

Beauty of the Pool Hall

Rancid

Welcome home workers, comrade in beers
She collected muses while she dared
She'll sketch your portrait under the streetlight
The cardboard palace she calls home

I'm talking 'bout Angel
Beauty of the pool hall
Oh, I'm talking 'bout Angel
Beauty of the pool hall
Yeah

She's got compassion, not to get pushed around
Her existing constraints
Kindness, a language that she always spoke
Lord, the way she could communicate

I'm talking 'bout Angel
Beauty of the pool hall
Oh, I'm talking 'bout Angel
Beauty of the pool hall
Yeah

We searched North Beach
And she wasn't there
Down on Market Street
Then up to Union Square
And they said, "Have you seen her?"
She was nowhere

I'm talking 'bout Angel
Beauty of the pool hall
Oh, I'm talking 'bout Angel
Beauty of the pool hall
Yeah