

# Angel At My Table

## The Frames

1. There's an angel at my table  
and she broke her wings  
she's packed her things  
she said I'm the only one she'll turn to

But there's a devil on my shoulder  
and he's telling me she's so beautiful  
that I should go up there and hold up  
she's looking on

\*: How can I stay here  
it wouldn't be what she wants  
and I'm trying to break it easy  
but she's pleading with me

R: Will you be my anchor  
when there's no one around to hold me down  
will you be my anchor  
I know you're not the answer

2. There's an angel at my table  
and she's blessed the breeze  
that blows in between her and everything  
she's left in that heaven  
and I wish she'd call

\*: 'Cause that devil's on my shoulder  
and he's pulling me down  
and I'm trying to keep a balance  
but she's begging me

R: Will you be my anchor...

There's an angel at my table  
She said I'm the only one she'll turn to