

Subdudes "Faraway Girl"

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Made from an angel's hand, with a spirit on high
Moving closer to the center of the sweet by and by
Glowing like a candle in the black of the night
Golden shimmers of pure love, racing down the pale
starlight

She don't wanna be the faraway girl
She needs love though they're a thousand miles apart
Sometimes the dove will land in my front yard
Bringing tidings from the faraway girl

Living near the angels, some call it paradise
Chasing through the alleys, a dream inside her mind
How many broken arrows lie stillborn at your feet
Do you find it easy to smile on people that you meet?

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