

Mark King

"Creole Angel"

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Bottle rocket combo got a corner on the crowd
Under her old balcony above a bar called
The Black Cat Prowl
Setts off memories how she laughed every time
I'd break her silence with a piece of my mind
A callin'

Creole Angel come on down
Pray tell are you ready now?
Dusty saint on the dashboard
Will bless the berth of my old Ford
Creole Angel Northbound
Even now I hear the sound
Of open arms like wings apart
Taking off with a jump start
Creole Angel my Creole Angel

Jump start baby

It's a jet stream of conscious
Out of body tale
Through the Natchez Trace
Like a vapor trail
We saw the steam rise and the Mercury fall
Between New Orleans and Old Montreal
I remember

Creole Angel come on down
Pray tell are you ready now?
Dusty saint on the dashboard
Will bless the berth of my old Ford
Creole Angel Northbound
Even now I hear the sound
Of open arms like wings apart
Taking off with a jump start
Creole Angel my Creole Angel

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