

Garou, Heaven's Table

From the guy who stopped for the child on the street
To put a dollar in her hand for something to eat
To the mother who works every hour God made
To put the kids & shy; through school and get the loans repaid
She's some kind of hero
He's some kind of saviour
Yeah maybe they're angels
Cause not all the angels
Not all the angels
Not all the angels sit at heaven's table
There's a woman who listens on the all night phone
To another lost soul trying to get back home
I've seen a guy pull a stranger from a burning wreck
In the beat of a heart give his very last breath That's some kind of hero
She's some kind of saviour
Yeah maybe they're angels Cause not all the angels
Not all the angels
Not all the angels sit at heaven's table Yeah some say they're heroes
And some call them saviours But I think they're angels
Cause not all the angels
Not all the angels
Not all the angels sit at heaven's table