Wild Angel

John Mellencamp

Pretty girls in beat up cars
Throwing kisses to the soldiers
Pale blue eyes and whiskey bars
The lines on her face say she's getting olderYou better reach out to me
Girl, you better reach out to meRunnin' with your weakness in the dark
You hope it disappears by tomorrow
On your knees and in the dark, don't wanna beg
Lord knows you're too old to borrowYou better reach out to me
Girl, you better reach out to me'Cause you're a
Oh, oh, oh, oh wild angel
Oh, oh, oh, oh a wild angelCabin fever nearly drove us insane
When the snow fell on us last December
Look at me, girl, I don't feel the same
Now those days they've all gone togetherYou better reach out to me
Girl, you better reach out to me'Cause you're a
Oh, oh, oh, oh wild angel
Oh, oh, oh, oh a wild angelOh, oh, oh, oh wild angel
Oh, oh, oh, oh a wild angel
Oh, oh, oh, oh wild angel
Oh, oh, oh, oh a wild angel

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