

# Angeline

Freedy Johnston

I love my Angeline  
She was my lucky charm  
Growing little fields of green  
On her daddy's farm  
Now she's doing twelve to fifteen  
And I'm on the run  
Tell me if you ever see  
You see my Angeline

I met her at the Tulsa fair  
Outside the fence, dealing to a carny  
She said she had a whole lot more  
And so away we went  
When Angie showed me her room  
Well, I knew we'd be doing business soon  
Splitting everything in two, fifty-fifty  
She was my lucky charm  
Gettin' hard and gettin' mean  
Up on Mabel's Farm  
And I am living in her old Airstream  
And spending her money  
Tell me if you ever see

You see my Angeline

Baby baby baby  
Angeline  
Baby baby baby

Angie I said don't run, don't run away  
They will only catch you  
You knew that there would come a time  
And there would come a day  
And then Angie saw the hounds  
I was driving by when they put her on the ground  
And I didn't stop 'til I was out of gasoline

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