

Y.M.R. Angel

Words and Music by Alexander Sands, 2014

She died last December, it was all I remember,
My wife, of thirty-three years
Now I'm a sad and I'm crippled, alone with a pistol,
Staring at this bottle of beer

But through the darkness and smoke, came a glimmer of hope,
Straight out of a young man's dream
With a look in her eye, that I can't quite define,
And a little scar on her cheek

You're my Y.M.R. Angel,
High up in the tree
Though your dress is worn and tangled,
You look all right by me

So I moved a little closer, and put my beer on the coaster,
And she told me to pull up a chair
The billiard balls clattered, as we sat and chattered,
About how decent men around here were rare

I showed her some pictures, of me and my sister,
My wife, my family, and friends
But they've all passed on now, or live out of town,
Any day now, I know I'm reaching the end

You're my Y.M.R. Angel,
High up in the tree
Though your dress is worn and tangled
You look all right by me

The jukebox played, it felt like our first date
The song was Dust In The Wind
I held her so tight, through those cold dark nights,
Getting drunk on whiskey and gin

But I wandered outside, it was closing time
Stumbling down the alley again,
The stars were shining, I could see my wife smilin'
Calling me home to Heaven

You're my Y.M.R. Angel,
High up in the tree
You glow through the night like a candle,
Won't you save, the last dance for me?

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