

Black Pumas, Angel

Come alive little angel
Ooooh ooooh ooh
To this dream we're all living
In the sun, to the day, and I'm leaving love little angel
Ooooh ooooh ooh
May the stars love and keep you, in this dream, til you wake
And good lord, is she really real?
Got to sing, she's my lover
And my heart isn't made of steel
Isn't made of steel
Got the fire to the rubber, yeah
Come alive
Make it shine little angel
Ooooh ooooh ooh
In the sea of the evening, as the moon, comes to play
And take your time, little angel
Ooooh ooooh ooh
Stifling change to the painter, make him see, what I say
And good lord, is she really real?
Got to sing, she's my lover
And my heart isn't made of steel
Got the flame to the rubber
Come alive