

# Timothy B. Schmit, I'm Not Angry Anymore

(Schmit/Lynch)

You got your quota  
What did you buy?  
You always were a by the numbers guy  
They brought you power on a silver tray  
But, now you fade away

Where's the weapon for your crime?  
Where you gonna run, where will the body hide?  
You know the secret but I know the score  
I'm not angry anymore

Think I'm gonna wash these stains from my hand  
Leave all that rage for a younger man

"cause I'm through  
With the likes of you  
Here's your hat, there's the door  
I'm not angry anymore

You get cranky when you're ignored  
I can't help it if you're feeling bored  
Don't take offense at my thought for the day  
Please just go away

So I'm through  
With the likes of you  
Here's your hat, there's the door  
I'm not angry anymore

Maybe you could try therapy  
Put some real in your reality  
Maybe with time you might find yourself  
But for now go bug someone else

I'm through  
With the likes of you  
Here's your hat, there's the door  
I'm not angry anymore  
No--I'm not angry anymore  
No, no, no, no more  
no more  
no more  
Bye, bye