

# 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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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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