

Stevie Nicks, Angel

Sometimes
The most beautiful things
The most innocent things
And many of those dreams
Pass us by
Keep passing us by

You feel good
I said it's funny that you understood
I knew you would
When you were good
You were very, very good

I still look up
When you walk in the room
I've the same wide eyes
They tell the story
Try not to reach out
When you turn 'round
And you say hello
And we both pretend
There was an end
But there was no ending

So I close my eyes softly
Til I become that part of the wind
That we all long for sometime
And to those that I love
Like a ghost through a fog
Like a charmed hour
And a haunted song
And the angel of my dreams

I still look up
I try hard not to look up
That girl was me
Track a ghost through the fog
A charmed hour--a haunted song
Track a ghost through the fog, baby

Ooh, you try hard
But you'll never catch me--yeah