

# Tim Minchin, Angry (Feet)

Sometimes I get a bit angry  
But you couldn't tell, no you couldn't tell  
Unless you looked real closely  
Sometimes I get a bit angry  
But it's alright, yes it's alright  
Cause I keep it out of sight  
Inside, deep inside  
I breast fed 'til I was nine  
Which my (quack) doctor says is fine  
And he also says I'd deal with anger better  
If I wrote about myself in a poem or a letter  
My mother was a (stupid bitch) caring lady  
She taught me all I know  
Although I was a little slow, she never gave up  
She never let me (slut) down  
Although she spent a lot of time at the neighbour's house  
When my dad was out of town  
I didn't walk 'til I was seven, or talk 'til I was ten  
But neither did Napoleon, according to my (quack, fucking) doctor  
Who has certificates in frames  
To substantiate his (dodgy, fucking) claims  
My father left my mother for the love of a (poontang)... nother  
And I have a (bastard) brother who I've never really known  
Because me dad moved up to Queensland  
And he doesn't have a (bullshit, you fat fuck) telephone  
In primary school I had trouble making (ashtrays) friends  
An issue which has become somewhat of a trend  
The origin of which I can not pretend does not perplex me  
Although my (quack, fucking) doctor says it's cool  
And that loads of ("Fat prick!" "Shut up, I'm not fat!") kids at school  
Have problems with communication  
And that of course some medication would be wise  
And combined with more honest self expression  
Could help me with my issues with emotional repression  
And at a hundred and eighty bucks a session  
I think I'll take the (thieving fat bastard) chap's advice  
I quite like (porn) photography  
And books on (guns) history  
And I'd like to be a (politician) vet  
And I feel as I get older  
I'm more in control of my violent tendencies  
And when I die (kill)... die  
I'll have no regrets  
And I feel that all this writing  
Is really (poofy) exciting  
And my (quack... quack) doctor would be proud  
Because I feel a lot less angry  
And I'm saying stuff out loud  
And I'm letting anger out  
Like today in our last session  
When I taught the (quack) a lesson  
'Cause he said I'm not progressing  
Said I wasn't moving forward  
So I said, "Let's see how you move without your fucking legs"  
And I tied him to his chair  
And I pulled out my machete  
And I listened to him beg  
And then I cut his fucking feet off  
And while he laid there bleeding  
I used his feet to kick him in the head  
Thank you (giggling cunts) very much