

## Bruce Springsteen

### "The Ballad of The Architect Angel"

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The architect angel held Juda ranch.  
Just a dirty mile down on the borderline.  
Where he mastered blastin' and hustled young cattle  
for slaughter  
And dated Juda's daughter.  
From the cellar aways to the attics and all across the  
plains  
Broke electric static of religious strain,  
And though he was never an addict, he wore scars on  
his veins.  
Like a young girl holds her first pimp, he held his Bible  
in.  
From desert bars and church bazaars, the hunger  
slowly came  
With vulgar faces from vulgar places lookin' for a  
game.  
Well, ivory gun handles and chamber grease  
And souped-up hydroplanes.  
The bullets burn from TV silver, bearin' great cowboys'  
names.  
Now with 14 inches of gun barrel, smokin' from the lid,  
Spurs on straight black bootheels, he said "They call  
me the Brooklyn Kid."  
And in his lonely Zenith nightmares, well that's just  
what they did.  
Oh, how he played out his scenes, loaded on dreams.  
Well, his holster slung low like a hot kid-sister  
Tied back to his leg like he gonna do.  
He was stompin' the step he called the Quickman  
Twister.  
His six-guns were pumpin' through.  
His tongue hung low like sawdust scrapin' across the  
plains.  
He crawled up outside the Juda Ranch.  
And started callin' the angel names.

And now the architect angel stood, in one hand a staff,  
the other a gun.  
He held the staff high in the wind. The gun was like a  
piece in the sun.  
He started howlin' like a monsoon wind. Drew fast. The

job was done.

At night the moon stretched tight light 'cross the plains,

As real cowboys sat around real campfire flames,

And the county wolf called as if to explain to his son

The way the West was won.

The West was finally won.

The way the West was won.

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