

Angel Of The Night

Dee Dee Bridgewater

An empty rockin' chair
Knitting basket by the table
A setting sun casting shadows on
Old hands no longer able
A faded silhouet she starts to cry
And just outside her window
Cars are passing by
Only time will console her.

Across the way in a bar room
At a table in the corner
He nods his head at the barman
As the waitress take his order
An ashtray full of cigarettes disguise
The constant state of fear
That he holds inside
He could end up his life all alone here.

Sweet angel of the night
If you can hear me call
Oh won't you spread your wings
Please try to help us all
Help us to understand
That if we give a hand
Then we might save a fall.

Sweet angel of the night
If you can hear my plea
Than be our guiding light
So all the world can see
Can see that if we start
To open up our hearts
Then there's a chance for peace

The streets outside are so cold now
We behave like total strangers
We hang our heads never smiling
Acting like we're all in danger
Pretending we can take it all in stride
Caught up in the struggle
Trying to survive
We're so lost, there's no hope
There's no joy here...

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