

# A.J. Croce, Almost Angeline

You remind me of someone that I used to know  
Who reminds me of places that I used to go  
Which reminds me there's something that I want to say  
Oh, never mind it doesn't matter anyway  
Underneath that girlish smile  
Underneath that Paris style  
Even though it's been a while  
You're almost Angeline  
On the other hand, she wasn't like the other girls  
On the other hand, she never wore her hair in curls  
On the other hand, she didn't have a wedding ring  
On the other hand, I guess that don't mean anything  
Underneath that girlish smile  
Underneath that Paris style  
Even though it's been a while  
You're almost Angeline

Then she said, you don't remember me  
Though you're not the girl you used to be  
Either way the girl I see is almost Angeline  
You remind me of someone that I used to know  
Who reminds me of places that I used to go  
Which reminds me there's someone that I gotta be  
I remember now how she slipped away from me  
Underneath that girlish smile  
Underneath that Paris style  
Even though it's been a while  
You're almost Angeline  
Almost Angeline  
Almost Angeline  
Almost Angeline