

# 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

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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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