

# Lita Ford, War Of The Angels

(Ford,Ehmig)

She runs through the streets, so desperately young  
Her eyes aflame, and her mind undone  
She aches for the songs, that will never be sung  
And the heroes so quickly forgotten

She sees a friend, in the church yard light  
Laughing and joking and talking to the sky  
Shots ring out, and he hits the ground  
He never opens his eyes  
And she cries

\*Heaven is closed to the angels below  
Streets of gold are now paved with sorrow  
God only knows what happens to love  
When the innocence is gone  
And the war of the angels has begun

The ghosts in her head, have faces and names  
Theyre soldiers and children, all one in the same  
In the streets and the alleys, hear the battle cries sound  
And the angels run for cover  
As the world comes tumbling down  
All through the night the battle is fought  
They can never win back the lives theyve lost  
Down on her knees, in the tear stained dawn  
She just closes her eyes and whispers goodbye

\*chorus

Another day in the neighborhood  
Better dry your eyes and be off to school  
She packs her lunch and her daddys gun  
Seems much too old to be so young  
The battle begins the day that youre born  
Into this world, so heartsick and war torn  
Somebody better come and carry her away  
Maybe this angel will live...  
To fly again someday

\*chorus