

# The Angel of Lyon (Live in St. Louis)

Tom Russell

He had a vision of Anne Marie  
With a rosary in her hand  
So it's exit the rainmaker  
The old gray flannel man  
With a closet full of business suits  
He left a letter near the phone  
It said, "I'm on my way to paradise  
To see the angel of Lyon" And then he caught the train to Brussels  
He ordered cognac and croissants  
He made a mental list  
Of things he owned but didn't want  
All the buildings, all the real estate  
The antique glass and stone  
He'd trade a vow of poverty  
To see the angel of Lyon And he sang ave maria  
Or at least the parts he knew  
And watched the shadow of the train  
On the towns that they rolled through  
And he closed his eyes and he saw two rivers  
The Rhone and the saone  
The male and female spirit of  
The city of Lyon Then he waited on the bridge  
Where they met the year before  
But the days turned into weeks  
And then the seasons numbered four  
And his clothes grew worn and ragged  
As through that town he roamed  
Searching every open window  
For the angel of Lyon And he sang Ava maria  
Or at least the parts he knew  
And watched his shadow on the walls  
Of the streets that he walked through  
And he crossed those holy rivers  
The Rhone and the saone  
They'd not give up the secret of  
The angel of Lyon There's a thousand candles burning  
In the basilica tonight  
Where sister eve maria  
Is the keeper of the light

And down a dream of alleyways  
Walks a saint of rag and bone  
The madman torn asunder  
By the angel of Lyon And he sang ava maria  
Or at least the parts he knew  
And watched his shadow on the wall  
Of the streets that he crawled through  
And he crossed those holy rivers  
The Rhone and the saone  
But they'd not give up the secret of  
The angel of Lyon

Songwriters

TOM RUSSELL, STEVE YOUNG Published by  
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>