

Tom Walker, Angels

(Don't give up, I—
Won't give up, no)

Save praise for a better man
No need for your touching hands
There's nothing to understand
I'm one with the lost and damned

It's a long road when you're on your own
Take care of your broken soul
'Cause there must be
There must be

I've drank all the remedies
Too young for these memories
Swing low, bitter melodies
False hope from the teeth of the enemy

It's a long road when you're on your own
Take care of my broken soul
'Cause there must be

There must be angels, guiding the way
There must be angels, saving our grace
There must be heaven for people who stray
There must be heaven in this hell that I'm livin'
'Cause heaven seems to be so forgiving

So don't give up, I—
Won't give up, no
Don't give up, I—

'Cause there must be angels
There must be angels
There must be heaven in this hell that I'm livin'
'Cause heaven seems to be so forgiving

Lost hope, keeping dreams afloat
I stand just a man on a tightrope
Go faith but I'll never know
See wings when I look through my telescope

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