

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