Michale Graves "When We Were Angels"

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Michale Graves - When we were Angels

I'm sorry, I wrote another letter Saying how much I want to die All the Horror movies Are real in my mind

And somehow when I walk away When the pain's too much to hide You never let me get too far away You save me on Sunday

We were angels We were angels

And somehow when I walk away When the pain is too much to hide You never let me get too far away You save me on Sunday

We were angels We were angels

All the horror movies are real real … real in my mind

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