

Fooling Yourself (The Angry Young Man)

Styx

You see the world through your cynical eyes
You're a troubled young man I can tell
You've got it all in the palm of your hand
But your hand's wet with sweat and your head needs a rest
And you're fooling yourself if you don't believe it
You're killing yourself if you don't believe it Why must you be such an angry young man
When your future looks quite bright to me
And how can there be such a sinister plan
That could hide such a lamb, such a caring young man
And you're fooling yourself if you don't believe it
You're killing yourself if you don't believe it Get up, get back on your feet
You're the one they can't beat and you know it
Come on, let's see what you've got
Just take your best shot and don't blow it

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