

Lord, Send Me an Angel (feat. Curly Weaver)

Blind Willie McTell

Good Lord, good Lord, send me an angel down
Can't spare you no angel, I'll send you a teasin' brown
That new way of loving, swear it must be the best
These Georgia women won't let Mr. McTell rest
There was a cry on the corner, went to see what it could be
Must be some women, tryin' to get the best of me
Went down to the sheriff, suitcase in my hand
All the women run cryin', saying, "Mr. Mac, won't you be my man?"
My baby studyin' evil, and I'm studyin'
evil too
Gonna hang round here to see what my baby gon' do
I can't be trusted, and I can't be satisfied
When the men see me comin', they go pin their womens to their side
Love my loving, like to get it any time of
day
To get my right lovin', I'm going to south Georgia right away
I got three womens, yellow, brown and black
Take the governor of Georgia to judge which one I like
One woman's Atlanta yellow, the other is Macon brown
But the Statesboro blackskin will turn your damper down
So bye bye baby; I'll see you some sweet day
And you'll be sorry you drove your man away
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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