

# Jana Hunter, Angels All Cry The Same

I know a time to wade through your thoughts  
Like an aeroplane cutting through across  
No sense in crying when you could be upset  
without letting your face get wet  
What's the use in fighting obtuse ideas  
when no one bothers to think  
Make it come out raw like straight through your jaw  
Just your jaw is all I ask  
I know it's hard to play other people's friends  
Like you were their puppet provider  
and you could make their strings bend  
You can knock on water like wood  
And push other people to do the same  
And say, "Heaven is just a lonely man's game  
and angels all cry the same."  
Don't try to sink all by yourself  
Get some help  
There is a brickmaker who lives above your room  
who has been looking from some friends like you  
Notes you write yourself when you're drunk  
Before you go to sleep  
They seem like good ideas and then you dream  
and you wake up knowing how it must feel  
to have been president and set all the precedents  
and felt useless and a fool  
I can't say when they'll let marriage out on gays  
No one wants to see their friends caged  
Unless you're not really a friend at all