

## Beautiful South "Angels And Devils"

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Planning permission tied to post  
We read when we're waiting for bus  
Is always double-checked 'cause we so often suspect  
They plan to build something on us

What they'll build, neither here nor there  
It's what they'll bury that counts  
And how far down they'll push us this time  
And how far back up we'll bounce

Angels are born with wings not springs  
Devils always born with horns  
And beautiful bird only bothers to sing  
If beautiful day ever dawns, dawns

Angels and devils ain't so easy to spot  
As movies like to portray  
A devil appears with a cunning veneer  
You often only notice too late  
If he says he's got wings, keep an eye out for springs  
Make sure your angel is real  
And of all of these things it's the song that he sings  
And how the song makes you feel

Angels are born with souls, not goals  
Devils always search for the high  
So beautiful birds sing from telegraph poles  
And devil's song fills the whole sky, sky

Yes, birdsong belongs in the highest  
Of places, not where devil performs  
Beautiful bird and song shouldn't bother  
To sing if audience mutters and yawns

Mutters and yawns, mutters and yawns  
Mutters and yawns, it yawns, it yawns  
Mutters and yawns, mutters and yawns

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