

# matchbox twenty, Angry

So scream you, out from behind the bitter ache  
Heavy on the memory, you need most  
still want love, love's ugly, smooth and delicate  
not without affection, no not alone

And instead of wishing that it would get better  
man you're seeing that you just get angrier

And it's good that I'm not angry  
Well I need to get over, well  
I'm not angry, anymore

Cry when you cry, run when you run  
love when you love  
represent the ashes  
that you leave behind

And instead of wishing that the road had shoulder  
man you're seeing that you're sinking over time

And it's good that I'm not angry  
well i need to get over, well  
I'm not angry  
it's dragging me under  
I'm not angry

I'm not angry it's never been enough  
it gets inside and it tears you up  
I'm not angry but I've never been above it  
you see through me don't you