

Angelo

Jillette Johnson

We called him Angelo
Like an angel, low to the ground
He was found
Wings broken, arms open
Slumped over the seat
If anyone could help, it wasn't me

I didn't know him well
But deep down I could tell what it cost
He was lost
Wings broken, arms open
Slumped over the seat
If anyone could help, it wasn't me
It wasn't me

Call an ambulance
There's an angel amongst us now
He was found
Wings broken, arms open
Slumped over the seat
If anyone could help
It wasn't me
It wasn't me
It wasn't me
It wasn't me