

# Shawn Colvin, Cry Like An Angel

S. Colvin - J. Leventhal

The streets of my town are not  
what they were  
They are haloed in anger, bitter  
and hurt  
And it's not so you'd notice but  
it's a sinister thing  
Like the wheels of ambition at  
the christening

So I went out walking on the  
streets of the dead  
With a chip on my shoulder  
And a voice in my head  
It said you have been brought here  
Though you don't know what for

Well the mystery train is coming  
right to your door

And I hear you calling, you  
don't have to call so loud  
I see you falling and you don't  
have to walk so proud  
You can run all night but we  
can take you where  
You can cry like an angel

There were high school night dances  
When we played stump the band  
We were raising each other  
In a strange land  
There were hard pills to swallow  
But we drank 'em all down  
Oh the nights were too short then  
And now they're a little too long

I hear you calling and you  
don't have to call so loud  
I see you falling and you don't  
have to walk so proud  
You can run all night but we  
can take you where  
You can shout out in anger  
You can laugh like a fool  
You can cry like an angel

So look homeward baby  
Keep your eyes on the sky  
They will never forgive you  
So don't ask them to try  
This is your party, I know  
it's not your ideal  
May we all find salvation  
In professions that heal

I hear you calling, you  
don't have to call so loud  
I see you falling and you don't  
have to walk so proud  
You can run all night but we  
can take you where  
You can shout out an answer  
You can laugh like a fool

You can call up to heaven  
We'll be listening to you  
You can sing hallelujah  
You can fly like a bird  
You can cry like angel  
When there are no words