

# Elliott "Angeles"

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Someone's always coming around here  
Trailing some new kill  
Says "I've seen your picture on a  
Hundred-dollar bill"  
What's a game of chance to you,  
to him is one Of real skill

So glad to meet you, Angeles

Picking up the ticket shows there's  
Money to be made  
Go on, lose the gamble that's the  
History of the trade  
Did you add up all the cards left to play  
To zero

And sign up with evil, Angeles?

Don't start me trying now  
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh

'Cause I'm all over it, Angeles

I can make you satisfied in  
Everything you do  
All your secret wishes could right  
Now be coming true  
And be forever with my poison arms

Around you  
No one's gonna fool around with us  
No one's gonna fool around with us  
So glad to meet'cha, Angeles

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