

Angel

Matt Nathanson

You sounded so good on the phone
All moved up and all moved on
Me and gravity we never could agree
I can almost see the sky
When I need to close my eyes
You're the only thing that's worth holding on to

Angel you sing about beautiful things
And all I want to do is believe
I traded my dreams for this mess of memories
And they just stopped working for me

I'm not a monster I believe
Like a liar would believe
Helps me navigate the wooden smiles, the raging sea
All my heroes pull their heads
Like a fighter would I guess
No one really ever likes getting older

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I traded my dreams for this mess of memories
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