

# 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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