

# Angelsea

Cat Stevens

She moves like an angel  
And seven evening stars  
Dance through the windows  
Of her universal house  
Of her universal house

Her voice, a crystal echo  
Lies humming in your soul  
So patiently awaiting  
For your ears to behold  
For your ears to behold

She ripples on the water  
Leaves diamonds on the shore  
And fish from every distance  
Watch her ocean cellar door

Her breath, a warm fire  
In every lovers heart  
A mistress to magicians  
And a dancer to the Gods  
And a dancer to the Gods

Her clothes are made of rainbows  
And twenty thousand tears  
Shine through the spaces  
Of her golden ocher hair  
Yes, of her golden ocher hair

My babe, I want you  
And on my life, I swear  
My conscience will follow you forever  
If you meet me everywhere  
Yes, if you meet me everywhere

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