

## Off the Handle

Rory Gallagher

Well, I fly off the handle  
A little too quick

Guess you could call me a nervous man  
For the last week or two  
It don't take too much  
To make me wanna raise my hand

Well, it's one of those days  
When you'd rather not be  
So low down and dirty  
Your luck's out to sea

Well, I fly off the handle  
A little too fast

You know friends  
Think I look like an angry man  
Like bad memory turned up again  
I find it hard not to raise my hand

Well, it's one of those towns  
Where you'd rather not stay  
Come back and see it  
Some other day

Well, it's one of those nights  
When you know you're alone  
Feeling half crazy  
Just body and soul

Well, my cat won't scratch  
Or show its claws  
It just prowls  
Around the house all day

For the last night or two  
I can't eat or drink  
I think I'm gonna fade away

Well, it's one of those days  
When you'd rather not be  
So low down and lonesome  
Your luck's out to sea