Encircled

John Waite

In these days of wild roses
I held a compass in my hand
I had three wishes for a future
That I won't need to understand

And I've got holly green on blood red Manhattan Christmas on my arm My soul ain't worth saving Feels like I've lost my lucky charm

And I've been living in the gutter I've been loaded like a gun I've been sliding down the mountain And it feels like kingdom come

And I'm always fighting windmills Have to take it as it comes See I'm
I'm encircled

I am
If you want me tell me
'Cause I can't play this game much longer
Feels a lot like oblivion

This feeling just keeps getting stronger And I've been living in the gutter Without American Express Heroes changing horses midstream

I'm detached
I'm second-guessed
Won't you please come back and get me
My whole world is in a mess

See I'm
I'm encircled
This time I am
I'm encircled

In these days of wild roses
I'm encircled
Yeah
And I've been living in the gutter

I've been loaded like a gun
I've been sliding down the mountain
And it feels like kingdom come
And I'm always fighting windmills

Have to take it as it comes See I'm encircled This time I am I'm encircled

I am Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy cz In these days of wild roses