

Steve Kilbey "Angela Carter"

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Angela carter puts down her typewriter
And stares at the snow
Her bones getting brittle, hair turning whiter
Such a long way to go
Counting the stars in the sky
Wondering just where we are
Dreaming that you didn't die
Morning isn't that far
She lives in her own world
She lives in her own world
Tiny little toyshop, playing with fireworks
She set fire to the thames
Nights at the circus, an army of lovers
Like lightning to her friends
Indian river runs deep
Plunging right off of the page
Are you awake or asleep
You think I would know by this stage
Angela carter puts down her typewriter
And stares at the snow
Her bones getting brittle, hair turning whiter
Such a long way to go
Reflections distorted by time
Mirrors corrupted by youth
Now that you don't have to lie
Why don't you tell us the truth

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