

## Lori Carson

### "Feeding The Angels"

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Saturday felt like October  
Red on the ground, blue in the sky  
We are on fire for the wrong reasons  
Fists in my hands, tears in my eyes

But I should be off somewhere feeding the angels  
Who will take care of them while I'm away  
It's not that they can't live without me  
I know that, but they seem to appreciate it  
When I stay...

I don't cry very easy  
Truth be told, I don't, I don't bruise at all  
It's not that my skin isn't fragile  
Sometimes I do, I do hit the wall

Tell him I'm off somewhere feeding the angels  
The angels still love me even when I am bad  
And my shame is like coal and  
They're making him diamonds  
I don't make them cry out,  
And I don't make them feel sad...

Saturday felt like a threshold  
I walked through now,  
And now I can't turn around

I should be off somewhere feeding the angels  
The angels still love me even when I am bad  
And my shame is like coal and  
They're making him diamonds  
I don't make them cry out,  
I don't make them feel sad...

I don't make them feel sad...

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