

The Angels

"After Dark"

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(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

She walks down the line, no sense of time
eternity...

she talks of the years, blinded by tears
her majesty...

fantasy, the mirror that's confused her
She pleaded guilty to a charge of perverse delight
trying to control the childhood dream that
haunts her through the night
is it the spoken truth or it the truth that is heard?
there's no one speaking and no one's listening to
words

On skid row after dark

On skid row after dark

On skid row after dark

She hides in the night, turns down her light
time to wait...

she holds out her hand, dreams of her man
love or hate --- is all too late

already she was dying

She pleaded guilty to a charge of perverse delight
trying to control the childhood dream that
haunts her through the night
is it the spoken truth or it the truth that is heard?
there's no one speaking and no one's listening to
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