

Cross, Christopher

"Angry Young Men"

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Words and music by Christopher Cross and Rob Meurer

Father
Mother
Doin' the best they can
Sister
Brother
Out there livin' on the lam
Heedless
Guarded
Makes it hard to understand

With all this history
Trust won't come easily
I know it's hard to believe
Nobody meant you no harm

All the angry young men
All the lonely young girls
Caught in a web of confusion
In an unintended world

Father
Mother
We're doin' the best we can
Sister
Brother
Changing the best laid plans
Childlike
Childish
I wish you could understand

To come to maturity
With some sense of dignity
I know it's hard to believe
Nobody means you no harm

All the lonely old women
All the angry old men
Hoping the hurt was behind them
Starting it over again

Love can be the reality
But only as far as the heart can see

With all this history
Trust won't come easily
I know it's hard to believe
Nobody needs you

To come to maturity
With some sense of dignity
I know it's hard to believe
Nobody means you no harm

All the angry young men
All the lonely young girls
Caught in a web of confusion
In an unintended world

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