

# Desperate Days

## Poison Girls

Desperate days, nothing on the airways  
People just standing around  
Talking on corners  
Waiting for the end to come  
Jezebel prays, alone on the runway  
Looking for a hand to hold

Everywhere's the same, no-ones to blame  
The escalator's jammed  
Everyone's running up and down  
At the same time  
Who could have guessed the end of the line  
Would look like this  
Jezebel sings of praise  
She never sang before

Desperate days, nothing on the airways  
People just standing around  
Sitting on fences  
Waiting for times to change  
Jezebels kneels, in the rain on the runaway  
Crying for love that's gone

No-ones to blame, ain't it a shame  
The escalator jammed  
Theres nowhere to go, nowhere left to go  
The destination failed  
We aimed for the sky, we aimed too high  
Now we've gone to ground  
Jezebel sings songs of praise  
She never sang before

Desperate days, nothing on the clock face  
People drifting around  
Taking no chances  
Waiting for the bang to come  
Jezebel waves goodbye on the runway  
Trying hard to understand

Empty paper, empty pages  
The indicators blank  
Theres nothing to say, nothing left to saves  
It's too far gone  
The planes were in the sky, when the fuel ran dry  
We were forced to land  
Jezebel sings songs of praise  
She never ever sang before