

The White Stripes, Lord Send Me An Angel

Good Lord, good Lord
Send me an angel down
Can't spare no angel
We'll spare your teasin' brown

Well, that new way of lovin'
Swear to God it must be best
For these Detroit women won't let Mr. Jack White rest

There's a crowd on the corner
Wonder what could it be
One thing but the women just tryin' to get to me

I went down to the station
Suitcase in my hand
All the women runnin', cryin'
Mr. Jack won't you be my man

Well, there was three women
Yellow, brown and black
Take the mayor of Detroit to pick which one I like
One of 'em had hamtramak yellow
One of 'em Detroit brown
But that southwest darkskin is sure to turn my damper down

Why, ticket agent, ticket agent
Where did my baby go
Tell me what she looks like, I'll tell you what road she's on
Well she's a long tall mama
Mile and a half from the ground
She's a tailor made mama and she ain't no hand me down

Well, I used to say married women
Sweetest women ever born
You better change that thing
You better leave married women alone
Take my advice, let married women, boy let 'em be
'Cause their husband will grab you, beat your ragged as a cedar tree

Well I got two woman
You can't tell 'em apart
I got one in my bossom
And the other one is in my heart
Well, that one in my bossom
she live in tennessee
But that one in my heart, well, she don't give a darn for me

I'ma tell you pretty mama
Exactly who I am
When I walk in that front door and hear that back door slam