

# Meja, Do The Angels Have A Home?

I'm not too young to notice  
Too innocent to see  
Angels all around me  
Trying to break free  
There must be an answer  
I know it in my heart  
And if I knew the question  
I would surely ask  
Sometimes I pretend they're not gone  
That the world still a wonderful song  
And nothing is wrong

They say that they are leaving  
Their work has all been done  
They say that they are flying  
Back towards the sun  
I know they must have a reason  
To leave us all alone  
But tell me, do the angels have a home?

Will there still be rainbows?  
Will the flowers grow?  
Summer nights and laughter  
Will there still be snow?  
Sometimes I pretend they're not gone  
That the world still a wonderful song  
And nothing is wrong

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Their work has all been done  
They say that they are flying  
Back towards the sun  
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But tell me, do the angels have a home?

When the angels are waving goodbye  
I'm smiling but deep down I cry  
Wondering why, why...

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