

Planning permission tied to post
We read when we're waiting for bus
Is always double-checked 'cause we so often suspect
They plan to build something on us
What they'll build, neither here nor there
It's what they'll bury that counts
And how far down they'll push us this time
And how far back up we'll bounce

Angels are born with wings not springs
Devils always born with horns
And beautiful bird only bothers to sing
If beautiful day ever dawns

Angels and devils ain't so easy to spot
As movies like to portray
A devil appears with a cunning veneer
You often only notice too late
If he says he's got wings keep an eye out for springs
Make sure your angel is real
And of all of these things it's the song that he sings
And how the song makes you feel

Angels are born with souls not goals
Devils always search for the high
So beautiful birds sing from telegraph poles
And devil's song fills the whole sky

Yes, birdsong belongs
In the highest of places not where devil performs
Beautiful bird and song
Shouldn't bother to sing if audience mutters and yawns
Mutters and yawns