

Deep Forest

"Wasted Sunsets"

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The day is gone
when the angels come to stay
And all the silent whispers
will be blown away
And lying in the corner
a pair of high heel shoes
Hanging on the wall
gold and silver for the blues

One too many wasted sunsets
One too many for the road
And after dark the door is always open
Hoping someone else will show

Someone is waiting behind
an unlocked door
Grey circles overhead empties
on the floor
The cracks in the walls have
grown too long
The slow hand is dragging on
afraid to meet the dawn

One too many wasted sunsets
One too many for the road
And after dark the door is always open
Hoping someone else will show

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