Imogen Heap "Angry Angel"

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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

State of mind that no-one knows

cares to go

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

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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