

## Angryman

## A Band of Bees

Built my walls long and low  
Knuckles crack and lillies grow  
have a baby hold her up let her know  
Leave the airport to the airplanes  
Leave the taxis to the runways  
silvers high up on the landing  
Tastes like early morning  
May you never lose your temper  
Heavy father heavy son  
Angryman  
That's the hurt thats in your head  
That's the man that you just met  
may not be a brighter day  
but there'll be one on the way  
An angry man needs attention  
Contact and direction