

Angel

Jamey Johnson

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?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>