

Angel

Music by David Bobick and John Fontana

Lyrics by David Bobick

She came from a small town
Princess of the high school scene
What goes on when words get round
Daddy's little late night queen
Fingers pointin' everywhere
Nowhere she can hide her tears
So she packed up all her wares and cares
Headed for the street of broken dreams

So she sold her soul unto the streets
They burn right thru her feet
They cut you hard and make you bleed
So you can never, never leave
"So take a number wait in line
Little john has paid for time"
She wipes away the filth and grime
Back to do the same old grind

Angel with the dirty wings yeah
Angel She'll give you everything yeah

solo

Angel with the dirty wings yeah
Angel She'll give you everything yeah
Angel with the shattered dreams yeah
Angel She'll give you everything yeah

She's walkin' down the boulevard...the rain
Beats a path across her face
She past about a million stars
None of them have got her name
So if you see her stop and smile
Maybe sit and talk a while
Tell her that I sent you by
"Daddy loves you please don't cry"