

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/>