

Bruce Springsteen - The Angel

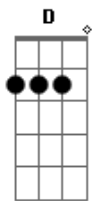
tom:

Intro: G C

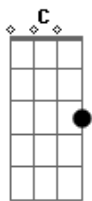
C G Em C D
The angel rides with hunch-backed children
C G Em C D
Poison oozing from his engine
C G Em C D
Wielding love as a lethal weapon
C G C D
On his way to hubcap heaven
C G Em C D D D
Baseball cards poked in his spokes
C G Em C D
His boots in oil he's patiently soaked
C G Em C D D D
The roadside attendant nervously jokes
C G Em C D D D D
As the angel's tires strokes his precious pavement
C G Em C D
Well the interstate's choked With nomadic hordes
C G Em C
D

In Volkswagen vans With full running boards dragging great anchors
C G Em C D
Followin' dead-end signs in..to the sores
C G Em C D D D
The angel rides by humpin' his hunk metal whore
Am Em G D
D
Madison Avenue's claim to fame in a trainer bra with eyes like rain
F C C F
Am D
She rubs against the weather-beaten frame and asks the angel for his name
C G Em C D
Off in the distance the marble dome
C G Em C D
Reflects across the flatlands with a naked feel off into parts unknown
C G Em C D
The woman strokes his polished chrome
D D C G Em D
And lies beside the angel's bones

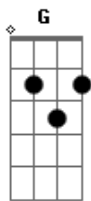
Acordes



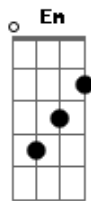
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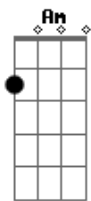
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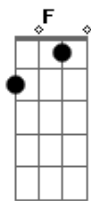
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