

# The Ballad

L.A. Guns

A ray of light  
Star shines down  
Burning bright  
Without a sound  
The queen of angels  
Take your crown  
Yeah, shine on

You fly so high  
Don't ever come down  
Shine on

And every moment  
Slips away  
Doing my best trying to  
Keep away  
An innocence lost  
The queen of sound  
In the cold morning frost  
We lay you gently down  
Down, down, yeah  
Shine on

And all the things you wished you'd said  
Echoing inside your head  
I cannot live I cannot die  
Nothing left to do but try  
I'm falling underneath your spell  
Lift you up from your own hell  
Numb yourself now from the pain  
Wandering out in the rain

You fly so high  
Don't ever come down  
Queen of angels  
Take your crown  
An innocence lost  
The queen of sound  
In the cold morning frost  
We lay you gently down

You fly so high  
Don't ever come down  
In the cold morning frost  
We lay you gently down