

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