# Angel

## Adam Ant

Well come tell me your story, I'll tell you mine
Sunday morning communion, standing in a line
Feeling like a cannibal, eating flesh and drinking blood
Disguised as wine, oh
I know someday we're gonna see wings
Spring out from your shoulders, what kind of being are you?
For there are moments, upon moments, upon moments
When you hardly seem to walk the earth
And I realize, I've spent my whole life searching
Searching for an angel, for an angel
So come tell me your story, I'll tell you all
Looking at rococo statues and paintings on the wall
Sitting up there high and mighty, was this Eden? Was this hell?
I had to know
I know someday we're gonna see wings
Spring out from your shoulders, what kind of being are you?
For there are moments, upon moments, upon moments
When you hardly seem to walk the earth
You're an angel, oh yeah
I know some day we're gonna see wings
Spring out from you shoulders, what kind of being are you?
For there are moments, upon moments, upon moments
When you hardly seem to walk the earth
And I realize, I've spent my whole life searching
Searching for an angel, for an angel
And I realize, I've spent my whole life searching
Searching for an angel, for an angel
For an angel, for an angel
For an angel

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