

Sweetest Angel

Jonatha Brooke

Every night about eight o'clock
I wind the stem of my little clock
And when I look in the crystal glass
I see a lot of faces pass
Of those I knew
And those I know
And you now coming
And you to go

Here's a word I'd like to whisper
And I'd like to have you listen

All this world is made of love
You are fresh from heaven above
You're the sweetest angel in this world
You're the sweetest angel in this world
You're the sweetest angel in this world
You're the sweetest angel

When I hold you by your hand
I'm in my happy promised land
When I kiss you in the dark
I'm just happy as a lark
So let me come as close as I can
And lay me down beside you

Here's a word I'd like to whisper
And I'd like to have you listen

All this world is made of love
You are fresh from heaven above
You're the sweetest angel in this world
You're the sweetest angel in this world
You're the sweetest angel in this world
You're the sweetest angel

So let me come as close as I can
Let me bring my scattered pages
Let me lay down here beside you
Tonight, and I will whisper

All this world is made of love
You are fresh from heaven above
You're the sweetest angel in this world
You're the sweetest angel in this world
You're the sweetest angel in this world
You're the sweetest angel