Fly Dark Angel

Sham 69

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm a gypsy
I'm a stroller
I'm a sailor lost at sea
I've walked on a tightrope
I've fallen but survived
Trying always to be so kind
But losing out to peace of mindI was left at the circus
When the big top was pulled down
Always trying to show the two faces of a clown
Humble pie crumbles in my mouth
Why my prides left on the shelfGod how we feel
With the wind in short supply
Birds can sing the morning hymn
Days of grey, nights of black
Wishing wells and bells of hell
Fly dark angel fly
Fly awaySo you want to be a hero
Then over the top you go
A bullet frightened soldier
A deserted warrior
Everythings an opposite
Your joker is your one card trickGod how we feel
With the wind in short supply
Birds can sing the morning hymn
Days of grey, nights of black
Wishing wells and bells of hell
Fly dark angel fly
Fly awayBirds can sing the morning hymn
Days of grey, nights of black
Wishing wells and bells of hell
Fly dark angel fly
Fly away

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