

# Angel

B.J. Thomas

Spend all your time waiting  
For that second chance  
Our a break that would make it okay  
There's always some reason  
To feel not good enough  
And it's hard at the end of the day  
I need some distraction  
Oh a beautiful release  
Memories seep from my veins  
Let me be empty  
Oh and weightless and maybe  
I'll find some peace tonight

In the arms of the angels  
Fly away from here  
From this dark cold hotel room  
And the endlessness that you fear  
You were torn from the wreckage  
Of your silent reverie  
And in the arms of the angels  
May you find some comfort here

So tired of the straight life  
And everywhere you turn  
There's vultures and thieves at your back  
And the storm keeps on twisting  
Keep on building the lies  
That you make up for all that you lack  
It don't make no difference  
Oh, escaping one last time  
It's easier to believe  
In this sweet madness  
Oh, this glorious sadness  
That brings me to my knees

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In the arms of the angels  
May you find some comfort here, oh...