

Ivory Stairs

The Angels

Rumour has it that you got a well laid plan
To make yourself a singularly self-made man
Imported shirts from Yves St. Laurent
You got everything that you want
Catch you running to your candy colored Chevrolet
Consumer consumed, the loser has to pay
The higher you climb, the deeper you go
Talking about a change, nothing changed so slow

Climbing up the ivory stairs
Never gonna get anywhere
Slipping on the first step, can't get a good grip
Climbing up the ivory stairs

Any kid on the street with his ear to the ground
Knows credit card conspiracy and flesh by the pound
Harlequin dancin' 'tween the sun and the moon
They got you dancing to a gallows tune

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Oh no, you found the door
Too late you found that you never got the key
Oh no, in the confusion
Don't turn your weary eyes on me

Harlequin dancin' 'tween the sun and the moon
Got you dancing to a gallows tune
Tell me what happened to your well laid plan
To make yourself a singularly self-made man
Catch you running to your candy colored Chevrolet
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(Watch your step)
(Watch your step)
(Watch your step)

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(Watch your step)

(Watch your step)

(Watch your step)

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