Of Angels And Angles

The Decemberists

There are angels in your angles
There's a low moon caught in your tangles
There's a ticking at the sill
There's a purr of a pigeon to break the still of day

As on we go drowning
Down we go away
And darling, we go a-drowning
Down we go away
Away

There's a tough word on your crossword
There's a bed bug nipping a finger
There's a swallow, there's a calm
Here's a hand to lay on your open palm today

As on we go drowning
Down we go away
And darling, we go a-drowning
Down we go away
Away

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There's a low moon caught in your tangles

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