

A Band Of Bees, Angryman

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