

Elton John, Angeline

Well I'm work shy, I'm wild-eyed
So shut that door when the baby cries
And keep me well fed, give me warm bread
Lay my body on a feather bed
And spoil me, Angeline
Get to work when the whistle screams, Angeline

Maybe someday, some way
Somewhere in the future there's more pay
Give me more cash, bring me sour mash
Peel me a grape and fetch my stash
And bite me, Angeline
Let me use you like a sex machine, Angeline

You've got to swing that hammer, punch that card
Angeline I love you when you work so hard
Swing that hammer and sew my jeans
Angeline just loves it when I treat her mean

Well I talk tough, I act rough
Lay still honey I can't get enough
And keep your nose clean, let me be
On your knees when you speak to me
And trust me, Angeline
And talk real dirty and I'll make you scream Angeline