

Rory Block

"Off The Handle"

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Well i fly off the handle
A little too quick
Guess you could call me a nervous man
For the last week or two
It don't take too much
To make me wanna raise my hand
Well it's one of those days
When you'd rather not be
So low down and dirty
Your luck's out to sea
Well i fly off the handle
A little too fast
You know friends think I look like an angry man
Like bad memory turned up again
I find it hard not to raise my hand
Well it's one of those towns
Where you'd rather not stay
Come back and see it
Some other day
Well it's one of those nights
When you know you're alone
Feeling half crazy
Just body and soul
Well my cat won't scratch
Or show it's claws
It just prowls around the house all day
For the last night or two
I can't eat or drink
I think i'm gonna fade away
Well it's one of those days
When you'd rather not be
So low down and lonesome
Your luck's out to sea

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