

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?