

## *My Angel*

I have an angel, you know;  
She watches as I come and go.  
Sometimes she smiles at me and  
Perhaps then I can understand  
For I'm not always good, you see.  
But that's why she watches me.

We all need our angels to tend.  
If not, I think that we would bend  
From the struggle to live and love.  
My angel is always there above;  
If not her, then her sisters are  
There instead, and they too care.

How many angels are there?  
A very great number, somewhere  
And one is always there for me;  
Giving me the strength to be  
As I should be, faithful and strong,  
And, perhaps, to right a wrong.

So look for your angel today.  
She's out there, this I can say  
If you only would allow her  
To watch over and protect you.  
And if you trip, she'll be there  
To lend a hand and wipe a tear.

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