

# 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.