

Pet Angel

The Geraldine Fibbers

The moon is so full, an owl winks just once
You offer to dance with me
You cradle my body in safety and warmth
And a sweet wind blows through the trees
Step to a one and a two and a three
Step to a four, five and six
Spin your little girl three times on her love
And your lover picks up sticks
To you, to you, your love sticks to you
Like you wished for a million times
The skies are parting, the clouds fill with rain
And a lonesome church bell chimes
The rain cracks the sky like tears of joy
The rain makes mischief in her hair
Your love needs a comb, won't you please take me home
For a towel and some dry things are there?
I tripped in my chill, got a hand from ol' Bill
The man with the porcupine face
You grabbed my little wrist and you gave it a kiss
You said, "Old Bill'd never take your place"
To you, to you, straight home to you
Take her to your spot on the map
Give a taste of your love and a taste of your strap
Give her someone to answer to
You are my sunshine, I pull the drapes shut tight
It's curtains for you, goodbye
The cat's in the bag, the bag's in the river
The river makes me cry
Your hands, my heart, what's so hard about that?
Nothin' 'cept I can't be your wife
I loved that boy till death do us part
Till the evening I took his life
To you, to you, straight up to you
Into your charitable hands
Take care of him, Jesus, I know you'll do what's best
Lay his wicked soul to rest
Take care of him, Jesus
I know you'll do what's best
Lay his wicked soul to rest

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