

Angelica

Gene Pitney

Each night I meant to say
I missed her through the day
But I'd forget it
I never said it
I'd pass the flower shop
Lord knows I meant to stop
But I'd say, tomorrow, perhaps tomorrow
Tomorrow there'd be time
There'd always be another spring
Time to make her laughter ring
Time to give her everything
Oh my,
Angelica, my Angelica
There's so much you never knew
So much I always meant to say
And do for you, for you, Angelica
But then the cold winds came
And when I spoke her name
And held her near me
She couldn't hear me
The shadow had been cast
Too many springs had passed
For Angelica
Sweet Angelica
Now in my silent room
I tend the flowers that I buy
As they slowly fade and die
Watered by the tears I cry for my Angelica
My Angelica
There's so much you never knew
So much I always meant to say
And do for you, for you
Angelica, Angelica, Angelica
Angelica

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