

# Angel

David Phelps

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, beautiful release  
Memory seeps from my veins  
Let me be empty  
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 line  
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, the glorious sadness  
That brings me to my knees  
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  
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May you find some comfort here