

Angeline

A streetwise girl,
Tough enough to make it on your own—
But you're soft enough in the places where it counts.
And in your world
It may be someone like me just don't belong—
I'm a working man, babe, I'm not one of your clowns.

Angeline, I love you,
But I don't want to shove you
Into a romance you're not ready for.
Angeline, please hear me,
I get chills when you're near me;
I'll stand shaking just outside your door—
I'm waiting here for you, Angeline.

I see you walk
Down the street with all of your girlfriends—
More and more I catch your eye.
I hear you talk,
And I listen for the mention of my name—
Yesterday I heard you say it twice.

Angeline, I love you,
But I don't want to shove you
Into a romance you're not ready for.
Angeline, please hear me,
I get chills when you're near me;
I'll stand shaking just outside your door—
I'm waiting here for you, Angeline.

I know you hunger for things I could never give you,
But there's such a thing as a Midas touch that turns love to forever—
And that's the one thing I can give you, Angeline.

Angeline, I love you,
But I don't want to shove you
Into a romance you're not ready for.
Angeline, please hear me,
I get chills when you're near me;
I'll stand shaking just outside your door—
I'm waiting here for you, Angeline.

Words & Music by Michael Cody