We Can't All Be Angels

David Lee Murphy

(David Lee Murphy/Danny Tate)
Late nights and smokey ole pool rooms
Bars closin' down at three
And I'm right here in the middle of it all
With the bad company
Well maybe you don't understand it
Oh and we might never agree
But I'm past the point of making excuses
That's what I am and I guess the truth is
We can't all be angels
Naw naw naw
I can't say that
I claim to be much of a
Saint after all
But I can tell you it ain't so bad
Once you've learned how to fall
Flyin' down these ole backroads
Is when I feel at my best
When I've twisted all the rules that'll bend

And broken all the rest
Now I'll never try to change you
Oh and I'd never do you no wrong
We can't all be angels
Naw naw naw
I can't say that
I claim to be much of a
Saint after all
But I can tell you it ain't so bad
Once you've learned how to fall
There's alot to be said for good clean livin'
And if I have to sneak through the back door to heaven
We can't all be angels
Naw naw naw
I can't say that
I claim to be much of a
Saint after all
But I can tell you it ain't so bad
Once you've learned how to fall

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