

Angeline

Joan Baez

Yesterday 's newspapers forecasts no rain for today
Yesterday 's news was old news, the skies are all grey
Winter 's in labor and soon will give birth to the spring
And sprinkle the meadows with flowers for my Angeline
Heartache and sorrow and sadness unendingly find
Wings on a memory and with them she flies to my mind
She stretched her arms for a moment, then went back to sleep
While morning stood watching me ever so silently weak
She opened her eyes, Lord, the minute my feet touched
the floor
The cold hard-wood creaked with each step that I made to the door
Then I turned to her gently and said, "Hon, just look, it is spring"
Knowing outside the window, the winter looked for Angeline
But yesterday 's newspaper forecast no rain for
today,
But yesterday 's news is old news the skies are all grey

Songwriters

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