

With The Angels

Michelle Tumes

I'm flying home tonight
I've got a ticket bound for my shore
I leave this town behind
As I wave farewell from above
I'm watching the stars light up the Heavens
I think of my family together and I'm
Ooh, with the angels
Soaring high upon their wings
With the angels
I can hear them as I sing
I'm with the angels
I'm with the angels
I remember one time
When we lived in a far away land
There were guns and knives
And a band of angry men
We traveled in danger on the wrong bus
There were choirs of angels all around us
I was
Ooh, with the angels
Soaring high upon their wings
With the angels
I can hear them as I sing
I'm with the angels
I'm with the angels
In the middle of the night, I was a young girl
I heard the noise of wings, I sat upright, saying
"I think that's an angel"
I was driving with a friend of mine
We were in the middle of nowhere
We saw a man on the road in white, we said
"I think that's an angel, that could be an angel"
Ooh, with the angels
Soaring high upon their wings
With the angels
I can hear them as I sing
Ooh, with the angels
Soaring high upon their wings
With the angels
I can hear them as I sing
I'm with the angels
I'm with the angels
I'm with the angels
I'm with the angels
(That could be an angel)