

# Noe Venable, Angelyne

The sun hanging above the wing  
I have no fear of flying  
The stars lose height by morning's light  
As slowly they are dying

My only eye my tiny light  
The meter on the cable  
An airy moon a silver spoon  
The eaters at your table

Angelyne in your blue dress  
Where's the meaning in a powdered night  
Pressed between these memories of flight

If chance should spill her darkened cup  
If one day we should marry  
The crows would chortle in the trees  
Our closest calls to bury

Or safe within your radio  
I sleep til morning dawns on you  
When weather or the telephone  
Will tell you I have gone from you

Angelyne in your blue dress  
Where's the meaning in a powdered night  
Pressed between these memories of flight