

Angeline

Elton John

Well, I'm work shy, I'm wild-eyed
So shut that door when the baby cries
Keep me well fed, give me warm bread
Lay my body on a feather bed And spoil me, Angeline, get to work
When the whistle screams, Angeline Maybe someday, some way
Somewhere in the future there's more pay
Give me more cash, bring me sour mash
Peel me a grape and fetch my stash And bite me, Angeline, let me use
You like a sex machine, Angeline You've got to swing that hammer, punch that card
Angeline, I love you when you work so hard
Swing that hammer and sew my jeans
Angeline just loves it when I treat her mean, Angeline Well, I talk tough, I act rough
Lay still honey, I can't get enough
And keep your nose clean, let me be
On your knees when you speak to me And trust me, Angeline and talk real dirty
And I'll make you scream, Angeline You've got to swing that hammer and punch that card
Angeline, I love you when you work so hard
Swing that hammer and sew my jeans
Angeline just loves it when I treat her mean You've got to swing that hammer, punch that card
Angeline, I love you when you work so hard
Swing that hammer and sew my jeans
Angeline just loves it when I treat her mean Angeline just loves it when I treat her mean
Angeline, Angeline, treat her mean, Angeline
Treat her mean, Angeline, treat her mean, Angeline

Songwriters

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