

# The Angel In The House

## The Story

My mother moved the furniture when  
She no longer moved the man  
We thought nothing of it at the time  
She painted walls, painted smiles,  
Checked herself in the mirror one more time,  
Then yoked her heart to a whim  
But the history of desire is such that just one word -  
Just one touch could send it reeling  
She passed go again and again  
Never collected her two hundred  
Or landed on the purple with the Jones'  
She wanted to be a different person  
She sat down, finally, and he walked away  
He walked away  
She listened to the angel - she said to flatter  
She said to coo - she said it won't matter  
I thought I was by myself, but I cannot kill  
The angel in the house  
Even in my wildest heart, I cannot kill  
The angel in the house  
The angel in the house  
The angel in the house  
You hang on to the pieces of the game that don't talk back  
Don't sneak around  
Movable objects, but, where were we?  
Don't let anything happen  
We're back to the wheel, back to fire, onto the high wire  
'Cause she listened to the angel - she said to flatter  
She said to coo - she said it won't matter  
I thought I was by myself, but I cannot kill  
The angel in the house  
Even in my wildest heart,  
I cannot kill the angel in the house  
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