

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

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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