

Tightrope

The Stone Roses

You should've been an angel, it would've suited you
My gold-leaf tryptic angel, she knows just what to do
In the half-light of morning, in a world between the sheets
I swear I saw her angel wing, my vision was complete

And I know I'll never want another lover, my sweet
Can there be more in this world than the joy of just watching y
a sleep?
I don't know just what to feel
Won't someone tell me my love's real?

Are we etched in stone or just scratched in the sand
Waiting for the waves to come and reclaim the land?
Will the sunshine all sweetness and light
Burn us to a cinder, our third stone satellite?

I'm on a tightrope, baby, nine miles high
Striding through the clouds on my ribbon in the sky
I'm on a tightrope, baby, one thing I've found
I don't know how to stop
And it's a long, long, long, long way down

She's all that ever mattered and all that ever will
My cup, it runneth over, I'll never get my fill
The boats in the harbor slip from their chains
Head for new horizons, let's do the same

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