She saw the ragged edge of nowhere from a fast moving train Watched the scenery fly by with a fever in her brain Seemed like a good time at the time, rolling down that track Now the only thing she wants is a one-way ticket back She's a homeward looking angel and she's feeling mighty tired Her party dress is tattered but her vision is inspired And that girl looking back in the mirror, Lord, made such a mes s of things

And she's leaving in the morning soon as she can find her wings Soon as she can find her wings

She's so very hungry for a piece of Mama's pie Served up on Grandma's china after church on Sunday night Oh, now Papa's probably turning out the lights and heading up t he stairs

And the wayward child he never talks about still turns up in hi s prayers

She's a homeward looking angel and she must be feeling mighty tired

Her party dress is tattered but her vision is inspired And that girl looking back in the mirror, Lord, made such a mes s of things

And she's leaving in the morning soon as she can find her wings

There's a road ahead and a road behind All roads lead to home this time

She's a homeward looking angel and she's feeling mighty tired She went gunning for glory but her bullets all misfired And that girl looking back in the mirror, Lord, made such a mes s of things

And she's leaving in the morning soon as she can find her wings Soon as she can find her wings Homeward looking angel