

Angry

bôa

Moving, moving out, said too many things to shout
Had enough of you, and the things in life you choose to do
Could've been beautiful, but everything is growing cold
This is now, when I grow old

Ohh, you know it makes me very angry
Ohh, and I never get so angry

Taking back what was mine, at least I thought so at the time
Everything changes, and I don't know what was before
Something should be there, but I have known and I don't know
This is now, when I grow old

Ohh, you know it makes me very angry
Ohh, and I never get so angry

This is the last time I'll take this from you
This is the last time I'll take this from you

Ohh, you know it makes me very angry
Ohh, and I never get so angry
Ohh, you know it makes me very angry
Ohh, and I never get so angry