Street Angel

Steve March

I?ve been walking under rainbows too long to tell
You keep walking down mean streets
My street angel I try to bring you in out of the cold
But street angels live on the street and they always will
Street angels aren?t like anyone you know
They do what they want and they go where they go
They may tell you that you hold the world in your hands
But they always give it back they always give it back
No amount of crying changes your mind
No amount of praying brings you inside
I know that you love me and that you always will
You just stand outside and call to me my sweet street angel
A Charles Dickens character
With your top hat and your scarf
When you pull me through the rainbow
I thought you?d stop but you didn?t you turned around
You went back to the children and your music
And the people that you love
I can?t help but wonder
If every one in a while you remember the girl
When you were a homeless angel
That drove you wild strange and elusive
No amount of crying changes your mind
No amount of praying brings you inside
I know that you love me and that you always will
You just stand outside and call to me my sweet street angel
So I ended it all for the both of us
I fell down the stairs a broken rag doll
But you never knew you just thought I went away
With nothing more to hope for
But you don?t hear voices anymore
No my sweet street angel

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