

The Angel

Bruce Springsteen

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 patie
ntly soaked
The roadside attendant nervously jokes as the angel's tires str
okes his precious pavement

The interstate's choked with nomadic hordes
in Volkswagen vans with full running boards dragging great anch
ors
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