

Wild Angel

John Mellencamp

Pretty girls in beat up cars
Throwing kisses to the soldiers
Pale blue eyes and whisky bars
The lines on her face say she's getting older
Girl you better reach out to me

Runnin' with your
Weakness in the dark
You hope it disappears by tomorrow
On your knees and in the dark
Don't wanna beg
Lord knows, you're too old to borrow
You better reach out to me
Girl you better reach out to me

'Cause you're a oh, oh, oh, oh wild angel
Oh, oh, oh, oh a wild angel

Cabin fever nearly drove us insane
When the snow fell on us last December
Look at me girl, I don't feel the same
Now those days they've all gone together
You better reach out to me
Girl you better reach out to me

'Cause you're a oh, oh, oh, oh wild angel
Oh, oh, oh, oh a wild angel