

Angry

Paul McCartney

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

What the hell gives you the right
To tell me what to do with my life?
Especially when you made a mess
Of every chance you had to successLook at you, just look at you
I said, "I'm angry just looking at you"
Oh, come onYeah, I'm sick and tired of sitting back
And listening to all of your clap-trap
If you could get me to take the rap
I guarantee, you'd leave me with a backslapPush me to the left, push me to the right
Try to take me out of the way
Even if you kick me off the edge of the world
You're still gonna hear me sayWhat the hell gives you the right
To tell me what to do with my life?
Especially when you made a mess
Of every chance you had to successLook at you, oh, look at you
I said, "I'm angry just looking at you"
Shouting down, shouting downShouting down again, mama
Shouting down again
Shouting down again, mama
Shouting down againShouting down, shouting downI can't begin to tell you
All the reasons why you're making me crazy
I've got so many answers
Like you're stupid, like you're crooked, like you're lazyHit me with your left, hit me with your right
Hit me from the top to the toe
Even when you chew me up and spit me out
I'm still gonna wanna knowWhat the hell gives you the right
To tell me what to do with my life?
Especially when you made a mess
Of every chance you had to successLook at you, look at you
I said, "I'm angry just looking at you"
Lookin', shoutin', come onShouting down again, mama
Shouting down again

Shouting down again, mama
Shouting down againLet me tell you
Come on, baby
Shouting down, shouting down
Angry, baby, angry, baby
What the hell gives you the right?

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>