

Angels

"Wasted Sleepless Nights Dark Room"

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Brewster-Neeson-Brewster-Bidstrup)

Knocking at the window, standing in the rain

Ulysses smiles as he takes his pills

the street walker knows his middle name

she understands why he's dressed up to kill

poor little rich boy born to the thin woman

the papers said he'd never be deprived

the dust shifted in and out of time

he lost his grip on his privileged life

Now he's got children and a fat lady

who watch over him and he watches them

the house is brimming over with inside information

if learning is a crime it's looking grim!

I've got my hands in the water dipping in the dirty

there might be a witness I better keep out of sight

they've got their feet in the doorway

trying not to hurt me

this'll be the end of wasted sleepless nights

wasted sleepless nights

Somewhere in the dark room there's a sign on the door

that says "help for those who got the urge to stray"

they've got boudoirs and operating theatres
and microphone apostles who got nothing to say
now the finger's moving in for the kill
save up your breath! slow down your death!
don't you know they weren't around
when the loving angel said "don't seek the living
out here with the dead" ...
I've got my hands in the water dipping in the dirty
there might be a witness I better keep out of sight
they've got their feet in the doorway
trying not to hurt me
this'll be the end of wasted sleepless nights
wasted sleepless nights
Staring voices from the dark room
they are the wind that blows forever around the sun
they are the beating of the city drum
and if you could see me now
you'd burn a fifty dollar bill!
take Valium and arithmetic
take a calculated thrill
Staring voices from the dark room
Staring voices from the dark room
Staring voices from the dark room

