

# Angels Of Deception

The The

Well, it's high noon at the UK corral  
And it's high time I got myself back on the rails  
I'm the lonesome cowboy ridin' across the range  
With just a hand held radio to keep me sane  
Ridin' through the FM stations  
The tumbleweed, the petrol stations  
Will all onboard this Yankee station  
Prepare themselves for battle stations

Jesus wept, Jesus Christ  
I can't see for the tear gas  
And the dollar signs in my eyes  
Well, what's a man got left to fight for  
When he's bought his freedom?  
By the look of this human jungle  
It ain't just the poor who'll be bleeding

Most everyone 'round here  
Thinks they're something special  
That destiny will be kind  
While they're digging for gold  
Diving for pearls  
And aiming for heaven  
From this man made world

Well, come on down  
The Devil's in town  
He's brought you sticks and stones  
To bust your neighbours bones  
He's stuck his missiles in your gardens  
And his theories down your throat  
And God knows what you're gonna do with him  
"Coz I certainly don't

Jesus wept, Jesus Christ  
I can't see for the tear gas  
And the dollar signs in my eyes  
Well, what's a man got left to fight for  
When he's bought his freedom?  
By the look of this human jungle  
It ain't just the poor who'll be bleeding

Down by the river  
I've been washing out my mouth  
Coz deep in the heart of me  
There's a frightened man breaking out  
Oh, I was just looking for paradise  
Anywhere in this world  
While they're gunning for heaven  
From this man made hell!

God knows because they don't  
Come on down, the Devil's in town

The angels of destruction  
The angels of destruction  
The angels of destruction

..angels of deception