

Does she walk? Does she talk?  
Does she come complete?  
My homeroom homeroom angel always pulled me from my seat  
She was pure like snowflakes, no one could ever stain  
The memory of my angel could never cause me pain  
The years go by and I'm looking through some girlie magazine  
And there's my hometown angel on the pages in between

My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold  
My angel is a centerfold, angel is a centerfold  
My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold  
Angel is a centerfold

Slipping notes, under the desk  
While I was thinking about her dress  
I was shy, I turned away, before she caught my eye  
I was shakin' in my shoes whenever she flashed those baby blues  
Something had a hold on me when Angel passed close by  
Those soft and fuzzy sweaters, so magical to touch  
To see her in that negligee is really just too much.

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Come on  
Nah nah nah nah nah nah....

It's okay, I understand  
This ain't no never-never land  
I hope that when this issue's gone  
I'll see you when your clothes are on  
Take your car, yes we will, we'll take your car and drive it  
Take it to a hotel room, and get 'em off in private  
A part of me has just been ripped  
The pages from my mind are stripped  
Oh no, I can't deny it  
Oh yeah, I guess I got to buy it

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Come on  
Nah nah nah nah nah nah.....

Nah nah nah nah nah nah.....