

Jack Bruce, This Anger's A Liar

This anger's a liar
Tells me I can make a difference
Tells me I should push to make things right
This anger lies
Laughs about my closest friends
Tricks me into livin' the fight
Come on girl
Look at my limited life
Come on girl
Tell me to keep believin'
This anger lies
Tells me I can make things right again

This light is vicious
It shows things as they really are
These eyes are mean
They show me what I want to see
Come on woman
Symathise with my pain
Come on woman
Tell me about changin'
This anger's a liar
Tells me I can make things right again

I hate these fists
They feel that they push things
They really don't touch anything at all
These fists deceive me
They feel like they hold things
They can't hold nothin' at all
Nothin' at all

I don't care 'bout the wind in the trees
Or the anger in your stare
I don't care 'bout the enigma in your voice
Or the intimacy there

I'm just afraid of what I can do to us
I'm afraid of what I can do to us
Come on baby help me 'cos I don't care