

**Phil Bensen****"High Flying Angel"**

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While the city starts to sleep  
She's watching over you  
Smoke hangs on the downtown skyline  
Moon pushes through  
But some people's on fire tonight  
Wind rushing round their feet  
Someone's gonna sleep well tonight  
Word is on the street

So high flyer, high flyer  
Fly high tonight  
Fly angel, fly higher  
Fly here tonight

It's a tribal thing we're seeing  
War paint on the face  
A question of territory, pride and space  
People strutting and feathers flying  
It's a sorry scene  
Someone's sleeping well tonight  
Word is on the street

So high flyer, high flyer  
Fly high tonight  
Fly angel, fly higher  
Fly here tonight

Brother, my brother  
Don't let me down again  
Mother oh mother  
Wipe away your tears again

High flying bird embraced him  
Held him to her breast  
Soft feathers brushed his face  
Finally came to rest  
Gently rocking him to and fro  
He quietly went to sleep  
Someone's found a place of peace tonight  
Word is on the street  
So high flyer, high flyer

Fly high tonight  
Fly angel, fly higher  
Fly away tonight

High flyer, high flyer  
Fly high tonight  
Fly angel, fly higher  
Fly safe tonight

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