

Martin Page

"Angeline"

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Girl you been freakin'
Like you never freaked before
Not that freakin' is uncool
But to you I know there's so much more
Like where is that sassy child
And where is that girl's next trip
Why you been keepin' your green eyes shut
And your pretty mouth zipped
Angeline Come to me
Come clean Talk to me
Don't you hide Come and show
Show me Your beautiful side
You can call me a snoopin' dog
Tell me where you've been at
I'm gonna sniff gonna dig
Around you 'til I find what's up with that
It's making you crazy
Living by the answering machine
Open up Open up sweet child
Unfold your arms for me Angeline
I've been your brother
I've been your sister
I've been your loser
I've been your mister
I've been the angel and the devil on your shoulder
You know we never kept nothing but a pitchfork
And wings in between us 'til now
Knock knock Who's there
Well it's me Angeline
I say knock knock Who's there
I ain't no stranger
You're in no danger of losing me
Angeline Come on clean
Talk to me Talk to me baby
Don't you hide Come and show
Show me
It's me Angeline oh yes it is child
I'm here for the duration
And my caring takes no vacaion
Angeline Angeline
Come on clean

Open up those pretty green eyes for me
I'll do you no harm, it'll do you no harm Angeline.

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