

Nits, The

"The Angel Of Happy Hour"

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The Angel of Happy Hour

I am the shame in the secret wars
She smells the leaves in the autumn cars

I am the rain from the falling skies
She came, the winter was in her eyes
She said: 'The wonders that filled my head
They fell asleep, but I'm not dead
I can change, I can change'

She came from towns where she was a famous
silhouette
I turned around to light her a cigarette
Passion fruit was in her eyes
The ice and the fire. The lights in the sky

Something's wrong. Why you're gone. My eyes are red
Why does it hurt so bad

Why, you've changed. Why, you've changed. My angel

Where she lives nothing grows
A dry old plain, the ill wind blows so cold

She was the angel of happy hour
She took the honey from every flower
Passion fruit was in her mouth
The ice and the fire. The lights in the south

Why, you've changed. Why, you've changed. My angel

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