

# Rebel Angel

Eddi Reader

I'm on the Queenstown Road riding bumper to bumper  
An island, an island in the driving rain  
And in my mind it's the highest place I've ever  
Been without a parachute, without holding on or falling  
Falling through the rain

I never lay down before underneath anyone who didn't crush me  
Or punish me for my weaknesses  
You're on my tongue, you're in my mouth, you're all inside of me  
My arms stretched wide - I'm not feeling crucified

With my rebel angel  
My rebel angel  
My rebel angel  
Falling through the rain

Are you real oh oh are you apparition oh oh  
Are you really really really real

It's been so long, singing "it's been a good year for the roses"  
And whistling down the wind  
Tell me did you fall or were you pushed from a passing cloud  
One of god's tear-drops, falling on me  
Falling on me

My rebel angel  
My rebel angel  
My rebel angel