Angry Words

Willy Porter

I can see those visions dancing
Across the foot of my bed
Crumpled sheets, two tired bodies
Sins I commit now in my headI have cursed your name a thousand times or more
Your photograph lies deep at the bottom of my drawer
But when I looked at it this morning
I had no angry words to say, no angry words to sayThe coffee maker that you gave me it finally broke down
It up and died this morning with a groaning sound
All these ghosts I have driven out, driven them from my house
It's a simple life I lead still got a lot to learn aboutYeah, but I'm finally getting over
Yes, I'm finally getting over yeah, I'm finally getting over
The sad part of yesterday no angry words to sayI learned a little 'bout forgiveness, learned a little 'bout sin
A little 'bout the soul of a man living within this skin
I ain't afraid of a new love that could be starting
And I don't wear a face that says I'm weary-broken-hearted
I don't need someone to smother with the love that you discardedNo, I'm finally getting over yes, I'm finally getting over
Yeah, I'm finally getting over the sad part of yesterday
Yeah I'm finally getting over yes I'm finally getting over
I'm finally getting over, the sad part of yesterday
Yeah, I'm finally getting over, over you

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