

Brad Martin, On the Wings of a Honky Tonk Angel

(Brad Martin/R. Williamson)

The music is low, I'm here all alone
Since what you made of me
That mirror on the wall
Sure says it all, just a fool on a stool's all I see
How many times have I stared at that door
Knowing heaven on earth don't want me no more
So tonight I just might fly away
On the wings of a honky tonk angel

Just one look around I see what's been found
Someone's found somebody new
And here I sit, still trying to forget
Hoping I'll find someone like you
How many times have I stared at that door
Knowing heaven on earth don't want me no more
So tonight I just might fly away
On the wings of a honky tonk angel
And tonight I just might as well fly away
On the wings of a honky tonk angel