

# The Angel Song

Great White

Fallen angel, ripped and bruised  
Think on better days  
Life is rude, treats you bad  
Tears your wings away

Raise your eyes, to star and sky  
Believe in fly aways  
Take your dreams, your broken schemes  
And sweep the past away

Fly, lonely angel  
High above these streets of fire  
fly, lonely angel  
Far away from mad desire

Hollywood ain't paved with gold  
It's just a trick of light  
Sunset falls on stars of old  
And blinds you with its light

A spider's web of tangled lives  
Lays stretched across the hills  
From distances it's glistening  
Like El Dorado's halls

Fly, lonely angel  
High above these streets of fire  
Fly, lonely angel  
Leave behind the mad desire

The dream was light, and fragrant nights  
But how were you to know?  
The streets are hard, they're mean and scarred  
Where only fools find gold

Fly, lonely angel  
High above these streets of fire  
Fly, lonely angel  
Leave behind the mad desire

Fly, lonely angel  
Spread your wings another way  
Fly, lonely angel  
Find a better way a better day