

# Angels, Live It Up

(R. Brewster-Neeson-Miller)

Riding on a lucky wheel of seventeen

I think I'm gonna live to be 103

feel like wild card -- what you say

a slice of the night's gonna come my way

Walking through the city

I'm a king of surprise

my midnight champagne's ready on ice

it's Saturday night, I got nerves of steel

I can roll all night on a roulette wheel

Let the night roll on

I'm looking for hell

Let the night roll on

I'm making a kill

it's Saturday night

I waited so long

let the night roll on

Playing along with the rest of the world

saxophone women...satisfied girls

I'm a wound-up string on a violin

the future's gonna take me where I've never been

I could be naked Sunday with nothing to wear

I wouldn't know it, I wouldn't care

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