Angels Of Deception

The The

Well it's high noon at the U.K. Corral
And it's high time I got myself back on the rails
I'm the lonesome cowboy, ridin' across the range
With just a hand held radio to keep me saneRidin' through the F.M.stations
The tumbleweed and the petrol stations
Will all on board this Yankee station
Prepare themselves for battle stations?Jesus wept, Jesus Christ
I can't see the tear gas and the dollar signs in my eyes
Well, what's a man got left to fight for
When he's bought his freedom
By the look of this human jungle
It ain't just the poor who'll be bleedingMost everyone round here thinks they're something special
That destiny will be kind
While they're digging for gold, diving for pearls
And aiming for Heaven from this man made worldCome on down, the devil's in town
He's brought you sticks and stones
To bust your neighbors bones
He's stuck his missiles in your gardens
And his theories down your throat
And God knows what your gonna do with him 'cause I certainly don'tJesus wept, Jesus Christ
I can't see the tear gas and the dollar signs in my eyes
Well, what's a man got left to fight for
When he's bought his freedom
By the look of this human jungle
It ain't just the poor who'll be bleedingDown by the river, I've been washing out my mouth
'Cause deep in the heart of me
There's a frightened man breaking out
Oh, I was just looking for paradise
Anywhere in this world
While they're gunning for Heaven from this man made hellGod knows the state of jungles
Angels and devils in townAngels, angels of deception
Angels, angels of destruction
Angels, the angels of deception
Angels of destruction, angels of deception
Angels of destruction, angels, angels of deception

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