Roadside Angel

Julia Fordham

From the south side of Chicago
On Woodland Avenue
The youngest of eight children
With a voice that soared and soothedSinging at the Lincoln Center
The church a block away
Like a perfect angel
As the Red Sanders Band playedShe 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 lightThey drove south from New York City
To Gainesville, Florida
Settled for two summers
There with Marc and MayaShe 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 lightHe 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 awayBaby, 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
She was his roadside angel, he was her guiding light

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