

# 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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