

Paul McCartney

"Angry"

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Whoa!

What the hell gives the right
To tell me what to do with my life?
Especially when you made a mess
Of every chance you had of success.
Look at you,
Just look at you,
I said, I'm angry just looking at you.

Well, I'm sick and tired of sitting back
And listening to all of your clap-trap. (clap-trap)
If you could get me take the rap, I guarantee
You'd leave me with a backslap. (backslap)
Push me to the left, push me to the right,
Try to take me out of the way.
Even if you knock me off the edge of the world,
You're still gonna hear me say:

What the hell gives you the right
To tell me what to do with my life?
Especially when you made a mess
Of every chance you have of success.
Look at you,
Oh, look at you,
I said, I'm angry just looking at you.

Shouting down again, mahama, shouting down again.
Shouting down again, mahama, shouting down again.

Ow!
Oh!

Oh-oh!
Oh, oh, now, hah, hah, hah!
Hubbah, shout it out! Shout it out!

I can't begin to tell you all the reasons
Why you're making me crazy. (crazy)
I've got so many answers, like you're stupid,
Like you're crooked, like you're lazy. (lazy)
Hit me with your left, hit me with your right,

Hit me from the top to the toe.
Even when you chew me up and spit me out,
I'm still gonna want to know.

What the hell gives the right
To tell me what to do with my life?
Especially when you made a mess
Of every chance you had of success.
Look at you,
Look at you,
I said, I'm angry just looking at you.

Looking, shouting, look out!

Shouting down again, mahama, shouting down again.
Shouting down again, mahama, shouting down again.

Whoa!

Can't you hear me telling you?
Come on, babe, shout it down! Shout it down!

Shout it down!
Shout it down!
Shout it down!
Shout it down! Oo-ee, baby, oo-ee, baby.
Shout it down!
Shout it down!
Shout it down!

What the hell gives you the right?

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