Halos

Remo Drive

Perhaps one's indulgence strips their clothes away
Lays them in a bed and keeps their pain at bay
Wakes them up each morning to a smiling face
Before they see its forked tongue flick between its fangs

And I think you could be another Vegas star
Cocaine in a limo near New York, New York
To wake up with no sense of who or where you are
Glitter in the drain every morning wash

Next thing you know; you're lost on a road that you do know
The rings around the streetlights shine like halos
And if they're watching, the angels are certainly gawking
Mouths agape at the extent you choose to test their patience

No one means can hold you in for long enough
It's not particular the way you seek that rush
The destination is not the fuel to the search
Or else the regular visits would lift the curse

Next thing you know; you're lost on a road that you do know
The rings around the streetlights shine like halos
And if they're watching, the angels are certainly gawking
Mouths agape at the extent you choose to test their patience

And seldom, when I hear you singing the night's songs
Do I feel a thing in my heart but sometimes I'll tap in time
And often when the days are getting dark in the spaces I've bee
n living
I'll reach out my fingers to your side

And seldom, when I hear you singing that night song
Do I feel a thing in my heart but sometimes I'll tap in time

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