Homeward Looking Angel

Pam Tillis

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 backShe'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 mess of things
And she's leaving in the morning soon as she can find her wings
Soon as she can find her wingsShe'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 the stairs
And the wayward child, he never talks about, still turns up in his prayersShe'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 mess of things
And she's leaving in the morning soon as she can find her wingsThere's a road ahead and a road behind
All roads lead to home this timeShe'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 mess of things
And she's leaving in the morning soon as she can find her wingsSoon as she can find her wings
Homeward looking angel

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