

Angels on the Balcony

Blondie

Afterglow in a distant row
The door is open and the lights are cold
The children come in here and they dare the ghost
Like a fire burning in a stone
Ah
Silent light in the theatre's sky
Phantom cigarette and a silent cry
The door swings open and it's cold outside
Run and hide, run and hide
Ah, ah

They can still see him singing on the corner singing songs
That never fade away, fade into the kids that come along

Memory in a silent seat
Melody on a long retreat
Like an angel on a balcony
Like an angel on a balcony
Ah, ah, ah, ah