

I Need the Angel

Ezra Furman

I'm a hypnogogic terrorist
I'm a hypochondriac
Blessed with the knowledge of everyone who's died
And the way, the way, the way that they all dressed
I feel my bile rising
Like so many red blue jeans
Tell me baby, whatever happened?
Whatever happened to those twenty-something dreams?

I must need the angel
She sure as hell don't need me
I must need the angel
So I can have a place to be

I'm in the excavator
I'm holding knives in my mouth
It's out of obligation since I was forced to move down south
I'm in Port Chicago
Waiting for my angel to report
She's got twenty faces
And her hair, her hair's eight miles short

I must need the angel
She sure as hell don't need me
Oh
I must need the angel
So I can have a place to be

That's right
That's right
Tell me
Tell me one more time
Tell me one more time
Tell me one more time
Please
Please
Please
Please
Listen
Listen

When I die, burn me to ash
Throw away everything I own
Let him play his trumpet
Don't ever unlock my cell phone
If you hear these songs tonight
And you think they might be about you, they probably are
Spare us both some trouble, man
Don't ask questions you don't want to know the answers to

I must need the angel
She sure as hell don't need me
Oh
I must need the angel
So I can have a place to be
She don't need me

A place to be
A place to be
No, she don't need me
No, no, she don't need me
I need
Her
Angel
A place to be
A place to be
A place to be
A place
To be