Fogerty John "Centerfield"

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Does she walk?

Does she talk?

Does she come complete?

My homeroom homeroom angel always pulled me from my seat

She was pure like snowflakes, no one could ever stain The memory of my angel could never cause me pain Years go by, I'm looking through a girlie magazine

And there's my homeroom angel on the pages in

between

(Chorus)

My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold

My angel is a centerfold

Angel is a centerfold

My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold

Angel is a centerfold

Slipping notes, under the desk

While I was thinking about her dress

I was shy, I turned away, before she caught my eye I was shakin' in my shoes whenever she flashed those baby blues

Something had a hold on me when Angel passed close by

Those soft fuzzy sweaters, too magical to touch

To see her in that neglige is really just too much.

(Chorus)

Nah nah nah nah nah

Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah (x3)

Now listen:

It's okay, I understand

This ain't no never-never land

I hope that when this fish is gone

I'll see you when your clothes are on

Take your car, yes we will, we'll take your car and drive

Take it to a motel room, and take 'em off in private

A part of me has just been wrecked

The pages from my mind are stripped

Oh no, I can't deny it

Oh yeah, I guess I got to buy it

(Chorus)

Alright!

1, 2, 3, 4...

Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah nah (x4)

My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold

My angel is a centerfold, Angel is a centerfold

My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold

My angel is a centerfold, Angel is a centerfold

My angel is a centerfold, Angel is a centerfold

Nah nah nah nah nah nah

Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah

(repeat to fade...)

Nah nah nah nah nah

Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah

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