

Miller's Angels

Counting Crows

Miller's angels in black and white
Welcome everyone in
Children dreaming of wrong and right
Wrapped in grace and in sin
They come out of the blue sky
They come out of the blue
They come out of the blue sky
But you never know where they're gonna go
Hey Romeo
Miller's fingers are traveling down the length of her thigh
But Miller's mind is still wandering
Staring up at the sky
They come out of the blue sky
They come out of the blue
They come out of the blue sky
But you never know where they're gonna go
Hey Romeo
Don't, don't come around here
Miller's angels are hovering in between the earth and the sun
In the shadow of god's unwavering love
I am a fortunate son
They come out of the blue sky
They come out of the blue