

The ballad of the architect angel

The architect angel held the straight Juda ranch
Just a dirty mile down on the borderline
Where he mastered blastin' and hustled young cattle for slaughter
And dated Juda's daughter
From the cellar ways to the attics and all across the plains
Broke electric static of religious strain
And though he was never an addict, he wore scars on his veins
Like a young girl holds her first pimp, he held his Bible limp
From desert bars and church bazaars, the hungry slowly came
With vulgar faces from vulgar places lookin' for a game
Well ivory gun handles and chamber grease
And souped up hydroplanes
The bullets burn from TV silver, bearin' great cowboys names
Now with 14 inches of gun barrel smokin' from the lid
Spurs on straight black bootheels, he said "they call me the Brooklyn Kid"
And in his lonely zenith nightmares, well that's just what they did
Oh, how he played out his scenes, loaded on bends of dreams
Well, his holster slung low like a hot kid sister
Tied back to his leg like he gonna do
He was stompin' the step he called the Brooklyn Twister
His six-guns were pumpin' through
His tongue hung low like sawdust scrapin' across the plains
He crawled up outside the Juda ranch
And started callin' the angel names

And now the architect angel stood, in one hand a staff, the other a gun
He held the staff high in the wind, the gun was like a piece in the sun
He started howlin' like a monsoon wind, drew fast, the job was done
At night the moon stretched tight light across the plains
As real cowboys sat around real campfire flames
And the county wolf called as if to explain to his son
The way the west was won
The west was finally won
The way the west was won