

Little Angel

Marc E. Bassy

Maybe I'll come back
A little lost on the brink
I won't be dramatic
Oh no, no, no, yeah
I won't care what they think

You're such a little darling, angel
Your mama made you, scarred you, raised you
Nowhere to run to and nothing to run from
You know that I've been far from stable
Keeping the light out, almost fatal
Nowhere to run to and nothing to run from
Ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh

This little light I keep it between the sheets (For rainy days)
When it gets dark she says that she can come repeat it

Tuesday, funny day
When you make that call
Turning from our face
Heading home by fall, yeah

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