

# Jamey Johnson, Angel

The voice on the telephone sounds awful angry  
And somehow it doesn't fit in  
With the face in the picture I keep on my dresser  
Of the girl I once called my best friend

We drank from the fountain of good times and dreaming  
But these lawyers have poisoned the well  
And as our love is dying they're making a killing  
On heartaches and furniture sales

And the line between evil and good disappears  
And now it's so hard to tell  
Am I shaking a demon that's after my soul  
Or sending an angel to Hell?

Am I right or is she right or are we both wrong?  
Or is it even about that at all?  
As Heaven is fading we're fighting and fussing  
And the devil's just having a ball.

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Or sending an angel to Hell?