

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