

Has Anyone Seen My Wings (Cured)

The New Amsterdams

I'm a saint, I'm a bonafide servant
An angel on a bar stool
Anyone seen my wings?
I'm always losing the damn things I'm the glue, I'm a permanent fixture
I'm an anchor in the concrete
If I went to find my fate
The foundation would break Allies
I never had none
But that would be one to see, yeah I'm your fate, yeah, your looking in the future
There's a bitter old man who's under your skin
But don't let him in Capsize
Did anyone catch me?
Nobody broke my fall, yeah I'm a saint on a mission from the head man
You got a shoe start running boy leave him to us
Leave them in your dust

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