

Angel

Jamey Johnson

A voice on the telephone sounds awful angry
And somehow it doesn't fit in

But the face in the picture, I keep on my dresser
Of the girl I once called my best friend
We drank from the fountain
Of good times and dreaming
But these long times have poisoned the well
And as our love is dying
There making a killing
On heartaches, and furniture sales

[Chorus]

And the line between evil and good disappear
And now its so hard to tell, am I shaking a deamond
Thats after my soul, thats sending an angel to hell

Am I right or is she right
Or are we both wrong
Or is it even about that at all
Cause heaven is fading, the fighting and fussing
And the devil is just having a ball

[Chorus]

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