

Mountain

"Tired Angels"

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Put their shoulders to the big wheel. work their fingers
To the bone
Take their pleasures in the future, put it down and
bring
It home
Walk around into the sundown, looking for an honest
man
Gentle people seeing too much, aching to be wat they
can

Chorus

Angels, tired angels
Tired down inside their shoes
All wanting grace
They live again rhythm lines on the king of Gondor's
Face
Children, gentle children
Gentle leaving to the wars
They found their place
And live again their rhythm lives on the king of
Gondor's face

Sinking down into the lame words, overflowing with
their
Sorrows
Praying for it all to cease fire, saturated with desire
Standing up to all the brave men, laughing hollow at
the
Day's end
Walking back and give a handshake, this is just
another
Bad break

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