

# Angel Child

## Randall Bramblett

Spider web hangin in the arms of my chair  
Dust on the counter top  
Get me away from here  
Someday I'm gonna get myself fixed up  
Take you on a trip down to Shellman Bluff  
Oh baby, you're my angel childIt's so quiet I hear my 'frigerator running  
I don't know which way my next breath's coming  
Can't let you see me when I look like this  
Come back tomorrow night and give us a kiss  
Oh baby, you're my angel childBaby, when the wind is howling  
And the dogs are growlin at my door  
I don't pay them any mind  
Even when the sun's not shining  
You know you are my silver liningCrank up your motor, let the tailpipe drag  
Standin on the porch with your clothes in a grocery bag  
Who am I to tell you that you can't find love  
Lookin so pretty with your mind made up  
Oh baby, you're my angel child

Songwriters

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