

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal

"City Of Angels"

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Heaven, is this heaven where we are? See them walking, if you dare, if you call that walking. Stumble, stagger, fall and drag themselves along the streets of heaven.

Where is the blessed table to feed all who hunger on earth, welcomed and seated each one joyfully served? See them walking, if you dare, if you call that walking. Stumble, stagger, fall and drag themselves along the streets of heaven.

Where is the halo that should glow 'round your face, and where are the wings that should grow from your shoulder blades? Show them to me.

These are sobering sights I've seen in the City of Angels have all been one rude awakening that was dues to me in heaven.

There would have been heavenly music I was convinced before. A host of the dearly to meet me with Hosannas sung at the door, but these are sobering sights I've seen in the City of Angels have all been one rude awakening that was dues to me in heaven. In this city of fallen angels.

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