

Standing in the kitchen
Wondering where Anjela's gone
She didn't even drive here
She couldn't have got very far

What does it matter anyways?
I didn't like her anyways
I only let her crawl into my arms
I wasn't trying to lead anyone on
I was only trying to stay warm

Oh Anjela
Can't stand the cold
And it's not summer anymore
I haven't seen the last of her

There was euphemisms and arrangements
There was alleged transgressions
She said, "I'm not very good at talking about this stuff
So nevermind"
She buried her face in the pillow

What does it matter anyways?
She didn't like me anyways
I only thought because she climbed into my arms
But she wasn't trying to turn anyone on
She was only trying to stay warm

Oh Anjela
Can't stand the cold
And it's not summer anymore
I haven't seen the last of her
Oh Anjela
Can't stand the cold
And it's not summer anymore
I haven't seen the last of her