

# Angels, Public Enemy 1980

(Brewster-Neeson-Brewster)

Home movies, cold U.V.'s more groovies  
waiting for a ticket of leave  
some learners get nervous, the perverts  
all want to play with Eve  
sat back to look at your cracked actors  
drowning in a sea of smiles  
blue doorways lead four ways they always  
said you were a lonely child  
Poor baby, poor baby  
poor baby, too tough to talk to me  
Inspection, correction, rejection  
caught in a cul-de-sac  
ignition, collision, admission  
that you want to double back  
poor baby, don't listen, had visions  
what life is really like  
you waited, debated, delayed it  
then you shut your eyes  
Poor baby, poor baby  
poor baby, too tough to talk to me  
You found out, your big out leaves no doubt  
you've lost your head in the skies!  
striped lady, she's crazy, picks daisies  
she's got the neon eyes  
give money, it's funny you dummy  
baked your cake and ate it too  
the truth is that sometimes  
just one time can be enough with you!  
Poor baby, poor baby  
poor baby, too tough to talk to me

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