

The Angels

"Alexander"

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(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)
Poor paper pilot try to get ahead of time
pin you down, speed it up just obey the signs
in the middle of the night
do the cryptic voices ever sleep?
had a mind of your own, gave it all away
keeping pace with the pain, never learned to play
in the middle of your isolation
do you shoot sorrow in your veins?
Alexander, always worried
why are you in such a hurry?
Up against the wall with a honey-tounged fate
bleed you dry, burn you out, make you feel the weight
in the middle of a secret garden
something inside is breaking down
Alexander, always worried
why are you in such a hurry?
Take a look at yourself Alexander
living like a no-man's-lander
better take what they hand ya
nobody's ever gonna try to understand you
Alexander
Slow down Alexander
Slow down Alexander
Slow down Alexander
slow down, slow down

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