

## Angela

### Afterhours

Angela enters her room made of guilt  
and  
Speaks to herself as if she was a man  
The rest around is makin' too much noise  
too much noise  
Too much noise...  
I got a window just in front of me  
Without a motion a can see  
their flaming hills  
Falling in love is takin' too much time  
too much time  
And too much noise too much noise