the Angel

SCSI-9

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 patiently soaked
The roadside attendant nervously jokes
As the angel's tires, strokes his precious pavement
Oh 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 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
The woman strokes his polished chrome and lies beside the angel's bones

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