

# The Decemberists, Of Angels And Angles

There are angels in your angles  
There's a low moon caught in your tangles  
There's a ticking at the sill  
There's a purr of a pigeon to break the still of day

As on we go drowning  
Down we go away  
And darling, we go a-drowning  
Down we go away  
Away

There's a tough word on your crossword  
There's a bed bug nipping a finger  
There's a swallow, there's a calm  
Here's a hand to lay on your open palm today

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Down we go away  
And darling, we go a-drowning  
Down we go away  
Away

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There's a low moon caught in your tangles