

# 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