

## **Porter Willy**

### **"Angry Words"**

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I can see those visions dancing

across the foot of my bed

crumpled sheets, two tired bodies

sins i commit now in my head.

I 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 say.

The coffee maker that you gave me

well, 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 about.

"Yeah, but i'm finally getting over....yes, i'm finally  
getting over...

the sad part of yesterday

no angry words to say."

I learned a little 'bout forgiveness  
a little 'bout sin  
a little 'bout the soul of a man  
living within this skin.  
ain't afraid of a new love that could be starting  
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 discarded.  
'cause i'm finally getting over.....yes, i'm finally getting  
over  
the sad part of yesterday  
no angry words to say

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