

The White Stripes

"Lord, Send Me An Angel"

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Good Lord, good Lord, send me an angel down
Can't spare no angel, we'll send you a teasin' brown
Well, that new way of loving, swear to God, it must be
best
For these Detroit women won't let Mr. Jack White rest

There was a crowd on the corner, wonder what could it
be
Wasn't a thing, but the womens is tryin' to get to me
I went down to the station, suitcase in my hand
All the women run cryin', "Mr. Jack, won't you be my
man?"

Well, there was three women: yellow, brown and black
Take the mayor of Detroit to pick which one I like
One of 'em Hamtramck yellow, one of 'em Detroit
brown
But the Southwest darkskin sure to turn my damper
down

"Why, ticket agent, ticket agent, where did my baby
go?"
"Tell me what she looks like, I'll tell you what road she's
on"
"Well, she's a long tall mama, mile an' a half from the
ground
She's a tailor-made mama, and she ain't no hand-me-
down"

Well, I used to say married women, sweetest women
ever born
You better change that thing, you better leave married
women alone
Take my advice: let married women, boy, let 'em be
'Cause their husband'll grab ya, beat you ragged as a
cedar tree

I got two women, you can't tell 'em apart
I got one in my bosom, and the other one is in my heart
Well, that one in my bosom, she lives in Tennessee
But that one in my heart, well, she don't give a darn for
me

I'm gonna tell you, pretty mama, exactly who I am
When I walk in that front door, and hear that back door
slam

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