

# Martin Sexton, Angeline

Girl you been freakin'  
Like you never freaked before  
Not that freakin' is uncool  
But to you I know there's so much more  
Like where is that sassy child  
And where is that girl's next trip  
Why you been keepin' your green eyes shut  
And your pretty mouth zipped

Angeline Come to me  
Come clean Talk to me  
Don't you hide Come and show  
Show me Your beautiful side

You can call me a snoopin' dog  
Tell me where you've been at  
I'm gonna sniff gonna dig  
Around you 'til I find what's up with that  
It's making you crazy  
Living by the answering machine  
Open up Open up sweet child  
Unfold your arms for me Angeline

I've been your brother  
I've been your sister  
I've been your loser  
I've been your mister  
I've been the angel and the devil on your shoulder  
You know we never kept nothing but a pitchfork  
And wings in between us 'til now

Knock knock Who's there  
Well it's me Angeline  
I say knock knock Who's there  
I ain't no stranger  
You're in no danger of losing me

Angeline Come on clean  
Talk to me Talk to me baby  
Don't you hide Come and show  
Show me  
It's me Angeline oh yes it is child  
I'm here for the duration  
And my caring takes no vacaion

Angeline Angeline  
Come on clean  
Open up those pretty green eyes for me  
I'll do you no harm, it'll do you no harm Angeline.