

Jet Set Roger

"Back-Door Angels"

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In and out of the front door, ran twelve back-door
angels.
Their hair was a golden-brown ---
They didn't see me wink my eye.
'Tis said they put we men to sleep with just a whisper,
And touch the heads of dying dogs --- and make them
linger.
They carry their candles high --- and they light the dark
hours.
And sweep all the country clean with pressed and
scented wild-flowers.
They grow all their roses red, and paint our skies blue -
--
Drop one penny in every second bowl ---
Make half the beggars lose,
Why do the faithful have such a will to believe in
something?
And call it the name they choose,
Having chosen nothing.
Think I'll sit down and invent some fool ---
Some Grand Court Jester.
And next time the die is cast, he'll throw a six or two.
In and out of the back-door, ran one front-door angel,
Her hair was a golden-brown ---
She smiled and I think she winked her eye.

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