

Secret Angel Man

Big Country

No Momma
Is there something going on
I've been sleeping far too long
Why don't you wake me.

Too late
All the time has come and gone
And the whole thing will be wrong
If you don't wake me.

Listen
Son, it hasn't rained in years
And the sky looks far too clear
To run (defensive/the fences[?])

Look out
All the torches are ablaze
Burning off the evening haze
Pure defensive.

Be my angel
And guide me through the night
My secret angel
Be my second sight

Be my angel
What else can I do
Wrap your wings around my head
And put my trust in you.

Momma
I must run the riverbank
California in my head
I'm not dreaming

Momma
Will you pray for me tonight
Will you guide me on my flight
To know its meaning.

Be my angel
Guide me through the night
My secret angel
Be my second sight

Be my angel
What else can I do
Wrap your wings around my head
And put my trust in you.