

A man wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, a dark tie, and a light-colored fedora hat is sitting on a wooden bench. He is looking out over a cityscape at sunset. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and blue. The city lights are visible in the distance. The man's right arm is resting on the back of the bench.

One Road For Angels

City roads paved with gold
Have brought me all this way
For someone said I'd make it, if I would like to stay
I could be a king, do anything
Yes I would get my way
I find my fame and fortune by this
The easy way
And I was green and taken in
For how could I know then
That there's one road for angels
And one road for men
One road for angels and one road for men

So cap in hand I walked the land
Of the men who had the sway
But no-one heard my music
No nobody heard me play
So I hung around the underground
And sung my sounds all day
Hardly fame and fortune
But it helped to pay my way
Then I began to understand
Oh I saw more clearly then
That there's one road for angels
And one road for men
One road for angels
And one road for men

So go ahead and tell me
Of those things you're trying to sell me
But let me say, that I've heard it all before
The things you're freely giving
To ease my way of living
Well I don't think that I need them anymore
And so it's said I've been miss-led
Oh but I've no axe to grind
For 'though I never made it
In truth I do not mind
For I've heard a lot
And I've learned a lot
And I've still got a lot of time
And I know that come tomorrow
There'll be greater hills to climb
And when people say there's an easy way
Now I can say to them, that there's
One road for angels
And one road for men
One road for angels
And one road for men.