

Tim Minchin **"Angry (Feet)"**

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Sometimes I get a bit angry
But you couldn't tell, no you couldn't tell
Unless you looked real closely
Sometimes I get a bit angry
But it's alright, yes it's alright
Cause I keep it out of sight
Inside, deep inside

I breast fed 'til I was nine
Which my WANK... doctor says is fine
And he also says I'd deal with anger better
If I wrote about myself in a poem or a letter

My mother was a STUPID BITCH... caring lady
She taught me all I know
Although I was a little slow, she never gave up
She never let me Slut down
Although she spent a lot of time at the neighbour's
house
When my dad was out of town

I didn't walk 'til I was seven, or talk 'til I was ten
But neither did Napoleon, according to my WANK
fucking doctor
Who has certificates in frames
To substantiate his Dodgy Fucking... claims

My father left my mother for the love of a PANTANG...
nother
And I have a Bastard brother who I've never really
known
Because me dad moved up to Queensland
And he doesn't have a Bullshit You Fat Cunt... telephone

In primary school I had trouble making ASHTRAYS...
friends
An issue which has become somewhat of a trend
The origin of which I can not pretend does not perplex
me
Although my WANK Fucking doctor says it's cool
And that loads of "Fat Prick!" "SHUT UP I'm NOT FAT"...
kids at school

Have problems with communication
And that of course some medication would be wise
And combined with more honest self expression
Could help me with my issues with emotional
repression
And at a hundred and eighty bucks a session
I think I'll take the Theiving Wank BASTARD chap's
advice

I quite like Porn... photography
And books on GUNS... history
And I'd like to be a POLITICIAN... vet
And I feel as I get older
I'm more in control of my violent tendencies
And when I die KILL... and when I die
I'll have no regrets

And I feel that all this writing
Is really Poofy exciting
And my Wank... Wank doctor would be proud
Because I feel a lot less angry
And I'm saying stuff out loud
And I'm letting anger out
Like today in our last session
When I taught the Wank a lesson
'Cause he said I'm not progressing
Said I wasn't moving forward
So I said, "Let's see how you move without your fucking
legs."
And I tied him to his chair
And I pulled out my machete
And I listened to him beg
And then I cut his fucking feet off
And while he laid there bleeding
I used his feet to kick him in the head...

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