

Angeline

Ian Hunter

Oh Angeline, I love you, your mouth is like a sting
And when I close my eyes each night, 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 everything.
Angeline, oh my Angeline
My sweet Angeline, you have rendered me unseen
Yeah I would cry a million smiles for my Indian City queen.

Well your body it is broken in so many different ways
And when I stoop to find your head, well it disappeared in haze
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 see.

Angeline, oh Angeline
My sweet Angeline, you know you have rendered me unseen
I would cry a million smiles for my Indian City queen.

Angeline, oh my Angeline
You little Angeline, you have rendered me unseen
Oh I would cry a million smiles for my Indian City queen.
And your crystal-
coloured 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 you ?'

Now Angeline, oh my Angeline
Sweet Angeline, you have rendered me unseen
I would cry a million smiles for my Indian City queen.