

Christie McCarthy**"Angel"**

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Whats your favorite holiday my angel wants to know

Is it Christmas morning or Easter day, I say no it aint
any of those

It aint the halo of lights round my town, birthday cake
ribbons or bows

No, my favorite holiday is when angels holding me
close

And whats your favorite book to read my angel wants
to know

Is it Atlas Shrugged or Confederacy I say no it aint any
of those

Now the seers and sages of pages and pages carry my
consummate load

But my favorite book to read is angels beautiful soul

And whats your favorite song to sing my angel wants to
know

Is it one of your own or anothers you glean, I say no it
aint any of those

Theres nothing like writing those lines down to sound,
innocent words become poem

But my favorite words to sing are angel, hello

Now all of these questions, one single answer this
could get very old

But the way that I figure it we got a holy fit, blood,
muscle and bone

Life isnt always so perfect and polished and I got my
own lumps to show

But the day that I dont thank the stars for my angel
bury me far below

Better bury me cause what I know

Kingdoms will rise and fall, nothing remains but the
true love of angel

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