

# 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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