

Falling Angels

Words and music: Bruce McGee

*Why don't you want to, stand next to me
Why do we always, have to disagree
Is it something I might have said
You took it the wrong way, it went to your head*

*Tell me what is it you want to replace
I feel like I'm moving, air into space
Can't you see this is going nowhere
A simple little thing like do you care*

*Falling angels, from the sky to the ground
Miles apart, are you here, are you found
In the moment at the time I am sure
Falling angels, are they near?*