

Amy Kuney

"Angel Tangled In The Telephone Lines"

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I pray, I pray
On my knees.
On my kneeeees...

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...

There's an angel tangled in the telephone lines,
The telephone lines!
The telephone lines...
Won't you say we built our city too high?
Our city too high
Is sitting too high...

Oh oh ooh, oh ooh ohh, Whoa oh oh...

Hear sirens crying, we call 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
There's an angel tangled in the telephone lines,
The telephone lines!
Telephone lines...
Won't you say we built our city too high? Oh
Our city too high
Is sitting too high

Whoa oh oh...

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, oh!
Our city too high,
Is sitting too high

Oah oh oh, oah oh oh mm m mmm...oah ooh ooh ooh...

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

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