

## **P.J. Olsson**

# **"The Whistle Song"**

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I can count angels flying on by  
I can count clouds now flying the sky  
I can count the bad things good  
And now blue  
Swans are flying  
And I've got to get used to

Get yourself off  
Take a left at Verdugo  
I'll be there as soon as I can  
Look inside me or in your evil  
Turn at the red gate  
I'm waiting for you

(Chorus)  
You're tearing me apart my friend  
Bringing me down  
Over and over again  
You hurt my soul  
And you wreck my world  
Bringing me down over a friend  
Get yourself off  
Get yourself off  
I'll be there just as soon as I can

You're tearing me apart my friend  
Bringing me down  
Over and over again  
You hurt my soul  
And you wreck my world  
Bringing me down over a friend

Hold, hold your dreams up high  
Shoot into space and glorify  
The need for everything that's round  
It takes me on down  
You're tearing me apart my friend

Bringing me down  
Over and over again  
You hurt my soul  
And you wreck my world

Bringing me down over a friend

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