

Angels

Joe Henry

If I know my angels, I know what they'd say.
Be still my little butcher boy, you'll give us all away.
Be still you wretched little freak, give us room to move.
Give us milk, you little pig, we'll tell you when we're through

.

My love is like a mountain, her mouth is like a mine.
Incubating diamonds, as we rise and shine, shine.
Rolling over granite, there's a smell like cloves and clay.
And if I know my angels, they'll take it all away.
Can you get it?
Now I've sold my bread, to keep my spirits high.
To keep some taste on my tongue, and my feelings dry.
They'll have their fun and leave me, I'm like a stone without a
weight.
But if I know my angels, I'll fall just like a cane.
I can't get it.