

Wasted Sunsets

Deep Purple

The day is gone when the angels come to stay
And all the silent whispers will be blown away
Lying in the corner a pair of high heel shoes
Hanging on the wall gold and silver for the blues
One to many wasted sunsets
One to many for the road
And after dark the door is always open
Hoping someone else will show
Someone is waiting behind an unlocked door
Grey circles overhead empties on the floor
The cracks in the walls have grown too long
The slow hand is dragging on afraid to meet the dawn
One to many wasted sunsets
One to many for the road
And after dark the door is always open
Hoping someone else will show

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