

## Angel

Boyce Avenue

Spend all your time waiting  
for that second chance  
for a break that would make it okay  
there's always some reason  
to feel not good enough  
and it's hard at the end of the day  
I need some distraction  
oh a beautiful release  
memory seeps from my veins  
let me be empty  
oh and weightless and maybe  
I'll find some peace tonight

In the arms of the angel  
fly away from here  
from this dark cold hotel room  
and the endlessness that you fear  
you are pulled from the wreckage  
of your silent reverie  
you're in the arms of the angel  
may you find some comfort here

So tired of the straight life  
and everywhere you turn  
there's vultures and thieves at your back  
the storm keeps on twisting  
you keep on building the lies  
that you make up for all that you lack  
it don't make no difference  
escaping one last time  
it's easier to believe  
in this sweet madness oh  
this glorious sadness that brings me to my knees

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