

## Tired Angels

Mountain

Put their shoulders to the big wheel  
Work their fingers to the bone  
Take their pleasures in the future  
Put it down and bring it home  
Walk around into the sundown  
Looking for an honest man  
Gentle people seeing too much  
Aching to be what they can

Chorus:

Angels, tired angels  
Tired down inside their shoes  
All wanting grace  
They live again, rhythm lines on the king of Gondor's face  
Children, gentle children  
Gentle leaving to the wars  
They found their place  
And live again, their rhythm lives on the king of Gondor's face

Sinking down into the lame words  
Overflowing with their sorrows  
Praying for it all to cease fire  
Saturated with desire  
Standing up to all the brave men  
Laughing hollow at the day's end  
Walking back and give a handshake  
This is just another bad break