

Three Angels

Bob Dylan

Three angels up above the street
Each one playing a horn
Dressed in green robes with wings that stick out
They're been there since Christmas morn'
The wildest cat from Montana passes by in a flash
Then a lady in a bright orange dress
One u-haul trailer a truck with no wheels
The tenth avenue bus goin' west
The dogs and pigeons fly up and they flutter around
A man with a badge skips by
Three fellows crawling on their way back to work
Nobody stops to ask why?
The bakery truck stops outside of that fence
Where the angels stand high on their poles
The driver peeks out tryin' to find one face
In this concrete world full of souls

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