

Angel Like You

Eric Strickland and the B Sides

He works a 50 hour week,
She does too, but they can't pay the bills

And you'd think that after all of this climbing they'd done,
They'd finally get over that hill

But with gas like it is,
And raising three kids,
It just ain't enough to get by,

When he lays down at night,
He holds her so tight,
And whispers as she closes her eyes

"We may live like slaves,
But I love you like you were a queen,
And I'd give you the world,
Baby if I had the means.
And I'll promise you now,
I'll give it hell to till I do,
There ain't nothing good enough
Short of heaven for an angel like you"

They both fuss and fight,
When money gets tight, but who don't,

Sometimes he cries at night,
Cause he can't give her things that she wants,
He thinks about stealing, pushing,
And dealing that it'd make him less of a man,

When he looks in her eyes,
He shallows his pride,
And holds her as he tells her again,

"We may live like slaves,
But I love you like you were a queen,
And I'd give you the world,
Baby if I had the means.

And I'll promise you now,
I'll give it hell to till I do,
There ain't nothing good enough
Short of heaven for an angel like you"

And I'll promise you now,
I'll give it hell to till I do,
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Lyrics Submitted by Jake

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