

# Edyta Bartosiewicz, Angel

Dark, narrow streets, I still think of it  
This place has no name, no mercy  
Big, peering eye, it looks down from the sky  
But I am not sure, if it can see

And if you protest, they will burn you alive  
Oh, how does it feel to be really free?  
Well, I could be deaf, and I could be blind, too  
But still I have my feelings left

I'm looking for angel  
Tender & sincere  
I'm looking for angel  
Someone who'd save me  
(I'm looking, looking, looking for angel)  
In these darkest days  
I'm looking for angel  
I hate this nameless place

Maybe there's still some emotion  
But surely there is no respect  
Oh, I won't complain & I won't despair  
I just don't wanna go through all that again

I'm looking for angel  
Tender & sincere  
I'm looking for angel  
Someone who'd save me  
(I'm looking, looking, looking for angel)  
In these darkest days  
I'm looking for angel  
I hate this nameless place

I wish I could get out of this nameless place!

Is this so hard to understand?!  
Is this so hard to realize?!  
I'm not listening to what they say  
'Cause I don't care, I don't care no more!  
They love to talk about the truth  
Then they watch you & control you  
Doing things that are not fair  
I don't care, I don't care - no more!

'Cause I'm looking for angel  
Tender & sincere  
I'm looking for angel  
Someone who'd save me  
(I'm looking, looking, looking for angel)  
In these darkest days  
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