The Angel Song

Great White

Fallen angel, ripped and bruised Think on better days Life is rude, treats you bad Tears your wings away

Raise your eyes, to star and sky Believe in fly aways Take your dreams, your broken schemes And sweep the past away

Fly, lonely angel
High above these streets of fire
fly, lonely angel
Far away from mad desire

Hollywood ain't paved with gold It's just a trick of light Sunset falls on stars of old And blinds you with its light

A spider's web of tangled lives Lays stretched across the hills From distances it's glistening Like El Dorado's halls

Fly, lonely angel
High above these streets of fire
Fly, lonely angel
Leave behind the mad desire

The dream was light, and fragrant nights But how were you to know? The streets are hard, they're mean and scarred Where only fools find gold

Fly, lonely angel
High above these streets of fire
Fly, lonely angel
Leave behind the mad desire

Fly, lonely angel
Spread your wings another way
Fly, lonely angel
Find a better way a better day