

The Angels

"Straight Jacket"

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(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

He comes from a wasteland where stones misdeed
into the night

they pretend they feed him, then shoot him down in the
search light

They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like
them

dressing you up in a straight jacket

Wearing his straight jacket, taking his pay back in scars
she lies beside him and tells him that life's not too hard

They're putting words in your mouth so you talk like
them

dressing you up in a straight jacket

Caught by the fear and the anger of all you despise
wanting the feeling of eden, you've learnt how to die

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