

Everything But The Girl, Angel

Show me something worse
Than a child outside a church
Begging with a cardboard box
In a heartless town that hurts and mocks
And on a chair anywhere
I will sit down and cry
And close my eyes

Against the Christmas windows
Here in Christmas town
A young girl rests her tattered head
And the festive lights shine down

And if she were a kitten
Someone would take her home
But we've no pity for our own kind
Our hearts are stone
Our eyes are blind

Show me something more
Than the wolf at the door
All the begging in the cold
To keep the wolf from the fold

Show me something more
Than the an honest girl turned thief or wore
Under African sun or Dublin rain
Necessities remain the same

On the roof the old wood shed
The moon rested its pale head
Cost a woman on a screen
Who saw same things she'd never seen
And on a chair in a hospital
She sat down and cried
And close her eyes

Show me something more
Than the wolf at the door
All the begging in the cold
To keep the wolf from the fold

Show me something more
Than the an honest girl turned thief or wore
Under African sun or Dublin rain
Necessities remain the same