

Comfort Of Her Wings

Charley Pride

Comfort of her wings. There's a place they call The Bottom,
and friends!: I've been there once or twice.
It's dark down there and lonely,
and something's missin' in your life. Tonight I thought I'd had enough,
when I heard a voice said: " Don't give up!"
That whisper had an old familiar ring;
I didn't see the angel, but I felt the comfort of her wing. Daddy always called her angel,
I never knew the reason why.
I was looking for a halo;
he was looking in her eye. She was always there to guide me
with all the love a gentle hand could bring.
I didn't see the angel,
but I felt the comfort of her wing. Now I'm looking back in time
to a young man stumbling through the kitchen door.
How Mama kept on praying
when she couldn't tell me nothing any more. I woke up in my bed again,
I guess she must have tucked me in;
I can't remember much of any thing.
I didn't see the angel, but I felt the comfort of her wing. Daddy always called her angel,
I never knew the reason why.
I was looking for a halo;
he was looking in her eye. She was always there to guide me
with all the love a gentle hand could bring.
I didn't see the angel,
but I felt the comfort of her wing. Now that's why Lord made her an angel.
I feel the comfort of her wing....

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