

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