

In The Arms Of The Angel by Sarah Mclachlan

Spend all your time waiting for that second chance	The storm keeps on twisting, keep on building the lies
For the break that will (1) it ok	That you make up for all that you lack
There's (2) some reason	Don't make no difference, escaping one last time
To feel not good enough	It's easier to believe
And it's hard at the end of the day	In this sweet madness, oh this glorious sadness
I need some distraction, oh beautiful release	That brings me to my knees
Memories seep from my veins	In the arms of the Angel, far away (9) here
They may be empty and weightless, and maybe	From this dark, cold hotel room
I'll find some peace tonight	And the endlessness that you fear
In the arms of the Angel, fly away from here	You are pulled from the wreckage
From this dark, cold hotel room	Of your silent reverie
And the endlessness that you fear	In the (10) of the Angel
You are pulled (3) the wreckage	May you find some comfort here
Of (4) silent reverie	In the arms of the Angel
You're in the arms of the Angel	May you find some comfort here
May you find some (5) here	
So tired of the (6) line, and	
(7) you turn	
There's (8) and thieves at your back	



- 1. make
- 2. always
- 3. from
- 4. your
- 5. comfort
- 6. straight
- 7. everywhere
- 8. vultures
- 9. from
- 10. arms

Fill in the gaps