

## The Angels

### "I Aint the One"

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(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 newspapers, keeping in touch

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

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