

Wolfgang Press**"Angel"**

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Love for sale

Love won't stop

If you can see your dreams

Will they stand up

If you say you're an angel

Then I am not

You say everything I wanted was unclean

My heart is aching but it's the best it's ever been

Born with feet

Born on the ground

Born with everything that ties me down

If you think you're the saviour then look around

Made of dreams

Made of stone

Made from everything that's not my own

If you think you're an angel

Then I am not

You say everything I wanted was unclean

My heart is aching but it's the best it's ever been

And you say everything I thought was obscene

My arms are waiting to bring you back to me

You say everything I wanted was unclean

My heart is aching but it's the best it's ever been

And you say everything I thought was obscene

My arms are waiting to bring you back to me

To bring you back to me...

Bring you back to me...

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