

Take Me Home

The Angels

I've thinking of far out places, trying to find a cool oasis,
get away from living in the streets,
where dirty money is the game, the dealer never knows your name
,
people marching to the same old beat.
The street's alive with pretty girls, who take you all around t
he
world, if you've got enough to pay the price,
neon lights, they beckon you, come and see what we can do,
watch a colour movie, ain't it nice?

Oh won't you please just let me use your telephone,
I've had enough I want to take a taxi home,
Take me from the heat, take me from this city streets
Take me, take me home - take me home.
I've been walking these streets at night, hoping I don't get in
a
fight, doing what I did the night before,
hanging 'round the alley way, wandering down by the bay,
watching drunken sailors trying to score.