

# Eric Clapton, Angel

All up and down the boulevard  
All the boys are looking hot  
Tryina score, tryina make a pass  
Anything at all, don't have to last

Angel, she's afraid now  
She don't know about the street guys  
She don't know how to hurt you deep  
Let her play for keeps

Cut you like a knife, angel  
When you survive  
Cut you like a knife, angel  
Street life

Blue hard hands and car trucks  
Hustlers, lovers, come out the dark  
They all know, and it's a fact  
Angel, you better stand back  
Sun cools down, the street come to life  
Here come the boys with all the drive  
Anyone can do this  
They don't really care,

They cut you like a knife, angel  
When you survive  
Cut you like a knife, angel  
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