

# Encircled

John Waite

In these days of wild roses  
I held a compass in my hand  
I had three wishes for a future  
That I won't need to understand And I've got holly green on blood red  
Manhattan Christmas on my arm  
My soul ain't worth saving  
Feels like I've lost my lucky charm And I've been living in the gutter  
I've been loaded like a gun  
I've been sliding down the mountain  
And it feels like kingdom come And I'm always fighting windmills  
Have to take it as it comes See I'm  
I'm encircled  
I am If you want me, tell me  
'Cause I can't play this game much longer  
Feels a lot like oblivion  
This feeling just keeps getting stronger And I've been living in the gutter  
Without American express  
Heroes changing horses midstream  
I'm detached, I'm second-guessed Won't you please come back and get me  
My whole world is in a mess See I'm  
I'm encircled  
This time I am  
I'm encircled  
In these days of wild roses  
I'm encircled, yeah And I've been living in the gutter  
I've been loaded like a gun  
I've been sliding down the mountain  
And it feels like kingdom come And I'm always fighting windmills  
Have to take it as it comes See I'm encircled  
This time I am  
I'm encircled  
I am  
In these days of wild roses

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