

### Angeline

Yesterday's newspapers forecast no rain for today  
 But yesterday's news is old news, the skies are all grey  
 Winter's in labour, soon to give birth to the spring  
 That will sprinkle the meadow with flowers for my Angeline

Heartache and sorrow and sadness unendingly find  
 Wings on a memory and with them she flies to my mind  
 She stretched her arms for a moment then went back to sleep  
 While the morning stood watching me, ever so silently weak

She opened her eyes, Lord, the minute my feet touched the floor  
 The cold hard wood creaked with each step that I made to the door  
 There I turned to her gently and said, Look, Hon, it's spring"  
 Knowing outside the window the winter looked for Angeline

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