Angelyne

Ian Moore

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

On her knees shes divine
Another angel you trimmed but she don't seem to mind
The life in her eyes, it let you down
And she fell to the floor without making a soundAnd look to the bed where she lay
And raise a glass to your ardor today
'Cause beauty and love youve never known
So you laid her down at the Chateau MarmontOh, Angelyne, oh, Angelyne
Well, now, youll never know all the trouble Ive seenYeah, and mercy she runs from your eyes
Well, theyre blue but so cold that she can't sympathize
And suffer the bastards who paid
With their quiet indiscretions and promises madeOh, Angelyne, oh, Angelyne
Well, now, youll never know all the trouble Ive seen
Well, now, youll never know all the trouble Ive seenOn your knees, your divine
Oh, an angel you tripped but she don't seem to mind
The life that we made let you down
And you fell to the floor without making a soundOh, Angelyne, oh, Angelyne
Well, now, youll never know all the trouble Ive seen
Oh, Angelyne, oh, Angelyne
Well, now youll never know all the trouble Ive seen
Well, now youll never know all the trouble Ive seen
Youll never know all the trouble Ive seen

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