The Secret Angel

John Wesley Harding

The secret angel fell from grace
Condemned to wear a human face
Evicted from her paradise
Excommunicated twice
Settled for second best
And so she found meDon't ask the nature of her crime
Don't ask her why she's serving time
Don't ask this girl why she can't cry
Don't ask her questions that start "why"
I'm trying to help her start anew
To learn to walk when once she flew
Above the ups and downs
That floor and ground usInto the dark, she was reborn
She says tonight will have no dawn
And all the light drains from her eyes
As she forgets to say goodbye
To one more memory
That tries to lift her highShe drafts new plans and draws designs
To find a way for her to fly
I hide them when her back is turned
The secret angel never learns
She just gets burned again
And falls eternally....

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