

Anger

Marianne Faithfull

We're at a stand-still! what she's been sending,
It's not any money a man can build a house with.
She's as giddy as a cyclone!
All the profits go for her pleasure!
And we're at a stand-still, for what she's been sending
Is not any money a man can build a house with.
Won't she settle down to business ?
Won't she ever learn to save something ?
For what the feather-brain is sending is not any kind of money
A man can build a little house with.

We're making progress.
We have come to los angeles
And every door is open here to welcome extras.
We only need a bit of practice
Avoiding possible faux pas
And what can stop us going straight to the top then ?

O lord, look down upon our daughter,
Show her the way that leads the good to thy reward.

If you take offense at injustice,
Mister big will show he's offended;
If a curse or a blow can enrage you so
Your usefulness here is ended.
Then mind what the good book tells us
When it says: resist not evil.
Unforgiving anger is from the devil.

It took time to teach my sister that wrath would not do
In los angeles, the third big town we came to.
Where her open disapproval of injustice
Was so widely disapproved.
I forever told her: practice self-control, anna,
For you know how much it costs you if you don't.
And she understood and answered:

Yes, I know, anna.