

She Has to Come Down

Peter Bradley Adams

A sad-eyed lady wanders alone in the crowd
With drunkards and dreamers
And lovers and dealers and clownsSome kind of angel
With that faraway look in her eyes
No sign of danger
'Cos she knows where to go get highStrangers stare as she staggers and stumbles and falls
And her Indian hair
Covers her face as she crawls
No one can save her
When she's flyin' so close to the ground
No one can blame her
'Cos her time is about to run outAnd she has to come down
She has to come down
And she has to come down
Down, downHer body's broke but it's soft
Like the light in her eyes
And her poisonous heart
Beats with the blood of a child
Nobody knows her
As she slips in and out of the dark
The night isn't over
But she's already drifted too farLivin' is easy
She knows what she needs to survive
So she goes on believin'
Keepin' a faith that's gone blindShe has to come down down down down
Down down down down

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