

## Angelene

Jo Dee Messina

Angelene, she's such a pretty thing  
All dolled up in her hip-huggin' jeans  
Mama's heels and her ruby red rouge  
Sneakin' out while her daddy's passed out  
Hangin' out with the wrong crowd  
She's got all the right moves  
And she's givin' away little pieces of her innocence  
She don't know what she;s lookin' for  
She just knows something's missin'

Oh, Angelene, can't you see  
What you need ain't what you're gettin'  
Oh, Angelene, you're bein' used  
Save some of that love for you,  
Angelene

Angelene is sure that he's the cure  
He's got a kind of reckless allure  
Like a fast ride on the wild side  
So she turns her cheek when he's havin' a mean streak  
And if you ask her real sweet  
She won't look you in the eye  
And she's callin' it love, ah, but there is no resemblance  
It's a drive down a dead end street on the path of most resista  
nce

Oh, Angelene, can't you see  
What you need ain't what you're gettin'  
Oh, Angelene, you're bein' used  
Save some of that love for you,  
Angelene

Yeah, she's givin' away little pieces of her innocence  
She don't know what she's lookin' for  
She just knows something's missin'

Oh, Angelene, can't you see  
What you need ain't what you're gettin'  
Oh, Angelene, you're bein' used  
Save some of that love for you,  
Angelene