

Church "On Angel Street"

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Sunday disappears into the fog
Darkness invites us all inside to hide amongst the
lamplight radio glow
Shadow in the pool
Winter in the wind
Message in the fallen leaves

Cruise to the plaza in your Merc
Never really know how or where to go
Blow me down, your outside a bank??? on Angel street

I arrive but never leave
You leave but never stay
Kinda' reminds me of the cellar??? days

I saw your brother out during lunch
I saw once he was lost and he was mad
He had been standing in the rain to get some snow
But the snow it couldn't fall
The people all go home
And he just kinda' stood there, helplessly

You should change the message on your machine
So sad, so strange baby, to hear my name
Makes me cry when you say we're not at home
And the line it just goes dead, and the trail it just goes
cold
I guess that story's told, anyway

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