

Angels Of The Silences

Counting Crows

Well I guess you left me with some feathers in my hand

Did it make it any easier to leave me where I stand?

I guess there might not be too many who would stand beside you now

Where'd you come from? Where am I going?

Why'd you leave me 'till I'm only good for...Waiting for you

All my sins...

I said that I would pay for them if I could come back to you

All my innocence is wasted on the dead and dreaming Every night these silhouettes appear above my head

Little angels of the silences that climb into my bed and whisper

Every time I fall asleep Every time I dream

"Did you come? Would you lie?"

Why'd you leave us 'till we're only good for...Waiting for you"

All my sins...

I said that I would pay for them if I could come back to you

All my innocence is wasted on the dead and dreaming I dream of Michelangelo when I'm lying in my bed

Little angels hang above my head and read me like an open book

Suck my blood break my nerve offer me their arms

Well, I will not be an enemy of anything

I'll only stand here Waiting for you

All my sins...

I said that I would pay for them if I could come back to you

All my innocence is wasted on the dead and dreaming

Songwriters

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