

# Of Men And Angels

The Rocket Summer

Stop the press, everything's a mess  
You can look alive, but you are not at rest.  
And i-ideas are flowing through your head  
A million miles an hour while lying in your bed  
A lucid life you never thought you'd lead  
Are you working everyday?  
Are you working just to bleed?  
I know  
You're staring at the names of the famed that are dipped in gold  
The feeling you deserve what you've heard  
But it doesn't go that way

Oh, the tongues of men and angels  
I speak but lack love.  
Oh, love, will I stab you in the back?  
Working everyday,  
I'm afraid I forgot to show what's most important: love

Here I am, dear Lord, tasting hints of fame  
And I don't want it anymore  
If it's not you that I gain  
Wanna fall at your feet  
Don't wanna fall from your peace  
I understand

Have you ever been the man that just ran  
When you knew that God was talking?  
Have you ever heard his voice through the noise  
But just let it go away?

Oh, the tongues of men and angels  
I speak but lack love.  
Oh, love, will I stab you in the back?  
How can I go with mine instead of yours  
When yours is always right  
I'm sorry just pour into me love.

Here I am, dear Lord, tasting hints of fame  
And I don't want it anymore  
If it's not you that I gain  
Wanna fall at your feet  
Don't wanna fall from your peace  
I understand

A heart at rest is harder now  
Don't let it go away  
A hard earned pay, a hard earned pain  
Right now they're just the same  
What's the use, why work so hard  
When it's not what you crave  
When what you need is: love.

[Chorus x2]