

angels on the head of a pin  
poolhalls  
that vanish just like that  
like the other sock in the laundry  
or the shadow of a dream  
except it wasn't a sock or a dream  
and you can't get off it  
and you can't get off on it

angels on the head of a pin  
a small boy  
you won't let out  
teetering  
on the edge  
of his old address  
betting on his past  
betting on his past due

angels on the head of a pin  
ambiguities hiding behind ambiguities hiding behind ambiguities  
teetering on the edge  
worried about their souls  
withdrawing and  
keeping you awake  
with their golden trumpets  
with their old trumpets