Incredible Simon Stokes & The Black Whip Thrill Band ''Ride On Angel''

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2 O-clock in the morning on a big city street The bars are jumpin' man feel the heat Friday night, summer month, no work tomorrow Drink ya money up tonight man, later on you'll borrow Ride on Keep on ridin Crank your bike, ride on, Angel ride on

Well outside a motorcycles drivin up slow Cool hip motorcycle driver no where to go Parks his bike, goes inside, no sign of fear Looking for nothing but a cool glass of beer Ride on Keep on ridin Crank your bike, ride on, Angel ride on

Inside a jukebox playin a song The singer singing something bout a stranger go home A good old local bar in a city neighborhood You aint from this section man, you aint no good Ride on Keep on ridin Crank your bike, ride on, Angel ride on

Fat man in a T-shirt somebody watch your step Don't like your kind around here, think you better get Angel gets enraged and fat man pulls switchblade knife Before you know what happened Angel's taken his life Ride on Keep on ridin Crank your bike, ride on, Angel ride on

The cop's come in, to screen the scene Take Angel off to jail, no one there to pay the bail Ride on Keep on ridin Crank your bike, ride on, Angel ride on

They lead him down a corridor and strap him to a chair Electricity is burning up his hair He had no right to kill a man and so he must pay A life for a life is what society say Ride on Keep on ridin Crank your bike, ride on, Angel ride on

Now as I sit here and I tell this tale A thought goes running through my head What good is all the talkin doin' Your Angel is dead The Bible say's that we shalt not kill I've heard that line before If the Bible say's that we shalt not kill What excuse has the law Ride on Keep on ridin Crank your bike, ride on, Angel ride on

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