

Fallen Angel

Styx

Hell nobody's perfect
One hundred percent
No saint, no Pope, no King no Queen
No President

But our hunger for heroes
Has made us blind
We seek salvation
From the cup of human kind

But every time we hear the voice
Of some new Abraham
We wake too late to realize
It was just another scam

Fallen angel, fallen angel
Well I guess you were no angel after all
Fallen angel, fallen angel
You always take us with you when you fall

I said nobody's perfect
From head to toe
Not Einstein or Elvis or Lenin or Marx
Or Marilyn Monroe

Cause it's mostly illusion
In flesh and bone
An image, a look, a song or a book
That we all claim for our own

But even in the best of us
There lies beneath the skin
The tragic flaw in nature's law
That's bound to do us in

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Pretty faces up on the silver screen
Flawless bodies on covers of magazines
They all look perfect to us
So rich and cool and bored
But hold the presses boys
They've checked into Betty Ford

Turns out nobody's perfect
From "A" to "Z"
It's best to follow your heart
Then to follow me
Cause I'm only a singer
Playin' a song
And I've just been making it up
As I went along

See I met a man who told me once

"Sincerity's the key
And once you learn to fake it
Son you're gonna be home free"

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