

Angel of Lyon

Steve Young

He had a vision of Anne Marie with a Rosary in her hand
So its exit the rainmake that the old grey flannel man
With a closet full of business suites, and a letter by the phone
He said I'm on my way to paradise, to see the Angel of Lyon

Then he caught a train in Brussels, he ordered Cognac and croissants
And he made a mental list of things he owned but did not want
All the buildings and the real estate, the antique glass and stone
He'd take a vow of poverty to see the Angel of Lyon

And he sang Ava Maria, at least the parts he knew
And he watched the shadow of the train
On the towns that they rolled through
And he closed his eyes and saw the two rivers
The Rhone and the Sonne
The male and the female spirit of the city of Lyon

Then he waited on the bridge where they met the year before
And the days turned into weeks till the seasons number four
And his clothes grew worn and ragged as through the streets he roamed
Searching every open window, for his Angel of Lyon

And he sang Ava Maria, at least the parts he knew
And he watched his shadow on the walls of the streets he walked through
And he crossed the sacred rivers, the Rhone and the Sonne
But they would not give him the secret, of the Angel of Lyon

Now 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
A madman torn asunder by the angel of Lyon

And he sang Ava Maria, at least the parts he knew
And he watched his shadow on the walls of the streets he walked through
And he crossed the sacred rivers, the Rhone and the Sonne
But they never gave up the secret of the Angel of Lyon

Lyrics submitted by Bhushan Nagaraj.

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