

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