

Feeding The Angels

Lori McKenna

Saturday felt like October
Red on the ground, blue in the sky
We are on fire for the wrong reasons
Fists in my hands, tears in my eyes

But I should be off somewhere feeding the angels
Who will take care of them while I'm away
It's not that they can't live without me
I know that, but they seem to appreciate it
When I stay...

I don't cry very easy
Truth be told, I don't, I don't bruise at all
It's not that my skin isn't fragile
Sometimes I do, I do hit the wall

Tell him I'm off somewhere feeding the angels
The angels still love me even when I am bad
And my shame is like coal and
They're making him diamonds
I don't make them cry out,
And I don't make them feel sad...

Saturday felt like a threshold
I walked through now,
And now I can't turn around

I should be off somewhere feeding the angels
The angels still love me even when I am bad
And my shame is like coal and
They're making him diamonds
I don't make them cry out,
I don't make them feel sad...

I don't make them feel sad...