

# Angels Dancing

Melissa Manchester

I see her everyday at this coffee place  
The weird old lady everybody called Pearl  
Cause she was always sitting by herself and knitting  
A big enough comforter to cover the world.  
So one day I decided I'd buy her a cup  
She didn't notice me as I came walking up  
Her finger to her lips, I heard her softly say,  
'Shhh! Be careful or you'll scare them away'.

There are Angels, Angels dancing  
Dancing on the head of a pin.  
If you come closer you can see them. Spin.  
And maybe this is Heaven, and my suffering days are through.  
There are Angels, Angels dancing  
Can you see them, too?

What was I to say, couldn't just turn away  
Even if she's crazy, what harm could it do?  
So I came close enough to pull up a chair  
Her sparkling eyes were saying,  
Come they're right over there.  
Was it a trick of the light?  
Dust in the morning sun?  
It sure looked like they were havin' some fun.

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Dancing on the head of a pin.  
If you look closer, you can see them. Spin.  
And maybe, this is Heaven, and my suffering days are through.  
There are Angels, Angels dancing  
Can you see them, too?

## INSTRUMENTAL

I never saw her again  
It's like she disappeared  
And when I ask around  
Nobody knows her here.  
Was it just a dream  
Or just too much caffeine?  
Guess she finished mending her broken wing.

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And I know this is Heaven,  
And my suffering days are through.  
There are Angels, Angels dancing  
You can see them, too.

Angels dancing.

You can see them, too.