

Angel's Doorway

Suzanne Vega

Angel comes home, his clothes in a cloud
Of the dust and the dirt and destruction
She waits inside, she knows he's arrived
She feels this with no introduction
At angel's door, you have to leave it on the floor
Don't bring it in
(Don't bring it in)
He can't show what she doesn't want to know
Those things he's seen
She knows the smell of that life he can't tell
Of the fires and the flesh and confusion
Inside his brain he's never the same
Though he tries to maintain the illusion
Angel's door, you have to leave it on the floor
Don't bring it in
(Don't bring it in)
He can't show what she doesn't want to know
Those things he's seen
Angel comes home, his clothes in a cloud
Of the dust and the dirt and destruction

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