

# Lord, Send Me An Angel

Blind Willie McTell

Good Lord, good Lord, send me an angel down  
Can't spare you no angel, I'll send you a teasin' brown  
That new way of loving, swear it must be the best  
These Georgia women won't let Mr. McTell rest

There was a cry on the corner, went to see what it could be  
Must be some women, tryin' to get the best of me  
Went down to the sheriff, suitcase in my hand  
All the women run cryin', saying, "Mr. Mac, won't you be my man  
?"

My baby studyin' evil, and I'm studyin' evil too  
Gonna hang round here to see what my baby gon' do  
I can't be trusted, and I can't be satisfied  
When the men see me comin', they go pin their womens to their side

Love my loving, like to get it any time of day  
To get my right lovin', I'm going to south Georgia right away  
I got three womens, yellow, brown and black  
Take the governor of Georgia to judge which one I like

One woman's Atlanta yellow, the other is Macon brown  
But the Statesboro blackskin will turn your damper<sup>1</sup> down  
So bye bye baby; I'll see you some sweet day  
And you'll be sorry you drove your man away