

# Tightrope

## The Stone Roses

You should've been an angel, it would've suited you  
My gold-leaf tryptic angel, she knows just what to do  
In the half-light of morning, in a world between the sheets  
I swear I saw her angel wing, my vision was complete

And I know I'll never want another lover, my sweet  
Can there be more in this world than the joy of just watching ya sleep?  
I don't know just what to feel  
Won't someone tell me my love's real?

Are we etched in stone or just scratched in the sand  
Waiting for the waves to come and reclaim the land?  
Will the sunshine all sweetness and light  
Burn us to a cinder, our third stone satellite?

I'm on a tightrope, baby, nine miles high  
Striding through the clouds on my ribbon in the sky  
I'm on a tightrope, baby, one thing I've found  
I don't know how to stop  
And it's a long, long, long, long way down

She's all that ever mattered and all that ever will  
My cup, it runneth over, I'll never get my fill  
The boats in the harbor slip from their chains  
Head for new horizons, let's do the same

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