

# Angel Of The Night

Dee Dee Bridgewater

An empty rockin' chair  
Knitting basket by the table  
A setting sun casting shadows on  
Old hands no longer able  
A faded silhouet she starts to cry  
And just outside her window  
Cars are passing by  
Only time will console her.

Across the way in a bar room  
At a table in the corner  
He nods his head at the barman  
As the waitress take his order  
An ashtray full of cigarettes disguise  
The constant state of fear  
That he holds inside  
He could end up his life all alone here.

Sweet angel of the night  
If you can hear me call  
Oh won't you spread your wings  
Please try to help us all  
Help us to understand  
That if we give a hand  
Then we might save a fall.

Sweet angel of the night  
If you can hear my plea  
Than be our guiding light  
So all the world can see  
Can see that if we start  
To open up our hearts  
Then there's a chance for peace

The streets outside are so cold now  
We behave like total strangers  
We hang our heads never smiling  
Acting like we're all in danger  
Pretending we can take it all in stride  
Caught up in the struggle  
Trying to survive  
We're so lost, there's no hope  
There's no joy here...

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