

# Jandek "Angel"

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With your reckless wisdom  
And your arms baking  
With your eyes brittle  
And your heart of stone  
Well I think I see a weasel  
Come climbin' off the floor  
Since they say my baby left the door  
With your key all broken  
And your face a-flutter  
With your spare ribs groaning  
And you're panic-stricken  
What's that you're wearing?

I feel you in my soul  
Since the day I turned around  
Day I turned around [2x]  
With your fingers missing  
And your paper dreams

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