

## **Bruce Springsteen**

### **"The Angel"**

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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

Oh the interstate's choked with nomadic hordes  
In Volkswagen vans with full running boards dragging  
great anchors  
Followin' dead-end signs into the sores  
The angel rides by humpin' his hunk metal whore

Madison Avenue 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

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