

Blues for an Alabama Sky

Guy: when I first met Angel at Miss Lily's, she was already saving her get away money. She had her little coins and crumpled up dollar bills all knotted up in somebody's great big silk handkerchief. She was headed up to Harlem as fast as she could get there and she believed it so hard, I believed it too. So I got my own white silk handkerchief and started putting those coins in there every day and counting them every night. And I'd be lying there with my eyes closed letting those old man touch me wherever they Felt like it, but it didn't matter, because in my mind, I was stomping at the savoy! But I never told Angel. I just kept my ears open so when she was ready to make a move, I'd be ready to. One of the other girls told me she was leaving one night late, so I got my little suitcase and met her at the train station. She was happy to see me, but she sure would've left without me. Angel doesn't like to say goodbye. Sorry eight worth waiting for, trust me. All sorry can do is sit there. You can never make it right.