

## ANGELS' WINGS

The Okanagan River murmurs her secrets  
Where a chicken shack clucks a rhythm in the willow shade.  
There's a funny old man plays a long-neck banjo  
And a lullaby guitar the mountain man made.

When the old man sings, so free and easy,  
You feel the warm embrace of the love in a little boy's dream.  
When dear old friends come harmonizing,  
You'll hear the beat of angels wings

It's the sound of the starlight soul your Mama prayed to.  
It's the sound of long hard years binding friends.  
A sound that brings your longing to belonging,  
Like when you finally find your way back home again.

Like the smell of bacon on Sunday morning  
A dobro eases in, where poetry rings.  
You feel the music cradle your heart in a sweet rock-a-bye  
To the beat of angels' wings.

### INSTRUMENTAL + CHORUS

When the sky grows dark. The trail is fading,  
I will turn my mind back to Okanagan spring.  
Once again I'll hear those voices rising.  
And I'll feel the beat of angels' wings.  
Like in a dream I'll hear them voices rising.  
I'll feel the beat of angels' wings.