

# Splendid Isolation

## Little Angels

Here in my room, in splendid isolation  
alone in the gloom, in splendid isolation  
sometimes I need to be, left in my own company,  
so here I am, in splendid isolation.  
I'm falling away, in splendid isolation,  
I'm hoping I'll stay, in splendid isolation,  
If they were right I'd agree, but it's them they know not me  
So here I am in splendid isolation.  
I'm floating in a sea of my subconscious thought,  
and the skeletons are crawling from the closet walls,  
No-one ever see's me, I don't make a sound'  
and I don't know what I'm gonna do now  
The motherless itch has got the best of me  
trancending the things that I will never be,  
but all along hallucinating life somehow,  
I still don't know what I'm gonna do now.  
The pressure starts to push me through my loving daze,  
for a moment there I thought I'd lost me wicked ways,  
It's not that I'm a leper when my mind allows  
I don't know what I'm gonna do now.  
Lennon is a memory in a student brain  
gripping thought pavilions guilt in freedom's chains  
the virginical construction makes the masses 'wow'  
and I don't know what I'm gonna do now  
Well I see the moon, the stars, the hemisphere  
I see the future and it don't look clear  
The past is re-appearing on my fevered brow.  
And I don't know what I'm gonna do now,  
Yeah, I still don't know what I'm gonna do now...

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