

Angel

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The voice on the telephone sounds awful angry
And somehow it doesn't fit in
With the face in the picture I keep on my dresser
Of the girl I once called my best friend

We drank from the fountain of good times and dreaming
But these lawyers have poisoned the well
And as our love is dying they're making a killing
On heartaches and furniture sales

And the line between evil and good disappears
And now it's so hard to tell
Am I shaking a demon that's after my soul
Or sending an angel to Hell?

Am I right or is she right or are we both wrong?
Or is it even about that at all?
As Heaven is fading we're fighting and fussing
And the devil's just having a ball.

And the line between evil and good disappears
And now it's so hard to tell
Am I shaking a demon that's after my soul
Or sending an angel to Hell?