

Peter Bradley Adams

"Angeles"

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Oh Los Angeles we leave you now
At the setting of your skies
As we leave the comfort of your ground
With your angels we will fly

Well you carried us in broken dreams
Like a mother does her sons
We were scattered 'cross your dirty streets
We were dying one by one

And you held us in your city lights
When our eyes had lost the stars
And we made our peace with lonely nights
And you healed our broken hearts

Well they say the Big One's gonna come
And you'll fall into the sea
We will know that then your work is done
And your angels will go free

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