

The Angel Song

Great White

Fallen angel, ripped and bruised
Think on better days
Life is rude, treats you bad
Tears your wings away

Raise your eyes, to star and sky
Believe in fly aways
Take your dreams, your broken schemes
And sweep the past away

Fly, lonely angel
High above these streets of fire
fly, lonely angel
Far away from mad desire

Hollywood ain't paved with gold
It's just a trick of light
Sunset falls on stars of old
And blinds you with its light

A spider's web of tangled lives
Lays stretched across the hills
From distances it's glistening
Like El Dorado's halls

Fly, lonely angel
High above these streets of fire
Fly, lonely angel
Leave behind the mad desire

The dream was light, and fragrant nights
But how were you to know?
The streets are hard, they're mean and scarred
Where only fools find gold

Fly, lonely angel
High above these streets of fire
Fly, lonely angel
Leave behind the mad desire

Fly, lonely angel
Spread your wings another way
Fly, lonely angel
Find a better way a better day