

Fatima Mansions "Angel's Delight"

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A necklace of rubber, burning bright
A burning rubber necklace for my angel's delight
A holiday in a box, opportunity knocks
for the rich man's militia photographing my block
Kill a cop. Why the hell not?

YEAH!! Burn, motherfucker, burn!
I got a word for you: dead
Got a trampoline--your fuckin' head

You roll down my street in your gleaming new car
I've got no secrets, cash or time left to give you
but I've got something else for you, my friend
A crack in the restless night, a broken bone on the
pavement
Angel's delight was a recurring statement
Burn a bailiff--spill, don't save it

YEAH!! Burn, motherfucker, burn!
Run, run, run, run!
You can have what you ask, but not in cash
[with a?] credit card, a payment slashed
You can put it where your mouth used to be

You can put it where your dick used to be
You can [...?] looking at me, looking at you
[...?] blacklist, [...?] blacklist
What do you do when words collapse
and all that's left is broken glass?
I know, I know I'm trapped

I've got a holiday in a big oak box
with my friend, the famous PC Plod, Plod, Plod*
Kill a cop, kill a cop,
you lay a hand on me, I'm gonna kill you, cop.
Hey! Let's all kill some cops.
Some bailiffs.
Assholes.

* "PC Plod" is a well known and derogatory name for a British beat cop. It's capitalized, like "John Q. Public."

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