

# Trans-Siberian Orchestra, Joy/Angels We Have H

The next letter that she found  
Was by a ribbon gently bound  
To the key for a small music box  
And she placed that key into its lock

And the melody that it had learned  
Once again began to turn  
And as that tune it filled the air  
She opened the letter that was there

And that letter contained a news clipping  
About a man with many things  
In his world, a great success  
And where he lived, the best address  
His happy life the world did know  
Because the papers told us so

But the Angel he could clearly see  
That all was not as it appeared to be  
For on this night as snow clouds gathered  
That man wondered if that all really mattered  
And on this night inside his home  
He realized that he was alone  
And he asked himself what his life had meant  
How all these years they had been spent  
And how he could feel his life such a waste  
When he had every dream that he had chased

But then the Angel whispered in his ear  
And in his mind the man heard clear  
Tell me one wish that you have granted  
Tell me one life you've enchanted  
Tell me one of these things that you have done  
But the man could not recall a single one

He was close to no one, this thing he did know  
Well there was one person, but that was long ago  
And though that someone  
Had been far more than a friend  
It was far too late to ever go back to her again