The Lightning Seeds, Marvellous

Angels rub their eyes,
a frown on their faces.
The future's floating by,
but I'm too tire to face it.
Televisions smile,
and fools never doubt it.
Whispers multiply,
they all want to shout it.
Build a ladder to the stars,
the angles dry their eyes,
marooned in the sky tonight.
You can turn your world to stone,
build a wall till you're on your own.
You can close the window tight,
but you can't keep out the night.