

# 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 sound And 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 Marmont Oh, Angelyne, oh, Angelyne  
Well, now, youll never know all the trouble Ive seen Yeah, 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 made Oh, Angelyne, oh, Angelyne  
Well, now, youll never know all the trouble Ive seen  
Well, now, youll never know all the trouble Ive seen On 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 sound Oh, 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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