

# Take Me Home

The Angels

I've thinking of far out places, trying to find a cool oasis,  
get away from living in the streets,  
where dirty money is the game, the dealer never knows your name  
,  
people marching to the same old beat.  
The street's alive with pretty girls, who take you all around t  
he  
world, if you've got enough to pay the price,  
neon lights, they beckon you, come and see what we can do,  
watch a colour movie, ain't it nice?

Oh won't you please just let me use your telephone,  
I've had enough I want to take a taxi home,  
Take me from the heat, take me from this city streets  
Take me, take me home - take me home.  
I've been walking these streets at night, hoping I don't get in  
a  
fight, doing what I did the night before,  
hanging 'round the alley way, wandering down by the bay,  
watching drunken sailors trying to score.