

Wings

Hawkwind

One for the innocence, three for the truth
twenty years to late to love me
in the dark on my own, I'm not alone
still too blind to see
on phantom shoulders i cannot lean
watch the waning moon soon unseen
I'm not waiting for the morning
even for the dawn

found my wings I'm flying now
hold the tears no cryin' now
Boo Hoo
the scapegoat has died
she lives on in my memory
as the part i left behind

so tired of these songs they inspire
drying my tears at that fire
all these years here's what I learned never let them stir
the ashes embers of my fears
turnin' on me at the edge, where
blame the victim plays the game
selfishly insane

time after time, it ain't complex
let me lay it out real plain
why i'm vexed first, i had sex
before gettin' married to them I was a whore. for
a year i was ignored. next,
after i professed having been molested
got mean stares for the next three years
blamed, for the drama in our family affairs
laughed n' called me selfish, was cryin' on the floor
bangin' my head on the fridgedaire door, now
someone's gettin' married and they want me to come
so those damn photo albums won't be missin' anyone?
I'll be there cause in fact I don't dig dramatics
telephone games and emocrabatics
enough with that static 3x
I'm done

REPEAT CHORUS

in fear and enraged always the outcast
these fading remnants of my past
the things that noone else would say
let, sleeping dogs lie
call the hell hounds to my side
I wasn't born to wait to die
to walk on tiptoes all my life
and never wonder why

So, friends of mine, it ain't done yet
I've always been prone to... get upset
even, flippin' out, when
my damn people carry on, talkin like they care, OR
tryin'a make a score game outta who to blame

still ignoring the real pain
Walk these dogs down 13th ave
watch... all the yentas talkin trash