

# 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?