Guardian Angel in Disguise

Lon Milo DuQuette

Deep in despair and without a prayer, I set my mind to put to an end this travesty of life.
One bullet would serve, but I lost my nerve to fire the round and mercifully end this tragedy of life -
So I put on my boots and cursed the snow, each and every step down to the end.
There I would drink and make my courage grow 'til a stranger sitting near me butted in.

"Buy me a drink my friend and I will stand and sing, sing you the sweetest song you ever heard.
Three fingers of gin, and when it's in I'll stand and sing, sing the sweetest song you ever heard.
Then we will raise our glasses high to toast, toast to all the angels in our lives.
To our dear mothers, brothers, sweethearts, wives, and to the guardian angel in disguise."

I could tell that the fool was a luckless soul who craved that juice, I bought him a drink and prayed he'd go away.
"God bless you," he said and cocked his head and downed the booze, and closed his grey eyes to sing and drift away.
Then as his mind returned to thoughts of doom, the stranger stood up straight just like a king.
Then he pulled off his hat and hushed the room, and rising to his feet, began to sing.

"Drink to principalities and powers, and the seraphim of flowers in the springtime. Drink to archangels and dominions, soaring with their down even hens through the stars. Drink to the cherubic choir that hovers over sleeping babies' covers through night's dangers. Drink to the angel in disguise, who has watched you through the eyes of countless strangers."

When he was done, the room was stunned, his eyes shown clear. I swear there wasn't a dry eye in the place.
"God bless you," he said, and fell down dead, right then and there. Cap in his hand, a smile upon his face.
Then all of us raised our glasses high to toast, toast to all the angels in our lives. To our dear mothers, brothers, sweethearts, wives, and to our guardian angel in disguise.

Lyrics Submitted by Frater C.'.R.'.C.'.