

Angels "I Ain't The One"

Visit "[I Ain't The One](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

Smokers smoking in the smoking room, fishes in the
fish tank

sailors waiting for the tide to turn, too bad the ship
sank

well dressed wax-work wound up to walk

stares through the window

clown in the alley-way looking for an exit, facing the
shadows

I don't patronise you

I don't try to put you down

I don't criticise you

I ain't the one , I ain't the one to judge

Hard hitting journalist, says he's a communist

says he believes in world war III

lives in a high-rent luxury apartment, he ain't fooling
me

I don't patronise you

I don't try to put you down

I don't criticise you

I ain't the one , I ain't the one to judge

Reading the newspaers, keeping in touch

they steal your secrets, but i ain't the one to judge

Visit [Angels](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.