

Sparklehorse, Too Late

There's angels hiding under
Tressles above the ground
They hover there forever
So they can't be found

Trains are speeding over
Over the frozen lakes
Would you ever see me
Under the ice awake

It's too late now
It's too late now
It's too late to fix my broken hands
To fix my broken hands

He's got a steel guitar
Where his hearts supposed to be
Called in the mechanic
He couldn't tune the strings

And there's always circus music
Playing inside his head
It jumped into the river
And into the sea it fled

It's too late now
It's too late now
It's too late to fix my broken hands
To fix my broken hands