

# Angel

Adam Ant

Well come tell me your story  
I'll tell you mine  
Sunday morning Communion  
Standing in a line  
Feelling like a cannibal  
Eating flesh and drinking blood  
Disguised as wine  
I know some day we're gonna see  
Wings spring out from you 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, for an angel  
So come tell me your story  
I'll tell you all  
Looking at rococco statues  
And paintings on the wall  
Sitting up there high and mighty  
Was this Eden was this hell?  
I had to know  
I know some day we're gonna see  
Wings spring out from you shoulders  
What kind of being are you?  
For there are moments upon moments  
Upon moments  
When you hardly seem to walk the earth  
You're an angel...  
I know some day we're gonna see  
Wings spring out from you 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  
And I realize I've spent my whole life searching  
Searching for an angel  
For an angel, for an angel  
For an angel, for an angel  
For an angel...