

Ron Sexsmith, Snow Angel

Strange how their love bloomed in the winter
Only to vanish in the spring
It never fails to make him shiver
To see the outline of her wings

Where she made her last snow angel
Little did they know
That it'd make a lasting impression
Deeper than the snow
In his soul
The snow angel never faded

And when love calls to make that promise
The one to be faithful and be true
Its then temptation falls upon us
The world turns awkward and aloof

And with this betrayal
An angel descended from on high
Oh, but this was not a manger
And as he came inside
To his fright
Twas no angel hanging naked

Strange how each year round late November
When the first snow is on the ground
She reappears so hell remember
How a love so young can be cut down

When she made her last snow angel
Little did they know
That it'd make a lasting impression
Deeper than the snow
In his soul
The snow angel never faded

In his soul
Snow angel never faded