

# Angel

**Matt Nathanson**

You sounded so good on the phone  
All moved up and all moved on  
Me and gravity we never could agree  
But, I can almost see the sky  
When I need to I close my eyes  
You're the only thing that's worth holding on to  
Angel you sing about beautiful things  
And all I wanna do is believe  
But, I traded my dreams for this mess of memories  
And they just stopped working for me  
I'm not a monster, I believe  
Like a liar would believe  
Helps me navigate the wooden smiles, the raging sea  
All my heroes pull their heads  
Like a fighter would I guess  
No one ever really likes getting older  
Angel you sing about beautiful things  
And all I want to do is believe  
But, I traded my dreams for this mess of memories  
And they just stopped working for me

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>