

Angeline

Mickey Newbury

Yesterday's newspaper
Forecast no rain for today
But yesterday's news is old news,
The skies are all grey
Winter's in labor
And soon will give birth to the spring
Sprinkled the meadow
With flowers for my Angeline
Heartache and sorrow
And sadness unendingly find
Wings on her memory
And with them she flies to my mind
She stretched her arms for a moment
Then went back to sleep
While morning stood watching me
Ever so silently weep
She opened her eyes Lord
The minute my feet touched the floor
The cold hardwood creaks
With each step that I make to the door
There I turned to her gently and said,
"Hon, just look, it's spring"
Knowing outside the window
The winter looked for Angeline
But yesterday's newspaper
Forecast no rain for today.