

On Angel Street

The Church

Sunday disappears into a fog
Darkness invites us all inside
To hide amongst the lamplight radial glow

Shadow in the pool
Winter in the wind
A message in the fallen leaves

Cruise down to the plaza in your Merc
Never really know how or where to go
Blow me down you're outside a bank on Angel Street

I arrive but never leave
You leave but never stay
It kind of reminds me of the salad days

I saw your brother during lunch
I saw at once that he was lost and he was mad
He had been standing in the rain to get some snow

But the snow it couldn't fall
The people all go home
And he just kind of stood there helplessly

You should change the message on your machine
So sad, so strange baby to hear my name
Makes me cry when you say we're not at home

And the line it just goes dead
And the trail it just goes cold
I guess that story's told anyway