

# I'm Not Angry

## The Everly Brothers

I hope your radio won't play until I've had my say  
I hope your mail always fails to reach you  
Until you wanna hear from me  
I hope your wristwatch goes berserk  
But I'm not angry, I'm just hurt I hope your phone will never ring and you can never sing  
I hope your car doesn't start, cannot move  
Until you wanna be with me  
I hope your brand new dress gets torn  
But I'm not angry, just forlorn I'll make a voodoo dance to fit with bats and owls  
We'll haunt your house on rattle chains  
We'll hang around until you call my name  
And tell me that you want me back again I hope your records always break, your shoes make your feet ache  
I hope your luck will get stuck on black cats  
Until you want a kiss from me  
I hope your TV's always bad  
But I'm not angry, I'm just sad

Lyrics provided by

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