

# Mott The Hoople, Sweet Angeline

(Ian Hunter)

Oh Angeline, I love you, your mouth is like a sting  
and when I close my eyes each night, I often hear you sing  
Imagination's hidden book, you wrote it on the wing  
And when I vowed to comfort you, well you swallowed everything  
Angeline, oh my Angeline  
My Sweet Angeline - you have rendered me unseen  
I would cry a million smiles for my Indian City queen  
Well your body it is broken in so many different ways  
And when I stoop to find your head, well it disappeared in haze.  
your blood flows like the finest juice - the kiss of burgundy  
and where it comes from no one knows, but where it's going I can't see  
Angeline, oh my Angeline  
My Sweet Angeline - (y'know) you have rendered me unseen  
I would cry a million smiles for my Indian City queen  
Angeline, oh my Angeline  
You little Angeline - you have rendered me unseen  
I would cry a million smiles for my Indian City queen  
And your crystal-coloured cardboard bins - attack me from the paint  
and I think that I am getting lost among the swollen states  
oh rescue me or bury me, for I care not what you do  
there is just one thing that I want to say am I really you  
Angeline, oh my Angeline  
My Sweet Angeline - you have rendered me unseen  
I would cry a million smiles for my Indian City queen