## **Overnight Angels**

Ian Hunter

In the heat of the Indian summer Out along the Appalachian Way You can hear the sound of the Overnight Angels As they pray Charged by the light of some mariners lantern Spitting out a cold but triangular spray Can't you hear the screams of the Overnight Angels As they play

Talking to the spirits through a silver curtain Reaching out beyond the length of the light You can catch a glimpse of an Overnight Angel As he shines Dancing through the toys of the dead and the living Laughing at the poets changing their rhymes Can't you feel the pulse of the Overnight Angels Beating time

Can you hear us can you hear us We're talking 'bout the Overnight Angels Can you hear us can you hear us We're talking 'bout the Overnight Angels Angels Angels

Children of the junkies led the revolution Push yourselves over get yourselves there Someone throw their arms round the Overnight Angels Cause they care Angels don't need no phony religion Throw them out along with the ethnic nowheres They will never speak to the Overnight Angels They can only stare

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