

# Angry Angel

Imogen Heap

This is an obsession, a kind of aggression with himself  
It's the way he'll always be  
He loves to rebel to go against his ten commandments  
For him, that's just being free And he always will, oh get his thrills  
The only way he knows how, well it might make you frown  
But he just loves, being that dove, roaming where he cares to go  
State of mind that no-one knows Over there stands my angry angel  
And he's shaking his head, in disgrace with me  
Over there stands my angry angel  
And he's frowning like hell, I'm not feeling guilty Over and over again, more and more for the pain  
To release himself, from this shell  
And time after time, you may glare at him for the way he looks  
Like something drawn up from hell But that's just his cover from what is under it  
All his imagination, his passion for a creation  
Which he has discovered, uncovered a world  
Of amazing sensations, yeah, his own little nation Over there stands my angry angel  
And he's shaking his head, in disgrace with me  
Over there stands my angry angel  
And he's frowning like hell, I'm not feeling guilty I don't care, I don't care, I don't care, I don't care  
And I don't care and I don't care and I don't care  
And I don't care and I don't care and I don't care  
And I don't care Over there stands my angry angel  
And he's shaking his head, in disgrace with me  
Over there stands my angry angel  
And he's frowning like hell, I'm not feeling guilty, now And over there stands my angry angel  
And he's shaking his head, in disgrace with me  
Over there stands my angry angel  
And he's frowning like hell, I'm not feeling guilty, yeah Well I'm not feeling guilty, well I'm not feeling guilty  
Well I'm not feeling guilty, 'cause I don't care  
Well I'm not feeling guilty, well I'm not feeling guilty  
Well I'm not feeling guilty, 'cause I don't care

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