

Jo Dee Messina "Angelene"

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Angelene, she's such a pretty thing
All dolled up in her hip-huggin' jeans
Mama's heels and her ruby red rouge
Sneakin' out while her daddy's passed out
Hangin' out with the wrong crowd
She's got all the right moves
And she's givin' away little pieces of her innocence
She don't know what she;s lookin' for
She just knows something's missin'

Oh, Angelene, can't you see
What you need ain't what you're gettin'
Oh, Angelene, you're bein' used
Save some of that love for you,
Angelene

Angelene is sure that he's the cure
He's got a kind of reckless allure
Like a fast ride on the wild side
So she turns her cheek when he's havin' a mean streak

And if you ask her real sweet
She won't look you in the eye
And she's callin' it love, ah, but there is no
resemblence
It's a drive down a dead end street on the path of most
resistance

Oh, Angelene, can't you see
What you need ain't what you're gettin'
Oh, Angelene, you're bein' used
Save some of that love for you,
Angelene

Yeah, she's givin' away little pieces of her innocence
She don't know what she's lookin' for
She just knows something's missin'

Oh, Angelene, can't you see
What you need ain't what you're gettin'
Oh, Angelene, you're bein' used
Save some of that love for you,

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