

Black Halo

The Trews

Mr. Richard Jones
skull and two crossbones
can't be bought or sold
detached and lost and cold
everyone he knows wears a black halo
impulse misery waiting on Queen Street
Stand your lonely ground, in the middle of nowhere
things come round and round
to the middle of nowhere
Fashion lies in seasons
leaves from the spring to fall
so you have your reasons
for not having it all
but the cold winter coming back
Stand your lonely ground
in the middle of nowhere
things come round and round
to the middle of nowhere
Send the good on down and you pretend to care
things come round and round
to the middle of nowhere
meanwhile we're all damned
Mr. Richard Jones
please don't break my bones
impulse misery hurts too much for me
Stand your lonely ground
in the middle of nowhere
things come round and round
to the middle of nowhere

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