

Practicing Angel - song

by Jerry Ratch

I thought I saw you once
When you were still quite young
Surveying great beauty
Like a rain shower in the sun

And I can still hear them nearby
Those sharp voices of our youth
Shouting with pleasure in the fields
While looking at the sky

I had my penny wings on
It all becomes so clear
I could actually fly with them
And you would come so near
But I'm not a practicing angel
And you heard other sounds
You flew up to the heavens
While I stayed near the ground

And we will tell our stories
Of water and of youth
And scatter the remains of the past
Before memories of the truth

But it's the smallest candle flame
That lives within the soul
That will help you see me
When my life is whole

So, live a little again with me
Won't you live a little again

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Like when we were together
Too young to need to remember

You lifted up your shirt
And fed me from your heart
And I was dumb enough
To turn and to depart

I had my penny wings on
It all becomes so clear
I could actually fly with them
And you would come so near
But I'm not a practicing angel
And you heard other sounds
You flew up to the heavens
While I stayed near the ground

A piece of hair to you
Was like a snake to me
And I picked another apple
From the apple tree

We did look good together
Though you saw more than me
And snakes were like mean worms
Just hanging from that tree

I had my penny wings on
It all becomes so clear
I could actually fly with them
And you would come so near
But I'm not a practicing angel
And you heard other sounds
You flew up to the heavens
While I stayed near the ground

