

Does she walk? Does she talk?
Does she come complete?
My homeroom homeroom angel always pulled me from my seat
She was pure like snowflakes, no one could ever stain
The memory of my angel could never cause me pain
The years go by and I'm looking through some girly magazine
And there's my hometown angel on the pages in between

My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold
My angel is a centerfold, angel is a centerfold
My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold
Angel is a centerfold

Slipping notes, under the desk
While I was thinking about her dress
I was shy, I turned away, before she caught my eye
I was shakin' in my shoes whenever she flashed those baby blues
Something had a hold on me when Angel passed close by
Those soft and fuzzy sweaters, so magical to touch
To see her in that negligee is really just too much.

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Come on
Nah nah nah nah nah....

It's okay, I understand
This ain't no never-never land
I hope that when this issue's gone
I'll see you when your clothes are on
Take your car, yes we will, we'll take your car and drive it
Take it to a hotel room, and get 'em off in private
A part of me has just been ripped
The pages from my mind are stripped
Oh no, I can't deny it
Oh yeah, I guess I got to buy it

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