





— un - fold. — So when I'm ly-ing in my bed thoughts







run-ning through my head and I feel that love is dead, I'm lov-ing an-gels in-stead.





And through it all she of - fers me _ pro-tec - tion, a lot of love and af-fec-






- tion whe-ther I'm right or wrong. And down the wa - ter-fall wher-ev-er it _ may take