

# Angels of the Disappeared

Rick Springfield

I send it out, a prayer tonite  
To all the angels of the disappeared  
May they sleep in your arms tonite  
And may they know they're not forgotten here  
And the angels of the disappeared  
Are on a city corner or a downtown subway train  
And the world is watching and waiting to say

Welcome home to you  
Welcome home to you

The highways run, the cities glare  
Looking for God's fingerprints somewhere  
And every night the alarm is set  
So you can remember what you can't forget  
And the angels of the disappeared  
Watch a southern highway and a midwestern trailer park  
And a town is watching and waiting to say

Welcome home to you  
Welcome home to you  
God knows dreams come true  
Welcome home to you

We take the precious thing and we break it apart  
there's no such thing as an unchangeable heart

And the angels of the disappeared  
are walking hand in hand with the vanished ones tonite  
And a heart is watching and waiting to say

Welcome home to you  
Welcome home to you  
God knows dreams come true  
Welcome home to you

And the angels of the disappeared  
Oh they're busy tonite