

Blackie And The Rodeo Kings, Calling On The Angels

Tonight she's climbing up the hill
To rip the lights down from the cross
And crash landing again
Through the barstools again
I heard her cry out loud

CHORUS

She's not calling on the angels
She's not calling on the angels
She's just hoping for a memory
A child that's been lost from door to door

No radio on Christmas Eve
Can count the million stars she's tried
When there's no place in the world
That feels safe in the world
She looks for sleighs in the sky

CHORUS

Apostles standing in the snow
Atop a church in Montreal
And there's no gospel station
Bringing down this nation
For a young girl to hold

CHORUS

CHORUS