

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