

Bill Staines**"If God Could Make The Angels"**

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So many songs about angels
It seems God makes 'em with his hands
So I guess this mess of falling angels
Must fit his immortal plans
How every flower should open
How every crippled bird should fly
And a cry of love from the deepest darkest oceans
Flies up through his brightest broken skies

I can't point no fingers
You can't do nothing more to me
See here's my broken hammer
(Can't play my A flat)
But I'm still playin' in that key

And in the holy saint's asylum
There's this patron for lost souls
Who've perjured grail for money
Mammon's kingdom and his power
All is painted glory
Oh yeah glory holds a key

But here's this broken hammer (can't fix this old

Piano)
Seems sometimes you can't get enough of me
... hurting
As the hammer hits the key

But if God could make them angels
With only mud and dust and sand
Making blood from living water
Man, I think I'd understand

He'd be in every flower that opens
He'd be the first new breath of spring
In the bird song high in the skies sailing clear across
The oceans
Some hear his voice in every bell that rings

They say it's God who made the angels

From infinity and sand
But if Heaven made the angels
Who in hell made man?
If God could make angels
If God could make angels...
... Why in hell make man?

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