

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 child It'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 child Baby, 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 lining Crank 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

RANDALL BRAMBLETT Published by

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