

# The Angel

Bruce Springsteen

The angel rides with hunch-  
backed children, poison oozing from his engine  
Wieldin' love as a lethal weapon, on his way to hubcap heaven  
Baseball cards poked in his spokes, his boots in oil he's patient  
ly soaked  
The roadside attendant nervously jokes as the angel's tires stroke  
his precious pavement

The interstate's choked with nomadic hordes  
in Volkswagen vans with full running boards dragging great anchors  
Followin' dead-end signs into the sores  
The angel rides by humpin' his hunk metal whore

Madison Avenue's claim to fame in a trainer bra with eyes like  
rain  
She rubs against the weather-  
beaten frame and asks the angel for his name  
Off in the distance the marble dome  
reflects across the flatlands with a naked feel off into parts  
unknown