

# Gene Pitney, Angelica

Each night I meant to say I missed her through the day  
But I'd forget it I never said it  
I'd pass the flower shop Lord knows I meant to stop  
But I'd say tomorrow perhaps tomorrow

Tomorrow there'd be time  
There'd always be another spring  
Time to make her laughter ring  
Time to give her everything

For my Angelica, my Angelica  
There's so much you never knew  
So much I always meant to say and do for you, for you  
Angelica

And then the cold winds came  
And when I spoke her name  
And held her near me  
She couldn't hear me

The shadow had been cast  
Too many springs had passed  
For Angelica sweet Angelica  
Now in my silent room I tend the flowers that I'd buy  
As they slowly fade and die  
Watered by the tears I cry

For my Angelica, my Angelica  
There's so much you never knew  
So much I always meant to say and do for you, for you  
Angelica, Angelica, Angelica