

# Angel

Loyle Carner

You're my, you're my  
Angel, you're my angel  
You're my angel  
You're my, you're my angel  
You're my angel

Uh, uh, yeah, uh  
Back with another one  
Trust, went missing in the summer sun  
And Ben NM can't figure if the summer's done  
Pour another glass, knock it back, sip another rum  
And one two checking as the colour's spun  
Cassette, fling it on the decks, fuck a number one  
I'm tryna keep all the respect 'fore my number comes  
But never coming for your neck if I'm under thumb  
'Cause I can run, run away, when it's all finished  
Diminished, just business, we pour Guinness  
Trust, I got nothing if it's all in this  
But if I keep all the trouble that I brought with this  
It's finished, yo, this is how the game goes  
Dodging plain clothes villains chasing rainbows  
Suppose, if it was anything but main rows  
Talking ten toes, 'nother case closed  
Uh, trust

'Cause listen, this is where you'll find me  
Sippin' on a chai tea, talking all politely  
And rightly so, they're telling me they might be  
Looking for the trouble, nah, never be but mine G  
I keep it low key like a baritone  
Trust, far from sopranos who haven't grown  
'Cause everybody talks tough in the battlezone  
Three kids hit by a train with a bag of chrome  
So if I stand alone, reminisce I used to run  
A couple guys talked tough, never shoot a gun  
I know they used to burn flame when they used the sun  
I never really did label me unusual  
One, it's dumb, 'cause I was tryna' change position  
Pop's missing, tryna' stop this opposition  
The blocks hissin', big blocks that dogs piss in  
Yo, I wanted them gone, I stopped livin'  
Trust, uh, I stopped livin', long  
I wanted them gone, I stopped livin'  
Trust, I stopped livin, trust  
I wanted them gone

And that's why you're my angel (You're my angel)  
You're my angel (You're my angel)  
You're my, you're my angel (You're my angel, you're my angel)  
You're my angel (You're my angel)

Uh, uh  
'Cause down there, I can see 'em  
You think your enemies are nothing till you bleed 'em  
Yo, 'cause all I really wanted was my freedom  
Disappear and then I'm realizing that I need 'em  
Trust, so I could sit up in the park with the setting sun  
And let my missus tell me "Baby, you're the better one"

Uh, feelin', feelin' better than I ever done  
Still I know I need this fuckin' drama when it's said and done  
Uh, 'cause where I'm from  
Hidden in the big deep south  
Opening my big deep mouth  
Yo, a lot of people tryna' keep these out  
But these days, I hate to say I dig deep now  
Trust, 'cause honestly I need 'em  
Yo, I hate 'em but I grieve 'em  
Think I've finally found a reason  
Trust, to light the light the fire needs the air  
I won't burn unless you're there  
Check it like, uh  
Like the fire needs the air  
I won't burn unless you're there  
Check it like, uh  
Like the fire needs the air  
I won't burn unless you're there

It's been a while since summer  
Finally found some time to be alone  
I'll try and lower my tone  
Never last long for me  
Sitting on the train from Willesden Green  
Places I've never been  
And as the seasons come and grow  
So do all the things I used to know  
The way my heart will flow  
And though we might not meet again  
I want you to listen till the end  
Over and over again

And that's why you're my angel (You're my angel)  
You're my angel (You're my angel)  
You're my, you're my angel (You're my angel, you're my angel)  
You're my angel (You're my angel)  
That's why you're my angel

Yeah, yeah, probably still  
I'll try and lower my tone, try and lower my tone  
Never last long for me  
Whoa, sing it, Tom  
Sitting on the train from Willesden Green  
Where the ladies at? Where they at?  
Where are they at?