

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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