

The storm keeps on twisting, you keep on building the lies

C F G

That you make up for all that you lack.

Dm7 F

It don t make no difference, escaping one last time

C F G

It s easier to believe

Dm7 F

In this sweet madness, oh this glorious sadness

C F G

That brings me to my knees.

[Chorus]

C Fmaj7 C Fmaj7 Em

In the arms of the angel, fly away from here

F C

G

From this dark, cold hotel room, and the endlessness that you fear

C Fmaj7 C Fmaj7 Em

You are pulled from the wreckage of your silent reverie

F C, G

C, Fmaj7, C

You re in the arms of the angel, may you find some comfort here.

C x-3-2-0-1-0

Fmaj7 x-3-3-2-1-0

Dm7 x-x-0-2-1-1

F x-x-3-2-1-1

G 3-2-0-0-0-3