Angelene

Thomas Azier

Angelene, she?s such a pretty thing
All dolled up in her hip huggin? jeans
Mama?s heels and her ruby red rouge
Sneakin? out while her daddy?s passed out
Hangin? out with the wrong crowd
She?s got all the right moves
And she?s givin? away little pieces of her innocence
She don?t know what she?s lookin? for
She just knows something?s missin?
Oh, Angelene, can?t you see
What you need ain?t what you?re gettin?
Oh, Angelene, you?re bein? used
Save some of that love for you, Angelene
Angelene is sure that he?s the cure
He?s got a kind of reckless allure
Like a fast ride on the wild side
So she turns her cheek
When he?s havin? a mean streak
And if you ask her real sweet
She won?t look you in the eye
And she?s callin? it love, ah
But there is no resemblance
It?s a drive down a dead end street
On the path of most resistance
Oh, Angelene, can?t you see
What you need ain?t what you?re gettin?
Oh, Angelene, you?re bein? used
Save some of that love for you, Angelene
Yeah, she?s givin? away little pieces of her innocence
She don?t know what she?s lookin? for
She just knows something?s missin
Oh, Angelene, can?t you see
What you need ain?t what you?re gettin?
Oh, Angelene, you?re bein? used
Save some of that love for you, Angelene

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