

# Angel

John Hiatt

It is a hurtin' thing you don't wanna talk about it  
Pain in your heart well it's takin' your breath away  
You left it in lipstick on the mirror no use talkin' about it  
Love like this just don't come along every day

Somebody just stop calling you angel  
Somebody just let love get up and go downtown  
Somebody just stop calling you angel  
Angel wings out in the snow and mascara running down

They called you tookie in high school, you didn't mind it too much  
Kind of nice to have a nickname, kind of like they thought about it  
You wish that it stuck with you, didn't have to trade it in on  
Some crazy lover's pet name, wind up hurtin' so much

He peeled the skin off of the world and you stopped breathin'  
You drew a breath, he sighed, the air was freezin'  
Two blood-red hearts pumpin' hard out in the open  
You skinned your knee at kickball  
Twenty years ago against all hopin'

Y'all put that hammer down and drove through love's angel food cake  
Tastin' every spongy layer and lickin' frosting off the moon  
Wild-eyed with excitement but childishly disappointed  
Maybe even tasted better when mama let you lick the spoon