

Ian Moore "Angelyne"

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On her knees she's divine
Another angel you trimmed but she don't seem to mind
The life in her eyes, it let you down
And she fell to the floor without making a sound

And look to the bed where she lay
And raise a glass to your ardor today
'Cause beauty and love you've never known
So you laid her down at the Chateau Marmont

Oh, Angelyne, oh, Angelyne
Well, now, you'll never know all the trouble I've seen

Yeah, and mercy she runs from your eyes
Well, they're blue but so cold that she can't sympathize
And suffer the bastards who paid
With their quiet indiscretions and promises made

Oh, Angelyne, oh, Angelyne
Well, now, you'll never know all the trouble I've seen
Well, now, you'll never know all the trouble I've seen

On your knees, your divine
Oh, an angel you tripped but she don't seem to mind
The life that we made let you down
And you fell to the floor without making a sound

Oh, Angelyne, oh, Angelyne
Well, now, you'll never know all the trouble I've seen
Oh, Angelyne, oh, Angelyne
Well, now you'll never know all the trouble I've seen
Well, now you'll never know all the trouble I've seen
You'll never know all the trouble I've seen

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