

Mike Scott, The Crash Of Angel Wings

Here she comes
Like rumbling drums
Swinging her skirts
And talking in spurts
Sailing high
In her ship of the sky
Being found
Broken on the ground

But when she sings
I hear the crash of angel wings
When she sings I hear the crash of wings

On Sundays she walks
On cut glass and rocks
On Monday she falls
From the sheerest of walls
On Tuesday she screams
Black words in her dreams
On Friday she lies
And a part of her dies

But when she sings
I hear the crash of angel wings
When she sings I hear the crash of wings

Here she comes
Like rumbling drums
She's swinging her skirts
She's talking in spurts
Now she's reading my books
Now she's giving me looks
As she slips and sways
Through murmuring days

And when she sings
I hear the crash of angel wings
When she sings
I hear the crash of angel wings
When she sings I hear the crash of wings

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