

# Angels, Tear Me Apart

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster-Throckman)

I've thinking of far out places, trying to find a cool oasis,  
get away from living in the streets,  
where dirty money is the game, the dealer never knows your name,  
people marching to the same old beat.

The street's alive with pretty girls, who take you all around the  
world, if you've got enough to pay the price,  
neon lights, they beckon you, come and see what we can do,  
watch a colour movie, ain't it nice?

(Chorus)

Oh won't you please just let me use your telephone,

I've had enough I want to take a taxi home,

Take me from the heat, take me from this city streets

Take me, take me home -- take me home.

I've been walking these streets at night, hoping I don't get in a  
fight, doing what I did the night before,

hanging `round the alley way, wandering down by the bay,  
watching drunken sailors trying to score.

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