

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