

Waylon

"Sometimes an angel"

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He's walking the usual way home on this Summer night
He's got his hands in his overall pockets
It's been a day full of twisting and turning
All those thoughts inside
And his small world is shattered
He's broken open wide

Sometimes an angel flies away
Leaving a poor boy to find his way
Sometimes an angel can pull you down
So leave her to fly boy she's heaven bound

In this small town where the sun always burns the sky
They shared dreams, hope and sometimes lies
She wanted to run wild
Beautiful she opens her wings
But he wouldn't see her

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