

The Golden Years

British India

It makes me nervous and I know why
This secret service this dead end guy
And ever since I was a young man
I've been waiting for right now
Take off your name tag, push through the crowd
I haven't seen you in months and months
Been snorting diamonds and stealing cars
And every time I see you these days
It feels like we have never met
I can't remember, I can't forget

It's the angel complication
You've got to get there your own way man,
Then you've just got to do it again
It's the angel being questioned
You've got to get there your own way man,
Then you've just got to do it again

I think about you now and then

These golden years that we're drowning in
We'll spend our whole lives trying to get to a place
We don't want to be
Take off your t-shirt, lie next to me

It's the angel complication
You've got to get there your own way man,
Then you've just got to do it again
It's the angel being wasted
Reminding me once again, that I have no freinds
I'm alone and I'll end up as dead as everyone else
It's the angel complication
You've got to get there your own way man,
Then you've just got to do it again
It's the angel on the pavement
She sings a song that lasts forever
But I hate to remember
I forget as hard as I can