

Blue Rodeo, Angels

Sometimes it all looks like some Chagall
I close my eyes and disappear for awhile
and the world is falling
slowly out of view
while the angels are singing
singing me home
yeah the angels are singing
singing me home
3 o'clock in the morning
and I'm feeling no pain
from way up here
it sure all looks the same
and the stars are spinning
like pinwheels in the sky
while the angels are singing
singing me home
yeah the angels are singing
singing me home
I think I'll stay here a little longer
close my eyes and go back to nowhere
and I wonder if I'll ever
get used to this life I've been living
while the angels are singing
singing me home
yeah the angels are singing
singing me home
Home
Home
Home

Produced and Mixed by: Blue Rodeo & Peter Doell

All songs written by Keelor/Cuddy

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