

Can You Feel It

Angel

I woke up late this morning
I pulled myself right out of bed.
Right outside my window,
The rain was fallin' hot as lead.
So I drank a pint of rum,
'Till rushed up to the top of my head.
Then lookin' kinda pale,
I drank a glass of ale again.

Lift a toast to the past,
Drink to the future at last.
Then fill another glass,
'Cause it's comin' up much too fast.

Now runnin' through the streets,
Lookin' for some hospitality.
I found the nearest inn,
Asn I had a fifth of gin sent to me.
When I saw a small dispute,
Over girls of ill repute, naturally.
Then the lights went out,
And I took a subtle hint to leave.

Lift a toast to the past,
Drink to the future at last,
Then fill another glass,
'Cause it's comin' up much too fast.

Can you feel it, Can you feel it at all?
Can you feel it, Can you feel it at all?

Sittin' on a fence,
Breaking your defense for affection.
Watchin' every move,
Though you haven't got a clue or suspicion.
You know you're looking fine,
But you're thinkin' there's some kind of connection.
You're asking is that all,
Lookin' through a crystal ball for direction.

Lift a toast to the past,
Drink to the future at last.
Then fill another glass,
'Cause it's comin' on much too fast.

Can you feel it, can you feel it at all.
Can you feel it, can you feel it at all.