

# Counting Crows, Angels Of The Silences

Well I guess you left me with some feathers in my hand  
Did it make it any easier to leave me where I stand?  
I guess there might not be too many who would stand beside you now  
Where'd you come from? Where am I going?  
Why'd you leave me 'till I'm only good for...

Waiting for you  
All my sins...  
I said that I would pay for them if I could come back to you  
All my innocence is wasted on the dead and dreaming

Every night these silhouettes appear above my head  
Little angels of the silences that climb into my bed and whisper  
Every time I fall asleep Every time I dream  
Did you come? Would you lie?  
Why'd you leave us 'till we're only good for...

Waiting for you  
All my sins...  
I said that I would pay for them if I could come back to you  
All my innocence is wasted on the dead and dreaming

I dream of Michelangelo when I'm lying in my bed  
Little angels hang above my head and read me like an open book  
Suck my blood break my nerve offer me their arms  
Well, I will not be an enemy of anything  
I'll only stand here

Waiting for you  
All my sins...  
I said that I would pay for them if I could come back to you  
All my innocence is wasted on the dead and dreaming

I'm gone, I'm gone, I'll leave the day I'm gone  
I'm gone, I'm gone, take me away  
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'll leave the day  
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone  
I'm gone