

When the evening like a sparrow  
Folds down it's small wings  
All the light bones and the feathers of the day  
It is then in that moment

Stop the rushing and just hold me  
Lay your hands where it hurts  
And we'll leave it that way  
I have often dreamt of angels  
But I very rarely see them

But I know that they've been here  
Because something smells like sky  
In the rustle of their presence  
It sounds a lot like your breathing  
Sounds a lot like a promise  
But I can't say why

Bridge: I have searched all the wise and the unwise places  
I have known the price of passion  
And what solitude can buy

But it was you I was looking for in all those faces  
Always you I was hoping for  
When I closed my eyes

I will gather all the feathers  
That collect up in the corners  
All the rising and the fallings  
In the quiet of the day

When you speak there's a flutter  
Of some winged thing stirring  
Lay your head on my heart  
And we'll leave it that way