

Save Me

The Angels

Long nosed old pros, trading used quotes
And men with pencils makin copious notes
out in the dark, of the the far left wing
Theres an old man shaking a sheet of tin
judgement's fall into well spun webs
The ditches are full of used bayonets
The local priest still holds the floor
with the same old lines from the time before

Don't you know when I've had enough
I laugh at love, ain't that tough
don't you know when I've had enough
Id like to be alone
just to be alone, Oh to be alone

Sacred professions still guard the walls
but the castle keeps guaranteed to fall
selling souls for a mean half truth
but the clown and the king share the palace roof
broken flowers leave a funeral train
when you're out in the desert don't you pray for me

Don't you know when I've had enough
I laugh at love, an all that stuff
don't you know when I've had enough
I like to be alone
just to be alone, oh to be alone

And they fool themselves
into thinking that they're talking about it
that they never doubted,
oh to be alone, got to be alone

Save me, save me, save me, save me
I'd like to be alone, just to be alone