

Ted Leo And The Pharmacists, The Angels' Share

Oh, lonely day, oh, led astray, oh, burden on the land
Oh always same, oh, nothing changed, oh, urge to bite the hand
Withholding on your promise to the air
Will only lead to something bad, I swear
You can't escape the Angels' Share.

Down again -- it seems a losing fight
Yet, down again, I sit, to try to write
An open letter to a President
Or melodies to help a girl pay rent
(We saved and saved, only to find them spent).

When oh, the long road leads me to your door
Feed me food and heal my health and offer me your floor
There, you'll find me lying there in the morn.
If I don't wake, you've got to let me go on.
Let me go on my way.
Do try.
Get by.
Because on and on, the tides are going to come
As sure enough, they'll leave again as one
As you and I, we will or won't be here
As sure enough, the Angels take their share, but where?
I'm not so sure I think it's fair.
And I'm not so sure I think they care.