

Angels Rearrange

Bob Mould

A pretty penny buys you lots of things
A wooden nickel's worth of diamond rings
Good ideas, dozen for a dime
And quarter notes are all lined up in time
We're sitting somewhere frightened
Right between that and excited
Angels are rearranging
I never thought that we would fall apart
But the weather came and withered up your heart
We're sitting somewhere frightened
Right between that and excited
Angels are rearranging
I never ever thought that we would fall apart

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