

# Wasted Sunsets

[Ian Gillan](#)

The day is gone when the angels come to stay  
And all the silent whispers will be blown away  
Lying in the corner a pair of high heel shoes  
Hanging on the wall gold and silver for the blues  
One to many wasted sunsets  
One to many for the road  
And after dark the door is always open  
Hoping someone else will show  
Someone is waiting behind an unlocked door  
Grey circles overhead empties on the floor  
The cracks in the walls have grown too long  
The slow hand is dragging on afraid to meet the dawn  
One to many wasted sunsets  
One to many for the road  
And after dark the door is always open  
Hoping someone else will show

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