

ANGELINA'S SONG

There is a song that Angelina used to sing
When she went running through the fields of Queen Anne's lace,
Making faces at the sun and chasing clouds away
And coaxing shadows from their hiding place.

CHORUS

*There is a song, there is a song, it's ANGELINA'S SONG,
But I've heard it somewhere before.*

There is a song that Angelina used to sing
When she was counting every single drop of rain,
Matching each with passing fantasy and daydream,
Watching each one slowly melt away in vain.

CHORUS

There is a song that Angelina used to sing
When she took nightly restless walks over the land.
Searching deep within the darkness for a key
To help her see her changes and to understand.

CHORUS

There is a song that Angelina used to sing
When she was braiding up her hair to be a bride,
Catching glimpses in the mirror of the days to come
And wondering at the stirring things inside.

CHORUS

There is a song that Angelina used to sing
When she was waiting for the birth of her first child.
Hearing echoes of a lullaby and underneath it
Voices of her spirits running wild.

CHORUS

There is a song that Angelina used to sing
When she went running with her young ones in the spring.
Teaching them the music of the mountain streams
And how the early morning breezes laugh and sing.

CHORUS

There is a song that women sing when they are young,
There is a song that women sing when they are grown.
There is a song that women sing when they are changing.
There is a song that women sing, it's all their own.

CHORUS

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Dorie's notes: The humpback whales add their timeless song to the cycle of many women's lives. Learning, teaching, learning – staying young and growing old all the time.