

Kevin Max, Angel Without Wings

I wanna girl with a college head
Not some dizzy mind
I want somebody with some sentiment
You wanna waste my time

I wanna house in New Orleans
You wanna hitch a ride
So come on back when you can make some tea
And read Saint Augustine

I like the way you look outside
It's not the secrets that you try to hide
I kind of like the way you talk so tough

Chorus* There's only one road to go down
You gotta take it right out of town
She's like an angel with no wings
And don't you know she flies with strings attached

Who said romance is a chosen thing
Maybe it chose you
Who said there's someone perfect waiting in the wings
Perfection isn't you

It's not the way you look outside
It's not the boyfriend that you try to hide
I kind of like that way you stand so bold

Chorus

Oh my Lord, you can kill me where I lay
And it's alright that you sing no serenade
And it's okay, baby, that you're an angel without wings
And it's alright, girl, that you're flying with strings attached
Yeah

Chorus