

Gretchen Peters

"Dark Angel"

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I got no use for harps and wings
I got no time for foolish things
There is no heaven, there is no hell
There's only you, my dark angel

Your bleeding heart, your pilgrim soul
Your wounded eyes, that take their toll
Your ragged voice like a broken bell
Against the noise, my dark angel

And if there is no hereafter
And there is only here
Life is still a beautiful disaster
Ah but we both know that my dear

So let the curtain rise, let the great world spin
If it's just for show - let the show begin
Everybody got something to sell
Except for you, my dark angel

There is no heaven, there is no hell
There's only you, my dark angel
There's only you, my dark angel

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