

# Steve Earle, Angry Young Man

Got a lot of memories tied up in this place  
So much time spent in so little space  
What looked like the world through the eyes of a child  
Kind of closes in on you after awhile  
It's a place to grow up and a place to grow old  
You keep your mouth shut and you do what you're told  
I told mama the day that I ran  
This ain't no place for an angry young man  
Mama if you could see me right now  
You'd be so sure you failed me somehow  
Mama you never could understand  
There ain't no peace for an angry young man  
A cheap hotel a long way from my home  
So many people make you feel so alone  
Dreams die easy out here in these streets  
And hearts grow cold in the city heat  
I ain't never been the patient kind  
I got to live like I please or die tryin'  
At a filling station with a gun in my hand  
The only way for an angry young man  
Got a lot of memories tied up in this place  
Tonight they're starin' me right in the face  
A lonely grave on the outskirts of town  
It's three in the morning, ain't no one around  
Just like a ghost I come out of the night  
But I'll be gone before the morning light  
Mama I hope that you understand  
This ain't no place for an angry young man