

Willy Porter, Angry Words

I can see those visions dancing
Across the foot of my bed
Crumpled sheets, two tired bodies
Sins i commit now in my head

I have cursed your name a thousand times or more
Your photograph lies deep at the bottom of my drawer
But when i looked at it this morning
I had no angry words to say
No angry words to say

The coffee maker that you gave me
Well, it finally broke down
It up and died this morning
With a groaning sound

All these ghosts I have driven out
Driven them from my house
It's a simple life I lead
Still got a lot to learn about

Yeah, but i'm finally getting over
yes, i'm finally getting over

The sad part of yesterday
No angry words to say.

I learned a little 'bout forgiveness
A little 'bout sin
A little 'bout the soul of a man
Living within this skin

Ain't afraid of a new love that could be starting
I don't wear a face that says I'm weary-broken-hearted
I don't need someone to smother
With the love that you discarded

'Cause i'm finally getting over
Yes, i'm finally getting over
The sad part of yesterday
No angry words to say