Angelface (Multiples 5 vs Travel 4)

Atmosphere

I love this fucking country
And she loved me more than I could imagine
So I waited till she slept then I stepped into trafficPan away from the backyard to drift some more
Woke up in Texas next to a liquor store
With a woman who don't even drink alcohol
Big letters IRONY tagged on the wall
She was named for another flat land
We had a strong back then
In common we had a bond
That would never see the break of dawn
To damn afraid of the queen trying to take the pawn
Threw that away
Yes, yes headed out west
And got undressed
With the nurture that she gave me made me trip and get obsessed
There was a lady in Los Angeles
That handled this the way the manual suggests (the way the manual suggests)
She turned me on to music that I never heard before
She told me stories from a cup I had to learn to pour
And I don't know what hurt it more
Professional journals or perpetual burn holes
Scarring up the dirty floorPeace
Found a hollow hole in the Colorado snow
It's like I follow anywhere el Diablo go
Took a stroll with a feline
And sat silent while the snow flakes fell into the design
Can't let her dance up on top on the top floor
Been there done that what do you think it's locked for?
I've lost more to my traveling soul
Then I care to talk about so I'll be out I'll be on the road
Down, down, down in Gainesville
No stranger to shame, Coletrane, and pain pills
Sometimes the ceiling is to easy to stare at
But it keeps me from a forest full of snare taps and bear traps
And it can't come clean without the sun beams
And it ain't complete without the drum beats
I can tell she don't want me as is
Time to climb back into the van and make the back stiff
I had to add one more story to the infinite

Already interwoven through a New York cigarette
Ex-lover and a best friend
best lover and an ex-friend hoping for alcoholic sentiment
sentimentalism and the rhythm of religion on the PA
Make the people here say
God bless the DJ
She stays to wait for a replay
While I wonder if I'll be able to hear it from the freewayChicago inside of an empty bottle
There's a thin line between gossip and gospel
There's a house over there near Wicker Park
Where I found out Smart was afraid of the dark
Had to break her heart just to help me heal up
Tie a knot in the stomach just to help me seal up
And make sure them demons stay beneath the core
Pray for you and yours and whoever you believe in more
Look around you there's angels amongst us
Look around you there's angels amongst us
Sitting in the rain at some sidewalk cafe
Half of her wet cigarette in the ash tray
Just trying to find a lost soul to save
And I'm a lost soul trying to find a road that's paved
Keep faith in my suitcase pack my beliefs
Angels exist I've even seen some sleep
I love this fucking country
And she loved me more than I could imagine
So I waited till she slept then I stepped into traffic

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