

Lisa Loeb, Dance With The Angles

You want to dance with the angels well then
Embroider me with gold, and I will fly with the angels,
And you can dance with me.
Sing with the angels well then
Show me a song, and I will strum with the angels,
And you can sing with me.
But you want to fall fashionably in love with a woman,
In love with a life you'll adore, in love with a woman you'll adore.
Under my wings, you'll start to ask yourself,
Under my wings, you'll learn to fly.
Under my wings, you'll come to understand how to hold on -
If you want to.
Or you can dream of the frog legs sitting in the church
In the glass, in the sand where your foot steps.
Oh you can dream of the angels in the air-
Don't you see me?
I float in skies, in your eyes, in your eyes.
You want to dance with the angels well then
Embroider me with gold, and I will fly with the angels,
And you can dance with me.
Under my wings, you'll start to look for me.
Under my wings, you'll want to cry sometimes.
Under my wings, you'll find someone to hold onto - if you want to.
You want to dance with the angels well then
Embroider me with gold, and I will fly with the angels,
And you can dance with me.