

Don't Be Afraid of Your Anger

[Clem Snide](#)

Don't be afraid of your anger
I'll eat it with mustard and wine
And the crumbs in your hair
You should shampoo with care
If it's tearless, I'm sure it would say
And don't be afraid of the language
I know you don't mean what you said
Well, your tongue can get sharp
But it's soft in my mouth
And there's towels and ice we could use
Don't roll your eyes at me slowly
I know I was acting the slut
When I loosened my belt
And said, "I know how you felt"
From a book that explained it away
From a book that explained it away
So don't be afraid of your anger
I'll eat it with mustard and wine
And lick the blood off your lip
And the bruise on your hip
When this pillow fight gets out of hand
When this pillow fight gets out of hand

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