

# Cat Stevens, Angelsea

She moves like an angel  
And seven evening stars  
Dance through the window  
Of her universal house  
Of her universal house

Her voice a crystal echo  
Lies humming in your soul  
So patiently awaiting  
For your ears to behold  
For your ears to behold

She ripples on the water  
Leaves diamonds on the shore  
And fish from every distance  
Watch her ocean cellar door  
Her breath a warm fire  
In every lover's heart  
A mistress to magicians  
And a dancer to the gods  
And a dancer to the gods

Her clothes are made of rainbows  
And twenty thousand tears  
Shine through the spaces  
Of her golden ochre hair  
Ooh my babe I want you  
and on my life I swear  
My conscience will I follow you forever  
If you meet me everywhere  
Yes if you if you meet me everywhere