

Ethereal Message

Steve Kilbey

Cold man is rich in luxurious heat
White empty car at the end of the street
Five thousand angels hang from their strings
Drinking their bourbons and grooming their wings
And they all rose up and flew
This ethereal message down here to you

A face at the window of the house where you live
Tells me it's empty, not who you've been with
Five thousand soldiers captured the town
Bringing their dead back from the ground
And every one of them knew
This ethereal message was meant for you

Down, down, feathers in the air
Down, down, down everywhere

Blessed generations range through the flames
And by the smoke forgetting the names
Five thousand mornings melt into days
Wearing the blues and singing the greys
And their threats never come true
This ethereal message is waiting for you