

# 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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