

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...