

# Angel, Show Me

Show me something worse  
Than a child outside a church  
Begging with a cardboard box  
In a heartless town that hurts and mocks  
And on a chair anywhere  
I will sit down and cry  
And close my eyes

Against the Christmas windows  
Here in Christmas town  
A young girl rests her tattered head  
And the festive lights shine down

And if she were a kitten  
Someone would take her home  
But we've no pity for our own kind  
Our hearts are stone  
Our eyes are blind

Show me something more  
Than the wolf at the door  
All the begging in the cold  
To keep the wolf from the fold

Show me something more  
Than the an honest girl turned thief or wore  
Under African sun or Dublin rain  
Necessities remain the same

On the roof the old wood shed  
The moon rested its pale head  
Cost a woman on a screen  
Who saw same things she'd never seen  
And on a chair in a hospital  
She sat down and cried  
And close her eyes

Show me something more  
Than the wolf at the door  
All the begging in the cold  
To keep the wolf from the fold

Show me something more  
Than the an honest girl turned thief or wore  
Under African sun or Dublin rain  
Necessities remain the same