

Michelle Lewis, Storytellers

(Michelle Lewis/Teddy Kumpel)

On the corner of St. Marks', I saw an angel
Playing a guitar and begging for change
Oooh-I guess I shouldn't have believed my eyes
But when he wiggled his wings, I melted like ice cream
He began to sing (no very well)
He said "Oooh-sweet girl, the storyteller never lies"
That should have been enough
I couldn't make this up
Stranger than fiction is my love, my love

Now there's an angel in my bed, I can't kick him out
And his junkyard head is starting to smell
Oooh-I guess it must have been a hell of a night
'Cause as he stumbled to the door, he just didn't care
That his wings were on the floor-right where they fell
Oooh-and I'm still looking for a heavenly light

He couldn't say goodbye
The angel made me cry
Stranger than fiction like my life
My life

Ooohh-He said, "The storyteller never lies";
Hey Mack, when you fly back to heaven
Can I come for the ride?
He said, "No kid, I don't live in heaven
I live here on the lower east side."

So now I'm back with my old guy, but I think of the angel
How he blatantly lied, and re-stapled his wings
Oooh-now I start running when an angel sings
There couldn't be a scarier thing
Stranger than fiction is my life