

# 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