

## 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...