

Joan Baez

"Angeline"

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Yesterday's newspapers forecast no rain for today
But yesterday's news is old news, the skies are all grey
Winter's in labour, soon to give birth to the spring
That will sprinkle the meadow with flowers for my
Angeline

Heartache and sorrow and sadness unendingly find
Wings on a memory and with them she flies to my mind
She stretched her arms for a moment then went back
to sleep
While the morning stood watching me, ever so silently
weak

She opened her eyes, Lord, the minute my feet
touched the floor
The cold hard wood creaked with each step that I made
to the door
There I turned to her gently and said, Look, Hon, it's
spring"
Knowing outside the window the winter looked for
Angeline

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But yesterday's news is old news, the skies are all
grey...

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm
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