

Sweet Angeline

Mott the Hoople

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
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 my Angeline
My Sweet Angeline - (y'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
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

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