

Tired Angels (To J.M.H.)

Mountain

Put their shoulders to the big wheel
Work their fingers to the bone
Take their pleasures in the future
Put it down and bring it home
Walk around into the sundown
Looking for an honest man
Gentle people seeing too much
Aching to be what they can

Angels, tired angels
Tired down inside their shoes
All wanting grace
They live again, rhythm lines on the king of Gondor's face
Children, gentle children
Gentle leaving to the wars
They found their place
And live again, their rhythm lives on the king of Gondor's face

Sinking down into the lame words
Overflowing with their sorrows
Praying for it all to cease fire
Saturated with desire
Standing up to all the brave men
Laughing hollow at the day's end
Walking back and give a handshake
This is just another bad break