

Angel

Matt Nathanson

You sounded so good on the phone
All moved up and all moved on
Me and gravity, we never could agree
But I can almost see the sky
When I need to, I close me eyes
You're the only thing that's worth holding on to
Angel, you sing about beautiful things
And all I want to do is believe
But I traded my dreams for this mess of memories
And they just stopped working for me
I'm not a monster
I believe like a liar would believe
Helps me navigate the wooden smiles, the raging seas
All my heroes pull their heads
Like a fighter would, I guess
No one ever really likes getting older
Angel, you sing about beautiful things
And all I want to do is believe
But I traded my dreams for this mess of memories
And they just stopped working for me

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