

Angelica

Gene Pitney

Each night I meant to say I missed her through the day
But I'd forget it I never said it
I'd pass the flower shop Lord knows I meant to stop
But I'd say tomorrow perhaps tomorrow

Tomorrow there'd be time
There'd always be another spring
Time to make her laughter ring
Time to give her everything

For my Angelica, my Angelica
There's so much you never knew
So much I always meant to say and do for you, for you
Angelica

And then the cold winds came
And when I spoke her name
And held her near me
She couldn't hear me

The shadow had been cast
Too many springs had passed
For Angelica sweet Angelica
Now in my silent room I tend the flowers that I'd buy
As they slowly fade and die
Watered by the tears I cry

For my Angelica, my Angelica
There's so much you never knew
So much I always meant to say and do for you, for you
Angelica, Angelica, Angelica