

# Deliver Me

Ian Moore

Wind is blowin  
And its blowin in my mind  
Spirits they've been tellin me  
That its all come down to timeStayin in this world now  
Well, it aint no plan of mine  
Cause shes raped and left here dyin  
And theyve called me for the crimeIs that the cry of an angel  
Or the cry of a woman, such a lonely sound  
Lost my suit to a trump card  
I lost my soul to the trouble, keep pullin me downSteppin stones  
Take me to the house of the mojo man  
Cause they painted me my future  
In Bayou dirt and desert sandAint no open blue horizon  
Choirs singing hymns in joyous happy praise  
Cause I feel my chair shaking  
And the light's begun to wane  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeahIs that the cry of an angel  
Or the cry of a woman, such a lonely sound  
I lost my suit to a trump card  
I lost my soul to the trouble, keeps pullin me down  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, yeahFly me on the wings of an angel  
Bathe me in the sea of joy  
Take me from all this world of turmoil  
Deliver me, deliver me, redemption, redemptionYeah, fly me on the wings of an angel  
Bathe me in the sea of joy  
Take me from all this world of turmoil  
Deliver me, deliver me, redemption, redemption, nowFly me on the wings of an angel  
Bathe me in the sea of joy  
Take me from all this world of turmoil  
Deliver me, deliver me, redemption, redemption, whoaOoh yeah, ooh, fly me on wings of an angel  
Bathe me in sea of joy  
Take me from all this world of turmoil  
Deliver me, deliver meFly me on wings of an angel  
Bathe me in the sea of joy, yeah  
Take me from all this world of turmoil  
Deliver me, deliver me, redemption, redemption