

The Angels

"Ivory Stairs"

Visit "[Ivory Stairs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

Blue master Thatcher got a well laid plan
to make himself a singularly self-made man
new Paris shirt, Ives Saint Laurent
you got everything that you want
Cats are runnin' to your candy coloured Chevrolet
consume and consume and the loser has to pay
the higher you climb, th deeper you go
talk about a change, nothing change so slow
Climbing up te ivory stairs, never gonna get anywhere
slipping on the first step, can't get a good grip
climbing up the ivory stairs
The kid on the street with his aim to the ground
all those credit card conspiracies eating flesh by the
pound
parlour-cum dance between the sun and the moon
they got you dancing to a gallow's tune
Climbing up te ivory stairs, never gonna get anywhere
slipping on the first step, can't get a good grip
climbing up the ivory stairs
Oh no, you've found the door
too late you found that you never got the key
oh no, in the confusion
don't turn your weary eyes on me

Visit [The Angels](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.