

# John Hiatt

## "Angel"

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Whoa!

It is a hurtin' thing, you don't wanna talk about it  
Pain in your heart, well it's takin' your breath away  
You left it in lipstick on the mirror, no use talkin' about  
Love like this just don't come along every day

Somebody just stopped callin' you angel  
Somebody just let love get up and go downtown  
Somebody just stopped callin' you angel  
Angel wings out in the snow and mascara runnin' down

They called you Tookie in high school, you didn't mind  
it too much  
Kind of nice to have a nickname, kind of like they  
thought about it  
You wish that it stuck with you, didn't have to trade it in  
on  
Some crazy lover's pet name, wind up hurtin' so much

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Angel wings out in the snow and mascara runnin' down

He peeled the skin off of the world and you stopped  
breathin'  
You drew a breath, you sighed, the air was freezin'  
Two blood red hearts pumpin' hard out in the open  
You skinned your knee at kickball, twenty years ago  
against all hopin'  
Ha!

Y'all put that hammer down and drove through love's  
angel fruitcake  
Tastin' every spongy layer and lickin' frostin' off the  
moon  
Wild eyed with excitement but childishly disappointed  
Maybe even tasted better when Mama let you lick the  
spoon

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