

Blind Willie McTell

"Lord, Send Me An Angel"

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Good Lord, good Lord, send me an angel down
Can't spare you no angel, I'll send you a teasin' brown
That new way of loving, swear it must be the best
These Georgia women won't let Mr. McTell rest

There was a cry on the corner, went to see what it could
be
Must be some women, tryin' to get the best of me
Went down to the sheriff, suitcase in my hand
All the women run cryin', saying, "Mr. Mac, won't you be
my man?"

My baby studyin' evil, and I'm studyin' evil too
Gonna hang round here to see what my baby gon' do
I can't be trusted, and I can't be satisfied
When the men see me comin', they go pin their
womens to their side

Love my loving, like to get it any time of day
To get my right lovin', I'm going to south Georgia right
away
I got three womens, yellow, brown and black
Take the governor of Georgia to judge which one I like

One woman's Atlanta yellow, the other is Macon brown
But the Statesboro blackskin will turn your damper¹
down
So bye bye baby; I'll see you some sweet day
And you'll be sorry you drove your man away

Note 1: damper, a device that damps as a valve or
plate (as in the flue of a furnace) for regulating the
draft.

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