

Mott The Hoople **"Angel Of Eighth Avenue"**

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(ian hunter)

The willow in the wind is gently weeping
No city lights tonight for she is sleeping
But in a little while she will awake and gently smile
My angel of eighth avenue, manhattan morning.

Somewhere a siren sounds and she is turning
She moves my arm around 'cause she is burning
She has so much to give but so little time to live
My angel of eighth avenue, manhattan morning.

As I look down the streets are slowly forming
And the ladies of the night have start performing
And the trash-collectors horn salutes the dawning
And soon the workward bound will they wake up
yawning
And soft warm hands behind that give no warning
Tell me, for just one hour have I been learning

I have so much to say but so little time to stay
With my angel of eighth avenue, manhattan morning
With my angel of eighth avenue, manhattan morning

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