

Angel's Doorway

Suzanne Vega

Angel comes home
His clothes in a cloud
Of the dust and the dirt and destruction

She waits inside
She knows he's arrived
She feels this with no introduction

At angel's door,
You have to leave it on the floor,
Don't bring it in.

He can't show
What she doesn't want to know
Those things he's seen.

She knows the smell
Of that life he can't tell
Of the fires and the flesh and confusion

Inside his brain
It's never the same
Though he tries to maintain the illusion

At angel's door,
You have to leave it on the floor,
Don't bring it in.

He can't show
What she doesn't want to know
Those things he's seen.

Angel comes home
His clothes in a cloud
Of the dust and the dirt and destruction