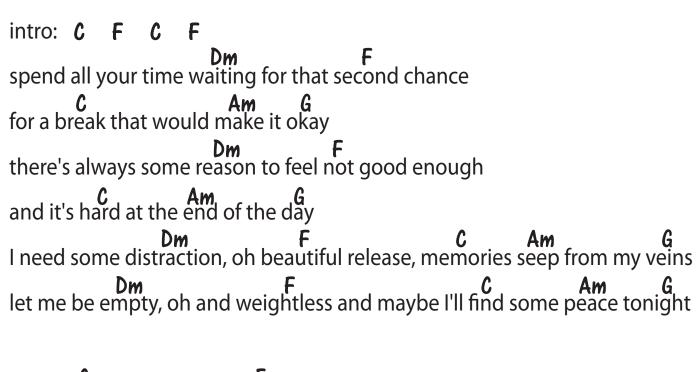
ANGEL



in the arms of the angel fly away from here

F
C
Am
G
from this dark, cold hotel room and the endlessness that you feel
C
you are pulled from the wreckage of your silent reverie
F
C
C
you're in the arms of the angel may you find some comfort here

so tired of the straight lines & everywhere you turn

C Am G
there's vultures & thieves at your back

Dm F
the storm keeps on twisting, you keep on building the lies

C Am G
that you make up for all that you lack

Dm F C Am G
it don't make no difference, escape one last time, it's easier to believe

Dm F C Am G
in this sweet madness, oh this glorious sadness that brings me to my knees