

Borrowed Angel

George Jones

Her fingers feel so gentle with her hand in mine
Her hair feels like silk on my arm
Her lips tell me so tenderly she's mine alone
Until we part tonight and she goes home.

Borrowed angels, belong to someone else
I love my borrowed angel, I just can't help myself
That ring upon her finger don't belong to me
But she loves me and I know she'll save
Some borrowed time for me.

I wish that I could have her more than just tonight
We can't go on like this, it isn't right
When that lonesome feelin' comes a-knockin' on my door
I'll call my borrowed angel to ease the pain once more.

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