

Utopia, My Angel

Walk the line
It's not easy
I must stand alone
It's the kind of a life I've chosen
Right or wrong
I can feel
Near me always
Something to live up to
Someone to depend upon
When I have fallen from grace
When I grow weak from the pace
I can feel the breath of gentle wings on my face
And when the world closes in around me
Then my angel
Will come and roll away the stone
Like a hand reaching down from the heavens
And when the darkness falls all around me
Then my angel
Will come and draw aside the veil
I am safe in the arms of my angel
Anywhere
Anytime
In my mind I know
That a pair of sweet eyes is watching me
Wherever I go
Is it real?
Am I dreaming?
Sometimes I don't know
But I want to believe it's so
Let me dream on
Is it profane or divine
Am I insane? I feel fine
I can close my eyes but I still see it shine