Sweet Angeline

Mott the Hoople

Angeline, I love you, your mouth is like a sting
And when I close my eyes each night, well I often hear you sing
Imagination's hidden book, you wrote it on the wing
And when I vowed to comfort you, well you swallowed everythingAngeline, oh my Angeline
My sweet Angeline, you have rendered me unseen
And I would cry a million smiles for my Indian city queenWell your body, it is broken in so many different ways
And when I stoop to find your head, well it disappeared in haze
And your blood flows like the finest juice, the kiss of burgundy
And where it comes from no one knows but where it's going I can't seeAngeline, oh, Angeline
My sweet Angeline y' know you have rendered me unseen
And I would cry a million smiles for my Indian city queenOh, Angeline, Angeline
Oh [Incomprehensible] Angeline y' know you have rendered me unseen
And I would cry a million smiles for my Indian city queenAnd your crystal colored cardboard bins attack me from the paint
And I think that I am getting lost among the swollen states
Oh, rescue me or bury me, for I care not what you do
There is just one thing that I want to say am I really youOh, Angeline, oh my Angeline
My sweet Angeline you have rendered me unseen
You know I would cry a million smiles for my Indian city queen
Oh yes, oh [Incomprehensible], oh yeah, [Incomprehensible]

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