

Joe Henry "Angels"

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If I know my angels, I know what they'd say
Be still my little butcher boy, you'll give us all away
Be still you wretched little freak, give us room to move
Give us milk, you little pig, we'll tell you when we're
through

My love is like a mountain, her mouth is like a mine
Incubating diamonds, as we rise and shine, shine
Rolling over granite, there's a smell like cloves and clay
And if I know my angels, they'll take it all away

Can you get it?

Now I've sold my bread, to keep my spirits high
To keep some taste on my tongue, and my feelings dry
They'll have their fun and leave me, I'm like a stone
without a weight
But if I know my angels, I'll fall just like a cane

I can't get it

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