

Angel Street

Icehouse

She draws the curtain wide
And brushes back her hair
She stands before the mirror
Wondering what to wear
But she knows no one will care
So easy to forget
Just another sad affair
The girl on angel street

So she waits for the call
Knowing only too well

A photograph a dusty window
Where the sun strays in
Everywhere the sounds of morning
As the day begins
People waiting at the station
Do they go nowhere
Two lines that stretch out in the distance
Turn and disappear

But she knows no one will care
So easy to forget
Just another sad affair
With the girl on angel street

So she waits for the call
And she waits for so long
Knowing only too well
She tells herself there must be more
Toujour l'amour l'amour

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