

Phil Collins, High Flying Angel

While the city starts to sleep
She's watching over you
Smoke hangs on the downtown skyline
Moon pushes through
But some people's on fire tonight
Wind rushing round their feet
Someone's gonna sleep well tonight
Word is on the street

So high flyer, high flyer
Fly high tonight
Fly angel, fly higher
Fly here tonight

It's a tribal thing we're seeing
War paint on the face
A question of territory, pride and space
People strutting and feathers flying
It's a sorry scene
Someone's sleeping well tonight
Word is on the street

So high flyer, high flyer
Fly high tonight
Fly angel, fly higher
Fly here tonight

Brother, my brother
Don't let me down again
Mother oh mother
Wipe away your tears again

High flying bird embraced him
Held him to her breast
Soft feathers brushed his face
Finally came to rest
Gently rocking him to and fro
He quietly went to sleep
Someone's found a place of peace tonight
Word is on the street
So high flyer, high flyer
Fly high tonight
Fly angel, fly higher
Fly away tonight

High flyer, high flyer
Fly high tonight
Fly angel, fly higher
Fly safe tonight