

Desperate Days

Poison Girls

Desperate days, nothing on the airways
People just standing around
Talking on corners
Waiting for the end to come
Jezebel prays, alone on the runway
Looking for a hand to hold

Everywhere's the same, no-ones to blame
The escalator's jammed
Everyone's running up and down
At the same time
Who could have guessed the end of the line
Would look like this
Jezebel sings of praise
She never sang before

Desperate days, nothing on the airways
People just standing around
Sitting on fences
Waiting for times to change
Jezebels kneels, in the rain on the runaway
Crying for love that's gone

No-ones to blame, ain't it a shame
The escalator jammed
Theres nowhere to go, nowhere left to go
The destination failed
We aimed for the sky, we aimed too high
Now we've gone to ground
Jezebel sings songs of praise
She never sang before

Desperate days, nothing on the clock face
People drifting around
Taking no chances
Waiting for the bang to come
Jezebel waves goodbye on the runway
Trying hard to understand

Empty paper, empty pages
The indicators blank
Theres nothing to say, nothing left to saves
It's too far gone
The planes were in the sky, when the fuel ran dry
We were forced to land
Jezebel sings songs of praise
She never ever sang before