Nanci Griffith, Waltzing With The Angels

She's just a hill country girl home from the city Her pocket's full of plenty of those neon lights And her mother's smile shines on her youngest child Though she is just a barroom singer with her father's eyes

The city streets are harder understandin'
It would be easy for the devil to pass by
But she can close her eyes and dream about
the country boy
Chain of gold and a lullaby
Because he's waltzin' with the angels tonight

It's a harvest moon when she's home to count her blessings She's saved that love from passing Though it's now ten years gone by He is buried in these hills, folded all around her It still's a heart of hunger with his memories inside

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In the mornin' she'll move on 'cause it's April on the wing It put's feathers on her strings and her voice will fly But that necklace of gold She wears of his protects her soul From the barroom brawls and the late night drinkers When the devil's passin' by

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They will be waltzin' with the angels tonight