

# Baez Joan, Angeline

Baez Joan  
Blessed Are...  
Angeline

Yesterdays newspapers forecasts no rain for today  
Yesterdays news was old news, the skies are all grey  
Winters in labor and soon will give birth to the spring  
And sprinkle the meadows with flowers for my Angeline.

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

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  
Then I turned to her gently and said, "Hon, just look, it is spring"  
Knowing outside the window, the winter looked for Angeline.

But yesterdays newspaper forecast no rain for today,  
But yesterdays news is old news the skies are all grey.

Mickey Newbury  
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