

God Lifts Up the Lowly

Ezra Furman

Some angels will carry you homeward
Other angels you don't wanna meet
My guardian angel's got wings of tinfoil
And cigarettes found in the street

My angel's got eyes like a housing project
He was born inside a guitar
And I can't forget his red lips and eyelashes
And his "How'd we end up where we are?"

There's nothing doing on the main streets
Let's take the alley for the evening
And we're driving in a car that won't slow down
Making ourselves up in the rear view mirror

I know God lifts up the lowly
I know God lifts up the lowly

We're searching the trunk every morning
We tore out a tracking device
And I pray for plagues to come down on this Egypt
And I dream of blood, fire and lice

I wake with my coat for a blanket
My angel's been up for an hour
I've looked deep into this frail human body
And I know that I carry a power

We'll never make it on the main streets
They'll force us back into the alley ways
And we're re-arranging furniture
In a burning house

But I know God lifts up the lowly
I know God lifts up the lowly

Ram v'nisa, gadol v'nora
Mashpil ge'im u'magbiha shfalim
Motzi asirim u'podeh anavim
V'oyer dalim
V'oneh l'amo b'et shavam eilav