

# We Can't All Be Angels

David Lee Murphy

(David Lee Murphy/Danny Tate) Late nights and smokey ole pool rooms  
Bars closin' down at three  
And I'm right here in the middle of it all  
With the bad company  
Well maybe you don't understand it  
Oh and we might never agree  
But I'm past the point of making excuses  
That's what I am and I guess the truth is We can't all be angels  
Naw naw naw  
I can't say that  
I claim to be much of a  
Saint after all  
But I can tell you it ain't so bad  
Once you've learned how to fall Flyin' down these ole backroads  
Is when I feel at my best  
When I've twisted all the rules that'll bend  
And broken all the rest  
Now I'll never try to change you  
Oh and I'd never do you no wrong We can't all be angels  
Naw naw naw  
I can't say that  
I claim to be much of a  
Saint after all  
But I can tell you it ain't so bad  
Once you've learned how to fall There's alot to be said for good clean livin'  
And if I have to sneak through the back door to heaven We can't all be angels  
Naw naw naw  
I can't say that  
I claim to be much of a  
Saint after all  
But I can tell you it ain't so bad  
Once you've learned how to fall

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