

# Angeline

Mickey Newbury

Yesterday's newspaper  
Forecast no rain for today  
But yesterday's news is old news,  
The skies are all grey  
Winter's in labor  
And soon will give birth to the spring  
Sprinkled the meadow  
With flowers for my Angeline  
Heartache and sorrow  
And sadness unendingly find  
Wings on her 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 weep  
She opened her eyes Lord  
The minute my feet touched the floor  
The cold hardwood creaks  
With each step that I make to the door  
There I turned to her gently and said,  
"Hon, just look, it's spring"  
Knowing outside the window  
The winter looked for Angeline  
But yesterday's newspaper  
Forecast no rain for today.