

Jonny Lang, Irish Angel

in the fall of the year
she flew across the ocean
to ireland, the land of her fathers
when we said goodbye,
a tear was in her eye
i lost her then and there
my irish angel

the first letter came
she said she liked it there
and how much she wished
i was there with her
she wrote it on a hill in
a gentle irish way
i saw her in my mind
my irish angel

i wrote her back and then
there was no second letter
just the silence of the snow
that fell around me

i let her down i know
the day i let her go
now she's found someone else
my irish angel

the first time i saw her
my heart went in a spin
when they speak of love
they call it falling
it was like i held my breath
til i laid eyes on her again
so beautiful she was
my irish angel

and when a storming glance
lead to a storming kiss
i thought i knew the
chance that i was taking
in all i never knew
a love as strong as this
or what it was to feel
my own heart breaking

so now i raise the glass
and then i raise another
one to forget
one to remember
it was just a dream
of how things could of been
if i hadn't lost my irish angel