

I'm Not Angry

The Everly Brothers

I hope your radio won't play until I've had my say
I hope your mail always fails to reach you
Until you wanna hear from me
I hope your wristwatch goes berserk
But I'm not angry, I'm just hurt

I hope your phone will never ring and you can never sing
I hope your car doesn't start, cannot move
Until you wanna be with me
I hope your brand new dress gets torn
But I'm not angry, just forlorn

I'll make a voodoo dance to fit with bats and owls
We'll haunt your house on rattle chains
We'll hang around until you call my name
And tell me that you want me back again

I hope your records always break, your shoes make your feet ache
I hope your luck will get stuck on black cats
Until you want a kiss from me
I hope your TV's always bad
But I'm not angry, I'm just sad

But I'm not angry, I'm just sad