

Face of an Angel

She had the face of an angel, blonde flowing hair
I thought that she was perfect but my friends said beware
She's got the eyes of a serial killer, that maniacal stare
I thought they were wrong, very wrong, being most unfair.

She said come with me, hold my hand, take my wrist
Come along with me, embrace me, I'll reduce your risk
The risk that you'll grow old, die an old man's death
And to your children bequeath a lot of unused wealth.

I thought she meant that we'd, live fast, love hard, die young
Like the title of that old nineteen-fifties song
I know that I don't fancy becoming old and infirm
So, right away I was sold, into her web was drawn.

My friends said you should look, look carefully at her past
She's already buried five husbands, only three months ago was the last
She's clever and cunning, the men had been in fine health
Suspicious deaths, we think it poison, and she got all their wealth.

I thought I'd do due diligence, uncover her back story
And what I did discover there made me a little wary
This five-time widowed beauty had become real rich
My head began to swim, my palms began to itch.

We were married for a moment, it didn't last too long
I'd decided I would act, before she did me wrong
I'm now a widower, happy, rich, fancy free
How that happened you'll never hear from me.

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