

Spirit Of The West, Heavenly Angel

(Kelly/Mann)

I can barely keep a grip on the pen I hold
Better get a grip on myself I'm told
I've grown bitterly, shameslessly,
indescribably cold
I dove well into my cups
And wrote you a note full of
wonderful smut
The things I'll do to you for us will be
Heavenly, Angel, Heavenly, Angel, Heavenly, Angel
The A to Z sits like the bible on the dash
Of our van that must've once carried bread
Oh, my splitting head
In Cockermouth we heard the sound of one hand clapping
The other twenty-three were busy
drinking and smoking away
Great clouds of grey
Heavenly, Angel, Heavenly, Angel, Heavenly, Angel
Well I miss you
Everytime I try and call
We're off to Carlisle
To steal a piece of Hadrian's Wall
From the Solway Firth
Stretching out to the North Sea
I miss you
My phone card says that's all from my

Heavenly, Angel, Heavenly, Anjil