

David Byrne, Angels

There are no angels left in America anymore
They left after the Second World War heading west
Stopping briefly in Japan during the 60's
Then in Tianamen Square during the last decade
They kept heading west to who knows where
What are they after?
What are they looking for?
A messiah who never comes?
A virgin birth?
A perfect drug?
A sign, any kind of sign?
Anything that looks slightly out of the ordinary
Flying over fields and factories
Momma's going off her head
Daddy's bringing home the bacon
Open up the pearly gates
Fruit of salty lubrication
Tangled up in arms and legs
I can barely touch the bottom
Now I'm working up a sweat!
I'm ready now
I'm ready now

I can barely touch my own self
How could I touch someone else?
I am just an advertisement
For a version of myself
Like molecules in constant motion
Like a million nervous tics
I am quivering in anticipation
Like the sunlight on their wings
I'm ready now (don't look back)
I'm ready now (I'm ready for this)
I'm ready now

The sensuous world - the smell of the sea
The sweat off their wings - the fruit from the trees
The angel inside - who will meet me tonight
On wings of desire - I come back alive

I'm ready
I'm ready (I put the dogs outside)
I'm ready
I'm ready (to take that ride)
I'm ready now
I'm ready now (to take that wine)
I'm ready now but where are you?