

Radney Foster, Everyday Angel

Miss Laura fed the hungry in the church house basement
After she retired from teaching school
She'd pick my son up in her arms on Sundays
To teach him all about the golden rule
I heard those stories about Selma and Tuskegee
How she helped Martin fill the jail
All I know is she had the strength of te grown men
Even though her hands were small and frail

She was an everyday angel,the kind without wings
Walking around in the world,just like you and me
Angel,living out love
The kind of people we could us a lot more of
Just an everyday angel,everyday angel

Marilyn was waiting outside my old man's office
Trying to hide the bruises on her face
He said,"You don't have to get knocked around anymore"
"You can come and live at our place"
I didn't know till I had kids of my own
But I learn a big lesson that day
What you do means a whole lot more
Then anything you have to say

Go be an everyday angel,the kind without wings
Walking round in this world,just like you and me
Angel,living out love
The kind of people we could use a lot more of
An everyday angel,everyday angel

Dave was gonna meet his wife at a coffee shop in Brooklyn
When he heard the alarm sing out
911,he was running up the stairs then he never got back down
Down,down

He was an everyday angel,earnin' his wings
Trying to save people who are just like you and me
Angel,living out love
The kind of people we could use a lot more of
An everyday angel,everyday angel
Everyday angel,everyday angel

Everyday angel