

Strung Out "Angel Dust"

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Broken angel you sway helpless thru the desert wind as
your enemies they come to pick your bones you're an
anomaly so graced to be a lie you told in leisurely a
passing fascination with obituary eyes so long to go
before these alabaster hands ever let go meticulous in
ritual you made a science of your pain where all your
bleeding hearts and hungry minds divide along the
way so in love with all you could not be forever doomed
to wonder aimlessly never really knowing all the pain
you're gonna find so long to go before these alabaster
hands ever let go swayin' in the California haze in
angel dust we all do blow away we bleed this love alive
straight faced to suicide when do all these words mean
anything? What good will come of you and me? just
growin' old and none the wiser fall apart and then your
time to fall again get up again and on and on wasted
breath in blackened lung and shortness of belief
exercise your demons when you dream the secrets that
you keep inside are all you've ever known pay to ride
and fuck to die reinvent another you but that never
stops that march right off the cliff in a single file these
angel wings could never take the weight of the fall a
question lost time a tasteless joke a secret smile to fall
apart an' get up again and on again

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