

## Blue Angel

Strawbs

The gypsy girl stood quite alone  
Her eyes were brightly shining  
Her head was in the clouds  
Where she had found the silver lining  
And all the while the crippled boy  
Was dancing with his lady fair  
While I stood on the sidelines  
Trying to make out that I wasn't there.

So loud the music grew and grew  
With ever greater pain  
I stepped back in the shadows  
For I could not stand the strain  
I tried to look, my eyes were blind  
I tried to speak but could not find  
The words to say.

They left me lying where I lay  
I could not bear the light of day.

Treat me kindly dear blue angel  
Deepest colour of the night  
Be merciful, be gentle  
For I have no strength to fight.

Half Worlds Apart

So I lay in half world dream state  
Pressed like a flower in the pages of a half book  
Words in softly spoken whispers  
Steal through the silence of the blue veiled half light  
The best of questions have no answers  
The best of answers need no questions  
Born on the quest for a wave of half peace  
Acquired in a Dresden china cuplet  
Bound in the chains of the half book binding  
Half way to my half life.

Treat me kindly dear blue angel  
Deepest colour of the night  
Be merciful, be gentle  
For I have no strength to fight.

So she lay in half museum  
Pinned like a butterfly which failed to reach its half life  
Tender moments left half spoken  
Lost like an orphan in the pleasures of the dream state  
A man of honour has no secrets  
How can I be a man of secrets  
Trapped in the web of the woven blue veil  
Peering to find the angel weaver  
Most sacred saviour of the silver lining  
Half way to my half life.

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Deepest colour of the night  
Be merciful, be gentle

For I have no strength to fight.

At Rest

Sleep the sleep of peace my love  
And I will let you be  
I alone can comfort  
I alone can set you free  
I will be your healer  
And give you back your pride  
In times of need remember me  
At rest here by your side.

When the hour of darkness comes  
And time itself stands still  
When voices from the future  
Seem to come and go at will  
I will be your servant  
Your ever constant guide  
When all is lost remember me  
At rest here by your side.

The wisdom of the fool is such  
That he alone is sane  
So delicate the balance  
That e'er the moon could wax and wane  
I will be your teacher  
And show you where to hide  
When all else fails remember me  
At rest here by your side.

Treat me kindly dear blue angel  
Deepest colour of the night  
Be merciful, be gentle  
For I have no strength to fight