## Everything But The Girl, Angel (Kelly Rowland Sc

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

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