

Angelene

Jo Dee Messina

Angelene, shes such a pretty thing
All dolled up in her hip huggin jeans
Mamas heels and her ruby red rouge
Sneakin out while her daddys passed out
Hangin out with the wrong crowd
Shes got all the right moves
And shes givin away little pieces of her innocence
She dont know what shes lookin for
She just knows somethings missin
Oh, Angelene, cant you see
What you need aint what youre gettin
Oh, Angelene, youre bein used
Save some of that love for you, Angelene
Angelene is sure that hes the cure
Hes got a kind of reckless allure
Like a fast ride on the wild side
So she turns her cheek
When hes havin a mean streak
And if you ask her real sweet
She wont look you in the eye
And shes callin it love, ah
But there is no resemblance
Its a drive down a dead end street
On the path of most resistance
Oh, Angelene, cant you see
What you need aint what youre gettin
Oh, Angelene, youre bein used
Save some of that love for you, Angelene
Yeah, shes givin away little pieces of her innocence
She dont know what shes lookin for
She just knows somethings missin
Oh, Angelene, cant you see
What you need aint what youre gettin
Oh, Angelene, youre bein used
Save some of that love for you, Angelene

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