

Suzanne Vega, Angel's Doorway

Angel comes home
His clothes in a cloud
Of the dust and the dirt and destruction

She waits inside
She knows he's arrived
She feels this with no introduction

At Angel's door
You have to leave it on the floor
Don't bring it in
He can't show
What she doesn't want to know
Those things he's seen

She knows the smell
Of that life he can't tell
Of the fires and the flesh and confusion

Inside his brain
It's never the same
Though he tries to maintain the illusion

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You have to leave it on the floor
Don't bring it in
He can't show
What she doesn't want to know
Those things he's seen

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