

Sweet Angeline  
Mott The Hoople

(intro) G C G C

G C D  
Oh Angeline, I love you, your mouth is like a sting  
Em Bm C D  
and when I close my eyes each night I often hear you sing  
G C D  
Imagination s hidden book, you wrote it on the wing  
Em Bm C D  
And when I vowed to comfort you, you swallowed everything.

G C  
Angeline, oh my Angeline  
C G Am D  
My sweet Angeline - you have rendered me unseen  
Em C D G C  
I would cry a million smiles for my Indian City queen

(Depois é apenas repetição das notas)

Angeline, oh my Angeline  
My sweet Angeline - you have rendered me unseen  
I would cry a million smiles for my Indian City queen

And your crystal coloured cardboard bins - attack me from the paint  
and I think I m getting lost, among the swollen states  
Oh rescue me, or bury me, for I care not what you do  
There is one thing that I want to say - well am I really you?