

## Wasted Sunsets

Deep Purple

The day is gone  
when the angels come to stay  
And all the silent whispers  
will be blown away  
And lying in the corner  
a pair of high heel shoes  
Hanging on the wall  
gold and silver for the blues

One too many wasted sunsets  
One too many for the road  
And after dark the door is always open  
Hoping someone else will show

Someone is waiting behind  
an unlocked door  
Grey circles overhead empties  
on the floor  
The cracks in the walls have  
grown too long  
The slow hand is dragging on  
afraid to meet the dawn

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And after dark the door is always open  
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