

# The Geraldine Fibbers, Pet Angel

The moon is so full, an owl winks just once,  
you offer to dance with me.  
You cradle my body in safety and warmth  
and a sweet wind blows through the trees.  
Step to a one and a two and a three,  
step to a four, five and six.  
Swing your little girl three times on her love  
and your lover picks up sticks.  
To you, to you, your love sticks to you,  
like you wished for a million times.  
The skies are parting, the clouds fill with rain  
and a lonesome church bell chimes.  
The rain cracks the sky like tears of joy,  
the rain makes mischief in her hair.  
Your love needs a comb, won't you please take me home  
for a towel and some dry things are there.  
I tripped in my chill, got a hand from ol' Bill,  
the man with the porcupine face.  
You grabbed my little wrist and you gave it a kiss.  
You said "Old Bill'd never take your place."  
To you, to you, straight home to you,  
take her to your spot on the map.  
Give a taste of your love and a taste of your strap,  
give her someone to answer to.  
You are my sunshine, I pull the drapes shut tight.  
It's curtains for you, goodbye.  
The cat's in the bag, the bags in the river,  
the river makes me cry.  
Your hands, my heart, what's so hard about that?  
Nothin' 'cept I can't be your wife.  
I love that boy till death do us part  
till the evening I took his life.  
To you, to you, straight up to you,  
into your charitable hands.  
Take care of him Jesus, I know you'll do what's best,  
lay his wicked soul to rest.  
Take care of him, Jesus, I know you'll do what's best,  
lay his wicked soul to rest.