

# Leaving an Angel

Corey Smith

Girl, I hate to hang you out to dry  
With a bleeding heart and broken home  
But I dropped this line to say good-bye  
You shoulda saw it coming  
Guess I was born for running  
I can't pay the debts I owe  
There's many a man looking for me  
I keep a pistol under my pillow  
Feel I'm going crazy  
I've been good for nothing lately

Oh, and when I'm gone  
I hope you mention my name  
I hope you care about the man  
After you place the blame  
Let our years turn to gold  
And never wither away  
And be forgotten  
I don't wanna be forgotten

Tell our boys that I'm real proud  
Watched 'em grow up tough as nails  
And there'll be no crying allowed  
They'll know what to do  
I'm sure they'll take good care of you  
Kiss my baby girl good-bye  
I'm sure she'll miss me most of all  
I can't bear the thought of the tears she'll cry  
She's so sweet and tender  
Lord, I pray she will remember

When I'm gone  
I hope you mention my name  
I hope you care about the man  
After you place the blame  
Let our years turn to gold  
And never wither away  
And be forgotten

I don't wanna be forgotten

I'm taking the pickup truck  
But I left a little bit of money

Naw, it ain't too much but

It'll get you through the month ahead

I left my Browning rifle and the old guitar my daddy gave me

Put 'em up and pass 'em down yeah

Oh they're all I have to give

Maybe one day you can give 'em to my grandkids

I know it's been hard loving me

You've taken the scars and worn 'em well

And you'd starve yourself to feed this family

I'm sick and shameful

I'm leaving an angel

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Lyrics submitted by S.

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