

Angel On Wheels

Secret Service

(Ooh-ooh-ooh)
Oh-oh my angel on wheels
(Angel)
My little angel on wheels
(Ooh-ooh-ooh)
I get my rolling skates
(Angel)
And then we fly - roll on all eight
Angel

Her hair and T-shirt were both black
And in my mind the one-way track
And my eyes have stuck as glued
When I saw the way she moved

It's hard to say just how it feels
When you meet that angel on wheels
When you see the sunny smile
Rolling fast in the flashy style

(Ooh-ooh-ooh)
Oh-oh my angel on wheels
(Angel)
My little angel on wheels
(Ooh-ooh-ooh)
I get my rolling skates
(Angel)
And then we fly - roll on all eight
Angel

It didn't start off all too well
I stick, I stumble and I fell
But in the end I saw the light
And we roll it to the night

It's hard to say just how it feels
When you meet that angel on wheels
When you see that sunny smile
Rolling fast in the flashy style