

Miss Angie, Getcha

Black, fuzzy, matted heart
Hears the wonderful seed
Blue, pretty, feathered bird
Eats up the need
Bright, blazin' sun burns up
Thick, crowded vine chokes out
They'll getcha, they'll getcha, they'll getcha
They'll getcha, and then they'll forgetcha
Wined and dined and feeling oh so fine
Treasures towered, don't need the divine
Smart and sure in thine own eye
With these you are dead inside
Didn't they tell you? Didn't they tell you?
They'll getcha, they'll getcha, they'll getcha
They'll getcha, and then they'll forgetcha