

When the evening like a sparrow
Folds down it's small wings
All the light bones and the feathers of the day
It is then in that moment

Stop the rushing and just hold me
Lay your hands where it hurts
And we'll leave it that way
I have often dreamt of angels
But I very rarely see them

But I know that they've been here
Because something smells like sky
In the rustle of their presence
It sounds a lot like your breathing
Sounds a lot like a promise
But I can't say why

Bridge: I have searched all the wise and the unwise places
I have known the price of passion
And what solitude can buy

But it was you I was looking for in all those faces
Always you I was hoping for
When I closed my eyes

I will gather all the feathers
That collect up in the corners
All the rising and the fallings
In the quiet of the day

When you speak there's a flutter
Of some winged thing stirring
Lay your head on my heart
And we'll leave it that way