

## Angel

The Tiger Lillies

She sang like an angel  
To the chattering plates  
But your pimp and your pusher  
You both thought were great  
Well, you earned enough money  
To pay for your stuff  
It's great having brown skin  
It doesn't show up

You sang like an angel  
To the chattering cups  
At the end of the day  
You weren't tough enough  
Your pimp and your pusher  
Well, they beat you up  
Well, It's great having brown skin  
It doesn't show up

Well, your voice became sand-paper  
Sand-paper worn  
As your heart it was broken  
Your heart it was torn  
And when you died  
The police all queued up  
It's great having brown skin  
It doesn't show up