

# Angry Boy

## Cree Summer

Blending his grin into a sneer  
Up to his neck in ancient shit  
He'd make a real good military beast  
But I'm afraid that's about it Talking off the wall in a voice to shut you out  
Angry boy  
(Angry boy)  
He would rather kill than find a cure for it  
Poor boy But she'll lay you down, hold you close  
'Neath her wings it's alright, she'll take care of you He stopped looking up at what might have been  
He left no room to turn around and change  
He's waiting for the panic to set in  
He's hunting around for pain Talking off the wall in a voice to shut you out  
Angry boy  
(Angry boy)  
He would rather kill than find a cure for it  
Poor boy But she'll lay you down, hold you close  
'Neath her wings it's alright, she'll take care of you He's got soft words, well, he will slug you with But she'll lay  
you down, hold you close  
'Neath her wings it's alright  
(It's alright, it's alright) But she'll lay you down, hold you close  
'Neath her wings it's alright  
(It's alright, it's alright) But she'll lay you down, hold you close  
Beneath her wings it's alright  
(It's alright, it's alright) But she'll lay you down, hold you close  
'Neath her wings it's alright, she'll take care of you

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