

I Could Use An Angel

John Hiatt

Who tipped you off
How could she betray me
These hungry fingers
They found us guilty for love
And she said her lips were sealed
Easing my conscience

Now what has been done
That you were the first one to know
I thought we were sleeping
Who said that dreams don't come true?
This was her dream for revenge
She had to tell you

I could use an angel
Can't refuse an angel
Got business with an angel
She was no angel

Wearing that coat
You look like an amateur spy
How come you're not angry?
She wore your heart like a charm
A bracelet of boys on her wrist
Why aren't you angry?

Here on my bed
Tears on my bed
Mixed with the dust
Of things that she said
Burning a trust
Like a salt burns the wound
Like a capsule burns up
When it enters the atmosphere
Were you consumed
From the takeoff of this doomed mission

I guess we must be brothers
We share a common traitor
We cancel each other
Hoisting her elevator

I never meant to hurt you
I'll never be converted
I want the host of angels