

Book of Angels

Jim White

Big ole car moving fast,
Watch the world go spinning by
Little wheels inside my brain,
God I wonder where I'm going
Where you going? Need a ride?
We got time to see a movie
It's all right, it's okay,
I can tell you my big secret:

Sho' is cool. Sho' is cool.
I'm like a mad tap dancing fool.
I got my car, and I got my dreams,
But won't you help me
Help me write my Book of Angels.
Book of Angels.

And it's a gloomy ole house in a spooky town,
You make that light, better just keep rolling,
Higher still, climb the mountain,
'Course what you'll find there,
You can't be certain.
'Cause when you're free, well you're just free,
Ain't that scary, ain't that wild?
And don't you feel, feel just like
Chuckling freedom out the window?

Sho' is cool. Sho' is real.
I dance just as good as I feel.
Feel just like a hurricane, say my name
Help me write my Book of Angels.
Book of Angels.

I'm counting trees, I'm counting miles,
I count the distance between your smiles
Give me something to hold on to ? no not that.
I don't want to.
And if you drive, drive your car fast
And hard a million miles,
Well you might finally find yourself alone
Way out there on the highway

Sho' is cool. Sho' is wild.
Once I was a little baby (child),
But I lost my car, and I lost my dreams,
So won't you help me
Help me write my Book of Angels.
Book of Angels.