pretty pays

All the fame and riches
Gonna turn out to be fool's gold
When you look to find shelter in
The ones you bought and sold

So sad, so alone
It cuts right to the bone
Find out how it feels to hit the ground
When it comes around

In the darkness of your room
While you're drinking to your past
And living your cartoon
Deep down in the gutter, they're calling your name
One day it comes around

Turn it off, man, I've seen too much
You better look over your shoulder, honey
You're losing your touch
Deep down in the gutter or up on the stage
One day it comes around

It comes around
And around and around

So lock your doors up tight
Say a little prayer tonight
You know it's hard to keep the demons down
When it comes around

In the darkness of your room
While you're drinking to your past
And living your cartoon
Deep down in the gutter, they're calling your name
One day it comes around

Turn it off, man, I've seen too much
You better look over your shoulder, honey
Losing your touch
Deep down in the gutter or up on the stage
One day it comes around

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