

Cree Summer, Angry Boy

Blending his grin into a sneer
Up to his neck in ancient shit
He'd make a real good military beast
But I'm afraid that's about it
Talking off the wall in a voice to shut you out
Angry boy
He would rather kill than find a cure for it
Poor boy
But she'emmm may you down, hold you close
'neath her wings it's alright she'll take care of you

He stopped looking up at what might have been
He left no room to turn around and change

He's waiting for the panic to set in
He's hunting around for pain

Talking off the wall in a voice to shut you out
Angry boy
He would rather kill than find a cure for it
Poor boy
He's got soft words he will
Slug you with

But she'll lay you down, hold you close
'neath her wings it's alright she'll take care of you