

Do The Angels Have A Home?

Meja

Do the angels have a home?
I'm not too young to notice,
too innocent to see
Angels all around me,
trying to break free
There must be an answer,
I know it in my heart
and if I know the question,
I would surely ask
Sometimes I pretend they're not gone
that the world still a wonderful song
and nothing is wrong
* They say that they are leaving
Their work has all been done
They say that they are flying,
back toward the sun

I know there must have a reason
to leave us all alone
But tell me, do the angels have a home?
Will there still be rainbows?
Will the flowers grow?
Summer nights and laughter,
will there still be snow?
Sometimes I pretend they're not gone
that the world still a wonderful song
and nothing is wrong
(repeat *)
When the angels are waving goodbye
I'm smiling but deep down I cry
Wondering why, why . . .
(repeat *)
Tell me, do the angels have a home?
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