

Beth Hirsch

"Mary The Angel"

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On tuesdays mornings you'd wake her up
Take the firty clothes
And be on your way

In the afternoons
When she got home
You'd share a snack
And talk about the day

You'd fry chicken
At her birthday party
For that alone
They would've stayed

To the little girl
You were her greatest present
To other kids you were just
The maid

If angels can fly
Then you can fly
If angels can fly
Then you'd...

Go with her to your neighborhood
To play with children door to door
Unaware of heat between your colors
Eternal war of man rich and poor

And home there was no home
With you she'd run away
You said your mum and dad
They love you so
And gentle strength convinced the girl

Then you can fly
If angels can fly
Then you'd...

When you had a stroke on
That summer's night
The teenage girl nearly

Thought you died

She wanted bad to wake you up....

Then you can fly

If angels can fly

Then you can...

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