

The Tiger Lillies, Angel

She sang like an angel
To the chattering plates
But your pimp and your pusher
You both thought were great
Well, you earned enough money
To pay for your stuff
It's great having brown skin
It doesn't show up

You sang like an angel
To the chattering cups
At the end of the day
You weren't tough enough
Your pimp and your pusher
Well, they beat you up
Well, It's great having brown skin
It doesn't show up

Well, your voice became sand-paper
Sand-paper worn
As your heart it was broken
Your heart it was torn
And when you died
The police all queued up
It's great having brown skin
It doesn't show up