

# John Hiatt, I Could Use An Angel

Who tipped you off

How could she betray me

These hungry fingers

They found us guilty for love

And she said her lips were sealed

Easing my conscience

Now what has been done

That you were the first one to know

I thought we were sleeping

Who said that dreams don't come true?

This was her dream for revenge

She had to tell you

CHORUS:

I could use an angel

Can't refuse an angel

Got business with an angel

She was no angel

Wearing that coat

You look like an amateur spy

How come you're not angry?

She wore your heart like a charm

A bracelet of boys on her wrist

Why aren't you angry?

Here on my bed

Tears on my bed

Mixed with the dust

Of things that she said

Burning a trust

Like a salt burns the wound  
Like a capsule burns up  
When it enters the atmosphere  
Were you consumed  
From the takeoff of this doomed mission

REPEAT CHORUS

I guess we must be brothers  
We share a common traitor  
We cancel each other  
Hoisting her elevator

I never meant to hurt you  
I'll never be converted  
I want the host of angels

REPEAT CHORUS