

## Angel

### Adam and the Ants

Well come tell me your story  
I'll tell you mine  
Sunday morning communion  
Standing in a line  
Feeling like a cannibal  
Eating flesh and drinking blood  
Disguised as wine

I know someday we're gonna see  
Wings spring out from your shoulders  
What kind of being are you?

For there are moments upon moments  
Upon moments  
When you hardly seem to walk the earth  
And i realize i've spent my whole life searching  
Searching for an angel  
For an angel (you're an angel)

So come tell me your story  
I'll tell you all  
Looking at rococo statues  
And paintings on the wall  
Sitting up there high and mighty  
Was this eden was this hell?  
I had to know