

Richard John Thompson, Angel In The Undergrowth

I tried to talk
This silence makes me ill
I tried to walk
But my life was standing still
I tried to find my way

Open my eyes
To a shadow on the pale leaved tree
It was no surprise
As the shadow advanced to me
She said sorry for the time we've lost

You hide from me
Like an angel in the undergrowth
Feelings unseen
Like an angel in the undergrowth

Now that you're here
These words come naturally
They were so sincere
As you commit yourself to me
But still, sorry for the time we've lost

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