

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