

## **Mott The Hoople "Sweet Angeline"**

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(ian hunter)

Oh angeline, I love you, your mouth is like a sting  
And when I close my eyes each night, I often hear you  
sing

Imagination's hidden book, you wrote it on the wing  
And when I vowed to comfort you, well you swallowed  
everything

Angeline, oh my angeline  
My sweet angeline - you have rendered me unseen  
I would cry a million smiles for my indian city queen

Well your body it is broken in so many different ways  
And when I stoop to find your head, well it disappeared  
in haze.

Your blood flows like the finest juice - the kiss of  
burgundy  
And where it comes from no one knows, but where it's  
going I can't see

Angeline, oh my angeline  
My sweet angeline - (y'know) you have rendered me  
unseen

I would cry a million smiles for my indian city queen

Angeline, oh my angeline  
You little angeline - you have rendered me unseen  
I would cry a million smiles for my indian city queen

And your crystal-coloured cardboard bins - attack me  
from the paint  
And I think that I am getting lost among the swollen  
states  
Oh rescue me or bury me, for I care not what you do  
There is just one thing that I want to say am I really you

Angeline, oh my angeline  
My sweet angeline - you have rendered me unseen  
I would cry a million smiles for my indian city queen

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