

Seekers, Angeline Is Always Friday

Clatter -- the milkman at my doorstep, bustle -- my neighbour at her tea;
In all the world no one's so glad to see the sun as me.

Angeline is always Friday, Angeline is spring forever;

Winter Angeline could never be.

Mister Wilson, old and smiling, lifts his cap as she is passing,

Bowing her politely on to me.

Chorus:

The week has gone its lonely way;

I've waited for my only day

Away from shadows,

In her sunlight I can tell her, "I love you, Angeline."

Angeline is always Friday, suitcase on the rack above;

She hasn't even read her magazine.

Angeline is counting stations, 'til the one where I am standing,

Waiting for my only Angeline.

(Instrumental bridge)

(Chorus)

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