

Seven Angels Greet Me In The Carpark

Kiki Rockwell

Ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah

Seven angels greet me in the carpark
Get in the car, urgent voices, they chant
Tummy don't lie, somethin' doesn't feel right
Mammal, mammal, they're turning on the streetlights

Ahh, ahh

Danger, power, danger, power
Danger, power, danger, power

(Danger, power, danger, power)
(Danger, power, danger, power)

Ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah
Ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah

Get home, lights off, work boot prop on doormat
Hound at my side, in my arms a black cat
Big coat, door frame, in the dark a figure
Knife in my hand, you'll become my dinner

Ahh, ahh

Danger, power, danger, power
Danger, power, danger, power

(Danger, power, danger, power)
(Danger, power, danger, power)

Paranoia, knew that's what you'd call it
Paranoia, knew that's what you'd call it
Paranoia, knew that's what you'd call it
Paranoia, knew that's what you'd call it
Paranoia, knew that's what you'd call it
Paranoia, knew that's what you'd call it
Paranoia, knew that's what you'd call it
Paranoia, knew that's what you'd call it

Ah-ah-ah-ah, ah-ah-ah-ah