

Amy Kuney

"Angel Tangled In The Telephone Line"

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I prayed, I prayed on my knees
On my knees...
Oh, I prayed all night
My chin upon my chest
I prayed for a light
To help me get through this
And in the morning
Outside my window I see
I wasn't alone
Help was on her way to me

CHORUS:

There's an angel tangled in the telephone lines
The telephone lines, the telephone lines
Would you say we built our city too high?
Our city too high, is sitting too high...

Hear sirens crying
We called the fire chief
And all his firemen
Came to cut this angel free
And she will bless them
They bow their heavy heads
This is as close to heaven
As they will ever get

CHORUS

BRIDGE:

We can't be too sure
According to the chief
Why our ropes are too short
Our ladders won't reach

There's an angel tangled in the telephone lines
The telephone lines, the telephone lines
Let's just say we built our city too high
Our city too high, was sitting too high...

I prayed, I prayed on my knees
On my knees...

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