

Deliver Me

Catie Curtis

I guess it messed it up
I did what I wanted I did what my heart said to
Now all the money is gone
You're moved on and I don't know what I'll do
But I got a wishbone and I don't need your condescending sympathy

All the angels that I know are fallen and broken
Soaking in the muddy river
All the angels that I love, they don't hang out above
They come down to deliver
They deliver me

I guess that your old scars
Are rusting on out like broken cars in a field
Grass has grown
Leaves have blown, nothing you got to reveal
Unless you're a painter, a poet or a friend to me

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It's the ones down here in the mess of life learning to fly

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