

# Bob Dylan, Three Angels

Three angels up above the street  
Each one playing a horn  
Dressed in green robes with wings that stick out  
They're been there since Christmas morn'  
The wildest cat from Montana passes by in a flash  
Then a lady in a bright orange dress  
One U-Haul trailer, a truck with no wheels  
The Tenth Avenue bus going west  
The dogs and pigeons fly up and they flutter around  
A man with a badge skips by  
Three fellows crawling on their way back to work  
Nobody stops to ask why  
The bakery truck stops outside of that fence  
Where the angels stand high on their poles  
The driver peeks out, trying to find one face  
In this concrete world full of souls  
The angels play on their horns all day  
The whole earth in progressions seems to pass by  
But does anyone hear the music they play ?  
Does anyone even try ?