

# 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 me  
Don'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 us  
Into 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 high  
She 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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