

# Bruce Springsteen - The Angel

tom:

Intro: G C

The angel rides with hunch-backed children  
 Poison oozing from his engine  
 Wielding 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  
 Well the interstate's choked With nomadic hordes

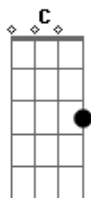
In Volkswagen vans With full running boards dragging great anchors

Followin' dead-end signs in..to the sores  
 The angel rides by humpin' his hunk metal whore  
 Madison Avenue's 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

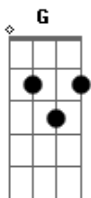
## Acordes



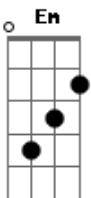
© ukulele-chords.com



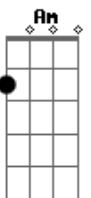
© ukulele-chords.com



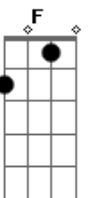
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com