

Midway State, The "All His Angels"

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the boat is coming in to meet you,
floating like a big white balloon.
Though it feels more like a burden,
it'll never catch you, so please just wait for me now,
the sugar trains on the route.
I cannot roll much faster.
I see an old man laying on the tracks his face is all
black from the frost. This is how I know we've lost.
Keep singing for the stumbling young Andy; for how
she don't care. It jabs through his holes and busts
all his angels as they float up the stairs and out
the door. The plane is diving in to catch you,
sailing like a big white balloon; though he looks more
like a missile in his army green and ironed suit.
Oh please just wait for me now,
the sugar trains on the route.
I cannot roll much faster,
I see a young girl lying on the tracks.
Her hair is all tangled in knots; this is how I know
we've lost. Keep singing for the stumbling young Andy;
for how she don't care. It jabs through his holes and
busts all his angels as they float up the stairs and
out the door. So wait for me.
With you I'll dream. To set us free. Into harmony.

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