

Brad Martin

"Fallen Angels"

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Dear Jill
I've been trying to do my thing
Since you've been away
But I think about you everyday
It's still hard
I'm still bitter
Still missin you sister
I pour out a little liquor
Spray your favorite perfume
We hit the blunt now and then
Bust out laughin and chokin
Cuz me and you really wasn't bout no smokin
Your mom is coping, but it's so rough
I can see it in her eyes
I can't stand to be around her too long
She makes me wanna cry
Why do God sometimes take away the good ones
That's the big question that's got everybody stressin
Ask him for me, so I can tell the mothers and fathers
Who can't stop mourning for their sons and daughters
It gets hard around the holidays and your birthdays
We try to keep busy, taking extra work days
My hurt days is when I go to ???
Cuz I ain't got my girl to split it with
I really get sick
When I think about that dirty nigga
But mentally I know he's gettin his
That makes me sleep better
I'm never gonna let your memory die
Even though a big part of me died when you left us
I bought my moms a house
The kids are gettin so big
Even got me a man and all
We call him Hotboy
Our kinda nigga
Thugged out, slugged up
Bad temper known for tearin shit up
He treats me nice though
But I wanna let you know that I'ma work hard
To stay on the right track and stay on guard
Lord knows that I love you, my friend

And I'ma end this until we meet again
I miss you, Jill

Chorus: repeat 4X

Fallen, fallen angels
I can't believe that you are gone
I'm standing here all alone

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