

# Angeline Is Always Friday

The Seekers

Clatter - the milkman at my doorstep, bustle - my neighbour at  
her tea;  
In all the world no one's so glad to see the sun as me.  
Angeline is always Friday, Angeline is spring forever;  
Winter Angeline could never be.  
Mister Wilson, old and smiling, lifts his cap as she is passing  
,  
Bowling her politely on to me.

The week has gone its lonely way;  
I've waited for my only day  
Away from shadows,  
In her sunlight I can tell her, "I love you, Angeline."  
Angeline is always Friday, suitcase on the rack above;  
She hasn't even read her magazine.  
Angeline is counting stations, 'til the one where I am standing  
,  
Waiting for my only Angeline.

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