

# LOVE OF ANGELS

I pulled into a gramophone yeah and filled up on Chopin I asked them for the Rolling Stones  
yeah They said hey man, don't ye know We only deal in romance

We are what comes in  
We are what we hear  
We are what we think  
We are what we feel

Our eyes our ears our nose  
Our mouths  
What goes in  
Is what comes out

I sat with Paul Bowles  
Alone on a stone yeah  
And dreamed I was in the desert  
I came across a no-go zone on my phone yeah  
And found a garden of heaven

We are what we breathe  
We are that aroma  
We are what comes in  
We already know that

I swear!!!! You can dance to this. It's The Rolling Stones (Roll In Peace, the world's greatest drummer) meets Eckhart Tolle I suppose, but I practiced this philosophy long before reading this lovely man's work. My wife Clare and I were introduced to it at that building full of positive and kind people.

One dark Monday night, Clare and I were weaving our way through the hopelessness of a commuter crowd in a Manhattan subway, when we saw a large poster facing us saying "10 weeks at the New York School

Our eyes our ears our nose  
Our mouths  
What goes in  
Is what comes out

I talked with fifty children  
Who were under five years old  
And felt the love of angels  
And felt the love of angels

The gift that I was given  
Was reflected in the eyes of their souls  
I felt the love of angels  
Felt the love of angels

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of Philosophy for \$10." We both latched on to it, "That surely couldn't be the deal?" It was.

Just listen to this rhythm section! Yuval's groove, Tony's sliding bass lines and groove, Gerry sounding like 24 guitars. Dance! Van Morrison said that he wrote "Brown Eyed Girl" to get R&B back on the radio. Well, I didn't think that far, but I do think that we need to hear more music like this on the..... whateverit'scallednow