

ANGIE

Tom Paxton

Angie, from where I stand,
The water breaks some spit of sand,
How does it survive?
Angie, for all I know,
The sand is tired and ready to go,
It's less than alive.

CHORUS

But you're so ready to leave,
The first trembling leaf to break loose in the Fall.
Angie, so ready to fly,
Is it time to ask why?
Is there no time at all?
Or, is there nothing hidden I can blame
Angie, if Angie's your name?
Angie, from where I stand,
Your smile is so discreetly planned,
I'm not sure it's there.
Angie, for all I know,
You'll notice me, then turn and go,
You won't even care

CHORUS

That you're so ready to leave, . . .

BRIDGE

Angie, I was getting along
Nothing quite right and nothing too wrong,
I didn't know you existed.
Ran my life like a safe machine,
Lost myself in a safe routine,
But now it's all twisted, with my hand on the knife
For the rest of my life.

Angie, from where I stand,
You rise and wave an ungloved hand,
You smile in the sun.
Angie, you smile for him,
He calls to you when light is dim,
Break into a run . . .

CHORUS

And you've grown so ready to leave, . . .