Encircled

John Waite

In these days of wild roses I held a compass in my hand I had three wishes for a future That I won't need to understand

And I've got holly green on blood red Manhattan Christmas on my arm My soul ain't worth saving Feels like I've lost my lucky charm

And I've been living in the gutter I've been loaded like a gun I've been sliding down the mountain And it feels like kingdom come

And I'm always fighting windmills Have to take it as it comes See I'm I'm encircled

I am If you want me tell me 'Cause I can't play this game much longer Feels a lot like oblivion

This feeling just keeps getting stronger And I've been living in the gutter Without American Express Heroes changing horses midstream

I'm detached I'm second-guessed Won't you please come back and get me My whole world is in a mess

See I'm I'm encircled This time I am I'm encircled

In these days of wild roses I'm encircled Yeah And I've been living in the gutter

I've been loaded like a gun I've been sliding down the mountain And it feels like kingdom come And I'm always fighting windmills

Have to take it as it comes See I'm encircled This time I am I'm encircled

I am Tisten z www.txp.cz of wild roses