

Lori McKenna "Feeding The Angels"

Visit "[Feeding The Angels](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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...

Visit [Lori McKenna](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.