

Angels in the Wilderness

Cowboy Junkies

Are there angels in the wilderness? I don't know.
I've got my doubts, but if you say so .
But I've got a feeling we're doing ok.
We're doing our part, to make the brambles seem less sharp.

When you ask for bread, will I give you stone?
Will I make you confess it, or leave it alone?
If it consoles you will I take it away?
Hold my hand. Help me to understand.

You break my heart again and again.
I'll never get use to that sensation.
All those locusts just trying to get out.
Devouring with tiny bites, all that lies in site.

Fly forgotten like a prayer.
Fly forgotten like a dream.
Fly forbidden. Fly unseen
Fly, fly, fly away from me.

Are there angels in the wilderness? I don't know.
But I will give you my love and watch the bitterness grow.
And then will I take it and hide it away?
And wait on the day when the balance tips your way.

Fly forgotten like a prayer.
Fly forgotten like a dream.
Fly forbidden. Fly unseen
Fly, fly, fly away from me.

Are there angels in the wilderness?
I don't know.