

When We Were Angels

Editors

Come a little bit closer, you've got something to see
Come a little bit closer, read my mind in the street
Look through my eyes, now I want you to sing
Tossed minds and what this could've been

When we were angels we ran the place
When there were wolves we were part of the chase
When does the pressure become a crack?
When we were angels we had wings on our backs

Walk a little bit smaller, you've been dragging me down
Morning mist on the border, we were lost in this town
Look through my eyes, now I want you to sing
I wish it was tomorrow when the angels have been

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We had wings on our backs
(When we were angels)
We had wings on our backs