

## **The Gathering Field**

### **"Are You An Angel?"**

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Born with blue eyes filled with pain  
In March of 1922  
Mystic fire in your veins  
Mama's apron strangling you  
Mama's apron strangling you  
Mama's apron strangling

Young Jack Kerouac running up and down the football  
track  
Are you an angel now?  
Strong Jack Kerouac, once you're gone you can't come  
back, no  
Are you in pain still?

Walking New York City streets  
High on Benzedrine and wine  
On the road and feeling beat, yeah  
But chasing kicks and running blind  
Chasing kicks and running blind  
Chasing kicks and running

Wild Jack Kerouac, talking in a beat up Cadillac  
Are you an angel now?  
Drunk Jack Kerouac, once you're gone you can't come  
back, no  
Are you in pain still?

Prayer on a red sunny Sunday afternoon  
I bet you felt the wind blow through your hair  
I bet you knelt down in a summer field and said a  
prayer  
Hell, I can bet you said a prayer, yeah, alright

In '69 you found the prize  
With bloated Buddha, belly up  
But ecstasy your suicide  
Sorrow filled your loving cup  
Sorrow filled your loving cup  
Sorrow filled your loving

Sad Jack Kerouac, sitting down beside the Merrimac,  
yeah

Are you an angel now?  
Drunk Jack Kerouac, once you're gone you can't come  
back, no  
Are you in pain still?

Fat Jack Kerouac, stumbling along the railroad track,  
yeah  
Are you an angel now?  
Dead Jack Kerouac, once you're gone you can't come  
back, no  
Are you an angel?  
Are you an angel?  
Are you an angel?  
Are you an angel?

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