

Angeline is Always Friday
Lyrics by Tom Paxton, Music by Bruce Woodley

Clatter, the milkman at my doorstep,
Bustle, my neighbour at her tea,
In all the world no one's so glad to see the sun as me.

Angeline is always Friday, Angeline is spring forever.
Winter Angeline could never be.
Mister Wilson, old and smiling, lifts his cap as she is passing,
Bowling her politely on to me.

The week has gone its lonely way.
I've waited for my only day,
Away from shadows,
In her sunlight I can tell her, "I love you, Angeline."

Angeline is always Friday, suitcase on the rack above,
She hasn't even read her magazine.
Angeline is counting stations, 'til the one where I am standing,
Waiting for my only Angeline.

(Musical Bridge)

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