

Van Morrison, Angelou

Angeliou oh Angeliou
Oh oh Angeliou Angeliou
Oh Angeliou oh Angeliou oh my Angeliou

In the month of May
In the month of May
In the city of Paris
In the month of May
In the month of May
In the city of Paris
And I heard the bells ringing, and I heard the bells ringing
In the month of May
In the city of Paris and I called out your name

In the month of May
In the city of Paris
In the month of May
In the city of Paris
Oh oh Angeliou oh Angeliou oh oh Angeliou oh my Angeliou

Walkin' on a city street who would think you could ever be touched
By a total stranger, not me
But when you came up to me that day and I listened to your story
It reminded me so much of myself
It wasn't what you said but the way it felt to me
About a search and a journey just like mine

Will you be my baby
Will you be my baby now
Will you be my baby
Will you be my baby now
Angeliou oh Angeliou
Angeliou oh Angeliou
Yes I will yes I will yes I will
After she told all these things to me I said I got a story too
It goes something like this