Billy Joel, Angry Young Man

There's a place in the world for the angry young man With his working class ties and his radical plans He refuses to bend he refuses to crawl And he's always at home with his back to the wall And he's proud of the scars and the battles he's lost And struggles and bleeds as he hangs on the cross And he likes to be known as the angry young man

Give a moment or two to the angry young man With his foot in his mouth and his heart in his hand He's been stabbed in the back he's been missunderstood It's a comfort to know his intentions are good And he sits in his room with the lock on the door With his maps and his medals laid out on the floor And he likes to be known as the angry young man

I believe I've passed the age
Of consiousness and righteous rage
I found that just surviving was a noble fight
I once believed in causes too
I had my pointless point of view
And life went on no matter who was wrong or right

And there's always a place for the angry young man With his fist in the air and his head in the sand And he's never been able to learn from mistakes So he can't understand why his heart always breaks And his honor is pure and his courage is well And he's fair and he's true and he's boring as hell And he'll go to his grave as an angry old man

Yes there's always a place for the angry young man With his working class ties and his radical plans He refuses to bend he refuses to crawl And he's always at home with his back to the wall And he's proud of the scars and the battles he's lost And he struggles and bleeds as he hangs on the cross and he likes to be known as the angry young man