

# Jackson Browne, Too Many Angels

There's an angel on a ribbon  
Hanging from the armoire door  
There's a Cupid with his feet crossed  
On the bird cage by the door  
There's a baby angel drummer  
His eyes are open wide  
And two more tiny cherubs  
On the mantle side by side  
Too many angels  
Have seen me crying  
Too many angels  
Have heard you lying

There are photographs of children  
All in their silver frames  
On the window sills and tabletops  
Lit by candle flames  
And upon their angel faces  
Life's expectations climb  
Where the moment has preserved them  
From the ravages of time  
Too many angels  
Have seen me crying  
Too many angels  
Have heard you lying

Bring the morning on  
Voices sing of day  
I want to step out in the morning sun  
Through the flood of tears  
I want this darkness gone  
Your sweet face appears  
These apparitions coming one by one  
But there's no end in sight  
Only the dead of night  
And too many angels

Too many angels  
Have seen me crying  
Too many angels  
Have heard you lying  
Too many angels

Bring the morning on  
Voices sing of day  
I want to step out in the morning sun  
Through the flood of tears  
I want to greet the dawn  
Cast away these fears  
Forget about the things we could have done  
Bring the morning on  
Voices sing of day  
I want to watch the children as they run  
Through the broken years  
I want this darkness gone  
Your sweet face appears  
These apparitions coming one by one  
But there's no end in sight  
Only the dead of night  
And too many angels