

## Save Me

## The Angels

Long nosed old pros, trading used quotes  
And men with pencils makin copious notes  
out in the dark, of the the far left wing  
Theres an old man shaking a sheet of tin  
judgement's fall into well spun webs  
The ditches are full of used bayonets  
The local priest still holds the floor  
with the same old lines from the time before

Don't you know when I've had enough  
I laugh at love, ain't that tough  
don't you know when I've had enough  
Id like to be alone  
just to be alone, Oh to be alone

Sacred professions still guard the walls  
but the castle keeps guaranteed to fall  
selling souls for a mean half truth  
but the clown and the king share the palace roof  
broken flowers leave a funeral train  
when you're out in the desert don't you pray for me

Don't you know when I've had enough  
I laugh at love, an all that stuff  
don't you know when I've had enough  
I like to be alone  
just to be alone, oh to be alone

And they fool themselves  
into thinking that they're talking about it  
that they never doubted,  
oh to be alone, got to be alone

Save me, save me, save me, save me  
I'd like to be alone, just to be alone