

# 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