

# Angel

## Eric Clapton

All up and down the boulevard  
All the boys are looking hot  
Tryina score, tryina make a pass  
Anything at all, don't have to last  
Angel, she's a friend of mine  
She don't know about the street kind  
She don't know how to hurt you deep  
Let her play for keeps  
Cut you like a knife, angel  
When you survive  
Cut you like a knife, angel  
Street life  
Blue hard hands and car trucks  
Hustlers, lovers, come out the dark  
They all know, and it's a fact  
Angel, you better stand back  
Sun cools down, the street come to life  
Here come the boys with all the drive  
Any woman can be theirs  
They don't really care, They cut you like a knife, angel  
When you survive  
Cut you like a knife, angel  
Street life  
All up and down the boulevard  
All the boys are looking hot  
Tryina' score, tryina' make a pass  
Anything at all, don't have to last  
Cut you like a knife, angel  
When you survive  
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