

## Angel Taylor

### "Riding On The Equator"

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The way you threw yourself at the waiter  
Could tell by the look on his face  
He thought you were mad  
You went off riding on the equator  
I tell you that waiter sure was glad  
You sold your story to the newspaper  
And went round the world in a caravan  
You made lots of people very unhappy  
And turned yourself into a wanted man  
Then you said that the world was something to behold  
Not to be bought or to be sold

It was something that you could hold  
You've got something special it's a secret  
You're in transit a nomad  
You left that girl in Panama City  
I said it was the best woman you ever had  
You called me up from where you were living  
Said you had some more stories you wanted to tell  
About how you always spent your life  
In some kind of prison  
I said those true stories are the hardest to sell

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