

## Colt Ford

### "Angels & Demuns"

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I remember sunday morning gettin' up when I was a  
kid,  
Heading down towards that steeple, that's what folks  
back then did.  
We'd sing all five of them verse from amazing grace,  
Then daddy would drop  
Hard earned money in the offering plate.  
After sunday school it was davis brothers chicken, Tea  
was sweet then  
Molasses, ain't it funny how time passes.  
Never knew back then how my life would be now, how  
far I wonder off that  
Narrow road I went down.

'Chorus'

Don't know where I'm going or where it's all gone,  
Sometimes I feel like I  
Sold my soul for a song.  
I'm surrounded by all these six string dreams,  
Standing in the spot light  
And can't see a thing.  
I'm sick and damned tired of this hustle and  
scamming. Man, I'd give it all  
Up to get back to even.  
I'm looking for something I can still believe in, I'm  
dreaming of angels  
But living with demuns.

I'm thinking about my life and what it use to be, Now  
that I see behind the  
Curtain, nothings new to me.  
I know some fallin' angels try to take me down, And I  
got a few time  
Buddies, whiskey bent and hell bound.  
Another sleepless night with a rock guitar, it's  
screaming in my veins  
About to drive me insane.  
But I woke sunday morning with the church bells  
ringing,  
But somewhere in my heart there's still a choir singing

'Chorus'

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dreaming of angels  
But living with demuns.

Hey how you doin'?  
I know it's been awhile.  
I've been running crazy and that ain't really no excuse,  
but this whole  
World is running crazy.  
People killing each other, fightin' wars.  
We forgot about ya, in a lot of places  
And the truth is, we still really need you, I really need  
ya.  
So I promise I won't stay away so long next time.  
I'll be back sooner than later.  
Thanks for always carrying me when I was to weak to  
walk.  
Well, I gotta get outta here but I'll talk to you soon.  
Thanks God.

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