

# John Miles, It's Not Called Angel

Another song about some lady,  
Tell your best friends how you've grown.  
Now you never see the old familiar places,  
All the nice men you have known

How you've never been the loser,  
All the world's in love with you.  
You don't ever need to hide behind an answer,  
Just one smile will see you through. And the only word that you don't hear  
When someone you won't know this time next year  
And it's not called Angel.  
And it's not called Angel.

Once a close friend, now a stranger  
Where the wind blows you'll survive  
You won't ever have to leave before midnight,  
One more fool go stay the night.  
If you try to find a reason,  
Happiness could ease your mind.  
What you're looking for is sometimes where you came from,  
And it's been there all the time.

But if old enough could be bold enough  
When you're losing the show,  
And if young enough is strong enough to know.  
But of all the things that I might do  
I will never try to write this song for you.  
And it's not called Angel.

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