

Peter Bradley Adams

"Los Angeles"

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

Well, you carried us on 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 will fall into the sea
But we will know then that your work is done
And your angels will go free

And your angels will go free
And your angels will go free
And your angels will go free

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