

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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Talking about
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