

Watch The Angel Not The Wire

Black Box Recorder

I see with tunnel vision
I know what's going on, I think
What I'm supposed to think.

There are no hidden meanings
No sleight of hands or secret signs
I keep an open mind

To the cabaret
From the pantomime
Watch the angel, not the wire
Wait for it to snow
See her hit the ground
Watch the Angel, not the wire

The world feels safer now
I know you'll take me somewhere new
I put my trust in you.