

Scott Miller

"Angels Dwell"

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Down in the basement where I spend my time
Cheating solitaire and stealing rhymes
When I'm thinking that I'm all tapped out
She gives me something just to sing about.

Can't be more broken than I've already broke
Can't be more hopeless when I don't have hope.
When she sees that I just don't care
She still finds me something when there's nothing
there.

Saints alive and Saints be praised
Angels dwell among us still these days

For the crooked smile on her face
For the perfect fit of her embrace
For the wind moved by our parting wave
That stays behind my back and keeps me safe.

Saints alive and Saints be praised
Angels dwell among us still these days

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