

Private Angel (O.S.T. Engel&Joe)

Donots

youe heaven sent
they clipped your wings
could you hear me calling
when you were falling?
so lift my head
from the concrete bed
and take me higher
cause i can stand this
hell anymore
anymore
youe my private angel
youe my private angel
take me home
catch my fall
youe my private angel
rescue me
and i am blessed
cause youe a mess
i can confide in
confess all my sins
so clean my veins
from the poison stains
and take me away
cause i don want to
stay anymore
come closer to me
all good angels go to hell

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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