

## **Jamey Johnson**

# **"Sending An Angel To Hell"**

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The voice on the telephone sounds awful angry  
And somehow it doesn't fit in  
With 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  
dreamin'  
But these lawyers have poisoned the well  
And as our love is dyin' they're makin' a killin'  
On heartaches and furniture sales

And the line between evil and good disappears  
And now it's so hard to tell  
Am I shakin' a demon that's after my soul  
Or sendin' an angel to hell?

Am I right or is she right or are we both wrong?  
Or is it even about that at all?  
As heaven is fadin' we're fightin' and fussin'  
And the devil's just havin' a ball

And the line between evil and good disappears  
And now it's so hard to tell  
Am I shakin' a demon that's after my soul  
Or sendin' an angel to hell?

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