

## **Spirit Of The West "Heavenly Angel"**

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(Kelly/Mann)

I can barely keep a grip on the pen I hold  
Better get a grip on myself I'm told  
I've grown bitterly, shameslessly,  
indescribably cold  
I dove well into my cups  
And wrote you a note full of  
wonderful smut  
The things I'll do to you for us will be  
Heavenly, Angel, Heavenly, Angel, Heavenly, Angel  
The A to Z sits like the bible on the dash  
Of our van that must've once carried bread  
Oh, my splitting head  
In Cockermouth we heard the sound of one hand  
clapping  
The other twenty-three were busy  
drinking and smoking away  
Great clouds of grey  
Heavenly, Angel, Heavenly, Angel, Heavenly, Angel  
Well I miss you  
Everytime I try and call  
We're off to Carlisle  
To steal a piece of Hadrian's Wall  
From the Solway Firth  
Stretching out to the North Sea  
I miss you  
My phone card says that's all from my

Heavenly, Angel, Heavenly, Anjil

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