

# Angels & Outlaws

Brian Burns

GOD DRIVES A '69 CHEVY IMPALA  
WITH STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND HYPER-STROBE HEADLIGHTS

YOU CAN HEAR HIS ENGINE WHINE AT THE END OF THE RADIO  
DIAL.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN PIEDRAS NEGRAS,  
NOTHING TO DO HERE BUT DRINK CHEAP TEQUILA  
AND WONDER WHETHER LIFE IS A TREASURE OR A TRIAL.

CHORUS

SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET ON THE EDGE OF THAT RIVER,  
AND WE'LL FLY AWAY TO SOME FAR, DISTANT LAND,  
WHERE ANGELS AND OUTLAWS CAN WALK HAND IN HAND

I THINK OF HER AS AN ANGEL ABOVE ME,  
I COUNT THE TIMES SHE HAS TOLD ME SHE LOVES ME.  
BUT NOW I AM BOUND TO LIVE OUT MY DAYS ON THE RUN.  
SOMETIMES SALVATION IS LOST TO SURVIVAL  
I LIVE BY THE PISTOL, SHE LIVES BY THE BIBLE.  
BUT WE'LL MEET AGAIN OVER THER. WHEN OUR WORK HERE IS  
DONE.

CHORUS

SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET ON THE EDGE OF THAT RIVER,  
AND WE'LL FLY AWAY TO SOME FAR, DISTANT LAND,  
WHERE ANGELS AND OUTLAWS CAN WALK HAND IN HAND

SOME OF MY FRIENDS, THEY HAVE TAKEN THE HIGH ROAD,  
BUT I HAD TO SEE THE THIRD WORLD FIRST-HAND.  
LIFE IS A MIXTURE OF SHUFFLES AND TANGOS  
AND RHYTHMS AND REASONS I DON'T UNDERSTAND  
I'M A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LIGHT.  
GOD, HOW I MISS HER TONIGHT.

GOD PLAYS A '59 BLACK STRATOCASTER  
WITH VIBROLUX REVERB AND BIG BANG PRECISION  
YOU CAN HEAR HIS HOLY MUSIC TONIGHT ON THE BACK STREETS  
OF MAN.

CHORUS

SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET ON THE EDGE OF THAT RIVER,  
AND WE'LL FLY AWAY TO SOME FAR, DISTANT LAND,  
WHERE ANGELS AND OUTLAWS CAN WALK HAND IN HAND