

Cree Summer **"Angry Boy"**

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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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