

The Frames, Angel At My Table

There's an angel at my table
And she broke her wings
She's packed her things
She said I'm the only one she'll turn to

But there's a devil on my shoulder
And he's telling me she's so beautiful
That I should go up there and hold up
She's looking on

How can I stay here
It wouldn't be what she wants
And I'm trying to break it easy
But she's pleading with me

Will you be my anchor
When there is no-one around to hold me down
Will you be my anchor
I know you're not the answer

There's an angel at my table
And she's blessed the breeze
That blows in between her and everything
She's left in that (heaven)
And I wish she'd call
'Cause that devil's on my shoulder
And he's pulling me down
And I'm trying to keep a balance
But she's begging me

Will you be my anchor
When there is no-one around to hold me down
Will you be my anchor
I know you're not the answer

There's an angel at my table
She said I'm the only one she'll turn to