

Angels, Public Enemy 1980

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

Home movies, cold U.V.'s more groovies
waiting for a ticket of leave
some learners get nervous, the perverts
all want to play with Eve
sat back to look at your cracked actors
drowning in a sea of smiles
blue doorways lead four ways they always
said you were a lonely child
Poor baby, poor baby
poor baby, too tough to talk to me
Inspection, correction, rejection
caught in a cul-de-sac
ignition, collision, admission
that you want to double back
poor baby, don't listen, had visions
what life is really like
you waited, debated, delayed it
then you shut your eyes
Poor baby, poor baby
poor baby, too tough to talk to me
You found out, your big out leaves no doubt
you've lost your head in the skies!
striped lady, she's crazy, picks daisies
she's got the neon eyes
give money, it's funny you dummy
baked your cake and ate it too
the truth is that sometimes
just one time can be enough with you!
Poor baby, poor baby
poor baby, too tough to talk to me
