

Concrete Angel

Martina McBride

She walks to school with the lunch she packed
Nobody knows what she's holding back
Wearing the same dress she wore yesterday
She hides the bruises with the linen and lace, oh

The teacher wonders but she doesn't ask
It's hard to see the pain behind the mask
Bearing the burden of a secret storm
Sometimes she wishes she was never born

Through the wind and the rain
She stands hard as a stone
In a world that she can't rise above
But her dreams give her wings
And she flies to a place where she's loved
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Somebody cries in the middle of the night
The neighbors hear but they turn out the light
A fragile soul caught in the hands of fate
When morning comes it will be too late

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A statue stands in a shaded place
An angel girl with an upturned face
A name is written on a polished rock
A broken heart that the world forgot

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