

Angels "Straight Jacket"

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(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

He comes from a wasteland where stones misdeed
into the night
they pretend they feed him, then shoot him down in the
search light
They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like
them
dressing you up in a straight jacket
Wearing his straight jacket, taking his pay back in scars
she lies beside him and tells him that life's not too hard
They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like
them
dressing you up in a straight jacket
Caught by the fear and the anger of all you despise
wanting the feeling of eden, you've learnt how to die

He comes from the wasteland
Where stone streets lead into the night
They greet him and feed him
Then shoot him down in their searchlight

They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like
them
Dressing you up in a straight jacket

Wearing his straight jacket
Taking his pay packet scars
She lies beside him and
Tells him that life's not too hard

They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like
them
Dressing you up in a straight jacket
They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like
them
Dressing you up in a straight jacket

Caught by the fear and the
Anger of all you despise
Wall in the feelin' revealing
You've learned how to die

They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like
them
Dressing you up in a straight jacket
They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like
them
Dressing you up in a straight jacket

Straight jacket (repeat)

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