

The Angels

"Junk City"

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(R Brewster-Spencer-Neeson)
Junk city late at night
room without windows
naked light
everybody's out of sight
Lonely lovers fantasise
drifting in and out of life
crying so far apart
chasing poison darts
shooting straight in for the heart
Junk city, junk time rules
some people never win
junk city, junk time fools
I'm on the street again
I said I'd never make it in the street
don't it taste so bittersweet
so tired of shifting sands
mirror tell me who's that man
you got the future in your hands
Junk city, late at night
room without windows, naked light
too late to start again
too afraid to make it end
ahhh -- you can help me now my friend
Junk city, junk time rules
some people never win
junk city, junk time fools
I'm on the street again

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