Angels, I Ain't The One

Angels
Angels Greatest
I Ain't The One
(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

Smokers smoking in the smoking room, fishes in the fish tank
sailors waiting for the tide to turn, too bad the ship sank
well dressed wax-work wound up to walk
stares through the window
clown in the alley-way looking for an exit, facing the shadows

I don't patronise you
I dont' try to put you down
I don't criticise you

I ain't the one , I ain't the one to judge

Hard hitting journalist, says he's a communist
says he believes in world war III
lives in a high-rent luxury apartment, he ain't fooling me

I don't patronise you
I dont' try to put you down
I don't criticise you

I ain't the one , I ain't the one to judge

Reading the newspaers, keeping in touch
they steal your secrets, but i ain't the one to judge