

Faithless, Angeline

You've been out on the tiles,
Winning the smiles of men of low persuasion,
But I know you drink yourself crawling in the street until dawn,
Girl you look like a bad dream,
You've been places I've never been.
Come home, come home Angeline.
Come home, come home Angeline.
You've been places I've never been.
You took the small change from the job in the hall,
Be back in an hour but you're not back at all.
The children are crying, the flowers are dying,
There's no food on the table,
I don't think I'm able to cope,
You've been places I've never been.
Come home, come home Angeline.
Come home, come home Angeline.
You've been places I've never been.
Cheap perfume and alcohol, dancing on tables,
With kissing for strangers all laughing and howling,
And jokes and tall tales that ain't funny at all,
Bluffers and smugglers, boozers and gamblers,
Jump old queens and tarts at the babbled bar.
Oh, they've been pushing you too far.
Come home, come home Angeline.
Come home, come home Angeline.
You've been places I've never been.
Come home, come home Angeline.
Come home, come home Angeline.
You've been places I've never been.