

Arch Angel

Scott Weiland

Some days I wish the world away
I wanna wash away the subtleties, burn away the Christmas tree
Best friends sometimes steal the gifts they give
He used to chase me round from London town
Christmas Day, New York, Paris, L.A., some day
He's an angel with a dirty face
Sneaks away to smoke a girt
What a break from a brutal life
Stole everything but genius
What's he like? Is he real? Hold on
I don't think I want to know the answers
Often think with a drink in my hand
That you knew your words would be appreciated some way
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Best friends sometimes steal the gifts they give
He used to chase me round from London town
Christmas Day, New York, Paris, L.A., some day
Christmas Day we were the best of friends
Remember we fucked up the gravy
Hadn't seen such a smile on your face
Since we harmonized a little Bing Crosby
10 Days later your girl says yes
I can't live without you, you're my man
But the Christmas song just left your head
And you flew away with a broken wing, your way
Some days, I wish the world away
I wanna wash away the subtleties, burn away the Christmas tree
Best friends sometimes steal the gifts they give
He used to chase me round from London town
Christmas Day, New York, Paris, L.A., some day
Disarray, you just disappeared
Now I find out you're a super hero reborn
All your life was to be special and adored
Children need you as you are
Fighting evil with your supersonic sword
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