

Too Many Angels

Jackson Browne

There's an angel on a ribbon
Hanging from the armoire door
There's a Cupid with his feet crossed
On the bird cage by the door
There's a baby angel drummer
His eyes are open wide
And two more tiny cherubs
On the mantle side by side
Too many angels
Have seen me crying
Too many angels
Have heard you lying
There are photographs of children
All in their silver frames
On the window sills and tabletops
And lit by candle flames
And upon their angel faces
Life's expectations climb
Where the moment has preserved them
From the ravages of time
Too many angels
Have seen me crying
Too many angels
Have heard you lying
Bring the morning on
(Voices sing of day)
I wanna step out in the morning sun
(Through the flood of tears)
I want this darkness gone
(Your sweet face appears)
Apparitions coming one by one
But there's no end in sight
Only the dead of night
And too many angels
Too many angels
Have seen me crying
Too many angels
Have heard you lying
Too many angels
Bring the morning on
(Voices sing of day)
I wanna step out in the morning sun
(Through the flood of tears)
I wanna greet the dawn
(Cast away these fears)
Forget about the things we could have done
Bring the morning on
(Voices sing of day)

I wanna watch the children as they run
(Through the broken years)
I want this darkness gone
(Your sweet face appears)
These apparitions coming one by one
But there's no end in sight
Only the dead of night
And too many angels
Too many angels Too many angels
Too many angels

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