

She Has to Come Down

Peter Bradley Adams

A sad-eyed lady wanders alone in the crowd
With drunkards and dreamers and lovers and dealers and clowns
Some kind of angel with that faraway look in her eyes
No sign of danger cause she knows where to go get high

Strangers stare as she staggers and stumbles and falls
And her Indian hair covers her face as she crawls
No one can save her when she's flyin' so close to the ground
No one can blame her cause her time is about to run out

And she has to come down
She has to come down
And she has to come down
Down, down

Her body's broke but it's soft like the light in her eyes
And her poisonous heart beats with the blood of a child
Nobody knows her as she slips in and out of the dark
The night isn't over but she's already drifted too far

And she has to come down
She has to come down
She has to come down down down down
She has to come down down down down down

Livin' is easy, she knows what she needs to survive
So she goes on believin', keepin' a faith that's gone blind

She has to come down down down down
Down down down down
She has to come down down down down
Down down down down down