

# Catie Curtis, Deliver Me

I guess it messed it up  
I did what I wanted I did what my heart said to  
Now all the money is gone  
You're moved on and I don't know what I'll do  
But I got a wishbone and I don't need your condescending sympathy  
All the angels that I know are fallen and broken  
Soaking in the muddy river  
All the angels that I love, they don't hang out above  
They come down to deliver  
They deliver me  
I guess that your old scars  
Are rusting on out like broken cars in a field  
grass has grown  
Leaves have blown, nothing you got to reveal  
Unless you're a painter, a poet or a friend to me

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Soaking in the muddy river  
All the angels that I love, they don't hang out above  
They come down to deliver  
They deliver me  
It's the ones down here in the mess of life learning to fly  
All the angels that I know are fallen and broken  
Soaking in the muddy river  
All the angels that I love, they don't hang out above  
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They deliver me  
They deliver me  
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