

Angels

Thomas Rhett

I don't talk to God like you always tell me I should
I don't live my life every day like you prayed that I would
Yeah, I'm a mess of a man, with lessons to learn
You're the last thing on earth I deserve

You shoulda slammed the door, changed the lock and said adios
To my selfish heart, tore it apart and left me alone
Don't know why you were patient and wasted good savin' on me
Maybe angels don't always have wings

I ain't that type of guy that miracles wake up next to
For too long, I didn't know what I had but, dang, these days I
do
If I make it to heaven, it'll be by a hair
But one look at you and I'm there

You shoulda slammed the door, changed the lock and said adios
To my selfish heart, tore it apart and left me alone
Don't know why you were patient and wasted good savin' on me
Maybe angels don't always have...

Wings and halos
But hey, what do I know?
'Cause I dang near drug one through hell

You shoulda slammed the door, changed the lock and said adios
To my selfish heart, tore it apart and left me alone
Don't know why you were patient and wasted good savin' on me
Whoa, whoa
Now I believe, that maybe angels don't always have wings

Oh
Don't always have wings