

# Bree Sharp, Fallen

Lucy is gazing, out into space  
She has starry eyes, starry eyes  
That light up her face, like an angel.  
Little girl, little girl questioning me.  
She says, "Why doesn't everyone  
Have what they need?"

Where are the angels, angels, angels,  
Where are the angels, angels, angels?"

"I can not tell you, my little darling.  
All my faith has fallen, fallen, fallen."

The stars in Lucy's eyes  
Run down her cheek like  
Teardrops of fire still her voice is  
As sweet as an angel.  
She says, "Where is the place that  
The good souls go, where they take away,  
Take away the pain that they know?"

Where are the angels, angels, angels?  
Where are the angels, angels, angels?"

"I can not tell you, my little darling.  
All my faith has fallen, fallen, fallen."

Ashes to ashes, we all fall down.  
Ashes to ashes, we all fall down.  
If I could take, the world in my arms,  
I'd take all the wrong and I'd fly,  
Fly, fly.

Yes, I'd like to know,  
where the good souls go.  
Where are the angels, angels, angels?  
Where are the angels, angels, angels?

I can not tell you, my little darling.  
All my faith has fallen, fallen, fallen.

I can not tell you, my little darling.  
All my faith has fallen, fallen, fallen.