

Angel, Chicken Soup

Standin' there, by the old town clock.
With my coat in my hand,
I thought I'd go for a walk
Like my Momma said: "You'll never be poor";,
But can you really be sure
You've got to help, doctor doctor, got to take the cure.

Strollin' round, I was hit by surprise,
By a bit of a dream,
That looked me straight in the eyes.
My Momma said: "You'll never be poor";,
But can you really be sure?
You've got to help, doctor doctor, got to take the cure.

Everyday, I think I see her again,
With the passing of time,
My chances just never came.
Like my Momma said: "You'll never be poor";,
But can you really be sure?
You've got to help, doctor doctor, got to take the cure.

Fourteen years, since I saw her that night,
Things are not quite the same,
My head just ain't feelin' right.
My Momma said: "You'll never be poor";,
But can you really be sure?
You've gotta to help, doctor doctor, got to take the cure.

Oh you're right that I tried,
To tell myself that I'll be all right.
Feelin' poor, that's for sure,
I need a bowl of my Momma's cure.

Oh you're right that I tried,
To tell myself that I'll be all right,
Feelin' poor, that's for sure,
I need a bowl of my Momma's cure.