

The Angels

"Take Me Home"

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(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster-Throckman)
I've thinking of far out places, trying to find a cool
oasis,
get away from living in the streets,
where dirty money is the game, the dealer never knows
your name,
people marching to the same old beat.
The street's alive with pretty girls, who take you all
around the
world, if you've got enough to pay the price,
neon lights, they beckon you, come and see what we
can do,
watch a colour movie, ain't it nice?
(Chorus)
Oh won't you please just let me use your telephone,
I've had enough I want to take a taxi home,
Take me from the heat, take me from this city streets
Take me, take me home -- take me home.
I've been walking these streets at night, hoping I don't
get in a
fight, doing what I did the night before,
hanging 'round the alley way, wandering down by the
bay,
watching drunken sailors trying to score.

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