

Blue Angel

Strawbs

The gypsy girl stood quite alone
Her eyes were brightly shining
Her head was in the clouds
Where she had found the silver lining
And all the while the crippled boy
Was dancing with his lady fair
While I stood on the sidelines
Trying to make out that I wasn't there.

So loud the music grew and grew
With ever greater pain
I stepped back in the shadows
For I could not stand the strain
I tried to look, my eyes were blind
I tried to speak but could not find
The words to say.

They left me lying where I lay
I could not bear the light of day.

Treat me kindly dear blue angel
Deepest colour of the night
Be merciful, be gentle
For I have no strength to fight.

Half Worlds Apart

So I lay in half world dream state
Pressed like a flower in the pages of a half book
Words in softly spoken whispers
Steal through the silence of the blue veiled half light
The best of questions have no answers
The best of answers need no questions
Born on the quest for a wave of half peace
Acquired in a Dresden china cuplet
Bound in the chains of the half book binding
Half way to my half life.

Treat me kindly dear blue angel
Deepest colour of the night
Be merciful, be gentle
For I have no strength to fight.

So she lay in half museum
Pinned like a butterfly which failed to reach its half life
Tender moments left half spoken
Lost like an orphan in the pleasures of the dream state
A man of honour has no secrets
How can I be a man of secrets
Trapped in the web of the woven blue veil
Peering to find the angel weaver
Most sacred saviour of the silver lining
Half way to my half life.

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Deepest colour of the night
Be merciful, be gentle

For I have no strength to fight.

At Rest

Sleep the sleep of peace my love
And I will let you be
I alone can comfort
I alone can set you free
I will be your healer
And give you back your pride
In times of need remember me
At rest here by your side.

When the hour of darkness comes
And time itself stands still
When voices from the future
Seem to come and go at will
I will be your servant
Your ever constant guide
When all is lost remember me
At rest here by your side.

The wisdom of the fool is such
That he alone is sane
So delicate the balance
That e'er the moon could wax and wane
I will be your teacher
And show you where to hide
When all else fails remember me
At rest here by your side.

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Be merciful, be gentle
For I have no strength to fight