

# The White Stripes, Lord Send Me An Angel

Good Lord, good Lord  
Send me an angel down  
Can't spare no angel  
We'll spare your teasin' brown

Well, that new way of lovin'  
Swear to God it must be best  
For these Detroit women won't let Mr. Jack White rest

There's a crowd on the corner  
Wonder what could it be  
One thing but the women just tryin' to get to me

I went down to the station  
Suitcase in my hand  
All the women runnin', 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 had hamtramak yellow  
One of 'em Detroit brown  
But that southwest darkskin is 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 and 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 will grab you, beat your ragged as a cedar tree

Well I got two woman  
You can't tell 'em apart  
I got one in my bossom  
And the other one is in my heart  
Well, that one in my bossom  
she live in tennessee  
But that one in my heart, well, she don't give a darn for me

I'ma tell you pretty mama  
Exactly who I am  
When I walk in that front door and hear that back door slam