

# Angeline

Joan Baez

Yesterday's newspapers forecast no rain for today  
But yesterday's news is old news, the skies are all gray  
Winter's in labor, soon to give birth to the spring  
That will sprinkle the meadow with flowers for my Angeline

Heartache and sorrow and sadness unendingly find  
Wings on a memory and with them she flies to my mind  
She stretched her arms for a moment then went back to sleep  
While the morning stood watching me ever so silently weep

She opened her eyes, Lord, the minute my feet touched the floor  
The cold hard wood creaked with each step that I made to the door  
There I turned to her gently and said to her, "Look, hon, it's  
spring"  
Knowing outside the window, the winter looked for Angeline

Yesterday's newspapers forecast, no rain for today  
But yesterday's news is old news, the skies are all gray