

Whiskeytown, New York Angel

Hey there angel
How you feel about that boy?
Take his heart
With you on the subway
New York City, rock 'n roll sweet angel
Flies around, you running for a cab

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Do you remember
Who's your first Johnny
Building paper boats
Sailed into the sewer
Is it how he holds his eyes so softly
How he learned to own the avenue

□

From my sweet home
North Carolina
I call you, fearing for your life
I'll be your southern, sweet country angel
In exchange for knowing you're alright
New York City, rock 'n roll sweet angels
Fly around you running for a cab
You take their hearts
With you on the subway
I know you're taking my heart with you as well