

# 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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