

Seekers

"Angeline Is Always Friday"

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Clatter -- the milkman at my doorstep, bustle -- my
neighbour at her tea;
In all the world no one's so glad to see the sun as me.
Angeline is always Friday, Angeline is spring forever;
Winter Angeline could never be.
Mister Wilson, old and smiling, lifts his cap as she is
passing,
Bowing her politely on to me.
Chorus:
The week has gone its lonely way;
I've waited for my only day
Away from shadows,
In her sunlight I can tell her, "I love you, Angeline."
Angeline is always Friday, suitcase on the rack above;
She hasn't even read her magazine.
Angeline is counting stations, 'til the one where I am
standing,
Waiting for my only Angeline.
(Instrumental bridge)
(Chorus)
Clatter -- the milkman at my doorstep, bustle -- my
neighbour at her tea;
In all the world no one's so glad to see the sun as me.

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