

Blues for an Alabama Sky

Angel: The truth is, I don't remember quite what to do when a gentleman comes to call. The whole time I was with Nicky, the whole time I was singing at the Club, I kept thinking something wonderful was going to happen, but it never did. In my mind, I could see myself doing all these things with Nick – riding around in fancy cars, wearing furs, him giving me diamonds. I even saw us getting married. But mostly all we did was go to his place after I'd do the last show. Half the time, his friends would come with us and they'd all sit around drinking and playing cards like I wasn't even there. Then when I'd ask him to take me home, he'd tell me he wanted to stay around to bring him luck. I remember wishing I could bring myself some luck once in awhile. This guy feels like luck to me. I don't know why, but he does. That's not so bad, is it?