

I thought I heard someone say
You had just blown back into town.
I thought you might stay away
Till it's clear.

There's still this voice in my head.
There's still this ghost in our bed.
And there's still this song we used to play.
Will we know when it's over completely?

Where are the angels now?
The feathers came drifting down.
Where are the angels,
Where are the angels now?

Most of the games people play,
Are fish fighting, dying,
As they push their way back upstream.
The water will wash the bodies away,
Till it's clear.

There's still this voice in my head,
There's still your ghost in my bed,
And I thought I heard someone say
We won't know til it's over completely.

Where are the angels now?
The feathers came drifting down.
Where are the angels,
Where are the angels now?