

An Angle

"Angry Drunk"

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True, Loves, a Phone Call, Away.
And for fifty, dollars, I'll purchase it today.
And they follow, me, up stairs, and into my room.
And my heart, is beating, faster, when I'm feeling blue.

And so there, you were, painting on the ground.
Some homework, a sun, that you, left lying around.
And I'm always, one, foot, behind.
Yea the roads, go and take, me to, a travelling life.

But if I, leave my number, would you call?
Yea if I, leave my number, would you call?
Yea if I, leave my number, would you call?
Yea if I, leave my number, would you call?

And now every, month, I get, checks in, the mail.
Yea my mother, says, my drinking, becoming an issue.
But I locked my, self safe, in my favorite bar.
And the sun, is setting, with another, glass of wine.

But I look out, the window, my friends, they're smoking
outside.
Yea they're hugging, eachother, like they've. got
nothing to hide.
And so maybe, theres, some truth, in the town.
Because if I, fall, you'd lift me, from the ground.

And I'm, an angry drunk, and they dont mind.
Yea I'm, an angry drunk, and they dont mind.
Yea I'm, an angry drunk, and they dont mind.
Yea I'm, an angry drunk, and they dont mind.

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