

# Angel, Can You Feel It

I woke up late this morning  
I pulled myself right out of bed.  
Right outside my window,  
The rain was fallin' hot as lead.  
So I drank a pint of rum,  
'Till rushed up to the top of my head.  
Then lookin' kinda pale,  
I drank a glass of ale again.

Lift a toast to the past,  
Drink to the future at last.  
Then fill another glass,  
'Cause it's comin' up much too fast.

Now runnin' through the streets,  
Lookin' for some hospitality.  
I found the nearest inn,  
Asn I had a fifth of gin sent to me.  
When I saw a small dispute,  
Over girls of ill repute, naturally.  
Then the lights went out,  
And I took a subtle hint to leave.

Lift a toast to the past,  
Drink to the future at last,  
Then fill another glass,  
'Cause it's comin' up much too fast.

Chorus:  
Can you feel it, Can you feel it at all?  
Can you feel it, Can you feel it at all?

Sittin' on a fence,  
Breaking your defense for affection.  
Watchin' every move,  
Though you haven't got a clue or suspicion.  
You know you're looking fine,  
But you're thinkin' there's some kind of connection.  
You're asking is that all,  
Lookin' through a crystal ball for direction.

Lift a toast to the past,  
Drink to the future at last.  
Then fill another glass,  
'Cause it's comin' on much too fast.

Solo

Chorus:  
Can you feel it, can you feel it at all.  
Can you feel it, can you feel it at all.  
(Repeat & fade)