

Bruce Springsteen, The Angel

The angel rides with hunch-backed children, poison oozing from his engine
Wieldin' love as a lethal weapon, on his way to hubcap heaven
Baseball cards poked in his spokes, his boots in oil he's patiently soaked
The roadside attendant nervously jokes as the angel's tires strokes his
precious pavement

The interstate's choked with nomadic hordes in Volkswagen vans with full running boards dragging
Followin' dead-end signs into the sores

The angel rides by humpin' his hunk metal whore

Madison Avenue's claim to fame in a trainer bra with eyes like rain

She rubs against the weather-beaten frame and asks the angel for his name

Off in the distance the marble dome reflects across the flatlands with a
naked feel off into parts unknown

The woman strokes his polished chrome and lies beside the angel's bones