

Lord, Send Me an Angel

The White Stripes

Good Lord, good Lord, send me an angel down
Can't spare no angel, we'll send you a teasin' brown
Well, that new way of loving, swear to God, it must be best
For these Detroit women won't let Mr. Jack White rest
There was a crowd on the corner, wonder what could it be
Wasn't a thing, but the womens is tryin' to get to me
I went down to the station, suitcase in my hand
All the women run cryin', "Mr. Jack, won't you be my man?"
Well, there was three women: yellow, brown and
black
Take the mayor of Detroit to pick which one I like
One of 'em Hamtramck yellow, one of 'em Detroit brown
But the Southwest darkskin sure to turn my damper down
"Why, ticket agent, ticket agent, where did my baby
go?"
"Tell me what she looks like, I'll tell you what road she's on"
"Well, she's a long tall mama, mile an' a half from the ground
She's a tailor-made mama, and she ain't no hand-me-down"
Well, I used to say married women, sweetest
women ever born
You better change that thing, you better leave married women alone
Take my advice: let married women, boy, let 'em be
'Cause their husband'll grab ya, beat you ragged as a cedar tree
I got two women, you can't tell 'em apart
I got one in my bosom, and the other one is in my heart
Well, that one in my bosom, she lives in Tennessee
But that one in my heart, well, she don't give a darn for me
I'm gonna tell you, pretty mama, exactly who I am
When I walk in that front door, and hear that back door slam

Songwriters

MCTELL, WILLIE Published by

Lyrics © Peermusic Publishing

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>