

The Foreshadowing

"My Little Angel"

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My little angel needs no harp
No applause when she sings
My little angel doesn't fly
Through the sky, has no wings

Fanfares of trumpets may not
Blow just to show she's divine
For my little angel needs
No halo to match heaven's shine

I've heard tell that
Angels never leave the skies
But she must be an angel
There's heaven in her eyes

And speaking of angels
I admit I'm a bit starry eyed
For my little angel soon will
Walk down the isle as my bride

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