Infamous Angel

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Last night before I went to sleep,
My knees dropped to the floor.
I turned me eyes up to the sky,
And I prayed: "Please help me, Lord.
"You know I've sowed my wild oats,
"And now the fun's all gone."
And then I heard these tender words,
And I put them in my song:"Infamous Angel, come on home,
"To someone who loves you,
"And knows you needed to roam.
"Grab your things, a ticket's waiting,
"At the bus depot:
"For: 'Infamous Angel, Destination: Home'."I heard Heaven's choir rejoicing,
As the tears broke from my eyes.
And all at once it lifted,
The weight from my past life.
I found a pen and I left a note,
On the dresser drawer:
"Infamous Angel: she don't live here anymore.""Infamous Angel, come on home,
"To someone who loves you,
"And knows you needed to roam.
"Grab your things, a ticket's waiting,
"At the bus depot:
"For: 'Infamous Angel, Destination: Home'."Instrumental Break.Then I hurried out the back door,
As quickly as I could.
I went flying down two flights of stairs,
'Til on the street I stood.
And there I took that final look,
At my old neighbourhood.
Then I ran down the street proclaiming:
"Angel: gone for good."Infamous Angel, going home,
To someone who loves her,
And knows she needed to roam.
She grabbed her things and claimed the ticket,
At the bus depot:
For: "Infamous Angel, Destination: Home."
"Infamous Angel, Destination: Home."

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