

Angel

James Marsters

She comes home to me after a hard night's work
Falls in my arms and sleeps like a bird
Startle, wakes up, like she don't know me
Cocks back her fist like she's going to slug me
Like, who are you anyway
And what are you doing to me?

She's an angel
But she can't see it
She's got wings,
But she can't feel 'em
She's an angel
But she can't see it
But she's flying above me every day
Every day of my life

Bright diamond eyes with daggers beneath them
She carries the chains of a million decisions
They weren't even hers to begin with anyway
But she carries them all
All the people around her
Never even notice that she's very very tired

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