

# Roadside Angel

Julia Fordham

From the south side of Chicago  
On Woodland Avenue  
The youngest of eight children  
With a voice that soared and soothed

Singing at the Lincoln Center  
The church a block away  
Like a perfect angel  
As the Red Sanders Band played

She said, "Baby, can we just go some place warm  
And stay there 'til the baby's born?  
I'll be your roadside angel and walk with you through life"  
She was his roadside angel, he was her guiding light

They drove south from New York City  
To Gainesville, Florida  
Settled for two summers  
There with Marc and Maya

She said, "Baby, can we just go some place warm  
And stay there 'til the baby's born?  
I'll be your roadside angel and walk with you through life"  
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He loved her from the moment he saw her  
At the top of the electric theater stairs  
Wrapped in his loving arms she lay  
Listening to Stevie, she flew away, she flew away

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