

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
Street life

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