

Angry

Tim Minchin

I don't think.. I think I repress a lot of stuff
like, not just my anxiety and stuff
but my anger and things... Like...
I- I'm really non-confrontational
So I tend not to tell people when I'm feeling cross
with them and whatever, and I think surely... I suffer
because I don't wanna... hurt other peoples feelings or
something.

I went and saw a psychologist recently and talked to
him about this, and he agreed that I need to find a way
to express myself more... you know, when I feel angry
with people.

So what he said I should do was write my feelings down.
That way.. expressing myself without confrontation.

So I've done that, I've written some of my feelings
down in a poem. I think it might help if I could do it
for you guys.

The poem is called Angry.. or, or or.. in brackets
feet...

Bit nervous...

Sometimes... Sometimes I get a bit angry,
But you couldn't tell.
No you couldn't tell,
unless you looked real closely.

Sometimes I get a big angry.
But it's alright,
yes it's alright,
because I keep it out of sight.
Inside,
deep inside.

I breast-fed until I was 9.
Which my ...QUACK... Doctor, says is fine.
And he also thinks I'd deal with anger better
if I wrote about myself in a poem or a letter.

My mother was a ...REAL FUCKING BITCH... caring lady.
She taught me all I know.
Although i was a little slow,
she never gave up,
she never let me ...SLAP... down.
Although she spent a lot of time
at the neighbours house when my dad was out of town.

I didn't walk 'til I was 7,
or talk 'til I was 10.
But neither did Napoleon,
according to my ...QUACK FUCKING... doctor.
Who has certificates in frames
to substantiate his ..DODGY FUCKING... claims.

My father left my mother,
for the love of a ...POONTANG... nother.
And I have a ...BASTARD... brother
who I've never really known.
Because m'dad moved out to colac
BULLSHIT YOU FAT CUNT... telephone.

In primary school I had trouble making ...ASHTRAYS...
friends.
An issue which has become somewhat of a trend.
The origin of which I cannot pretend
has not perplexed me.
Although my ...QUACK, FUCKING... doctor says it's cool
and that loads of ...FAT FREAKS... FUCK YOU!... kids at
school
have problems with communication.
And that a course of medication
would be wise,
And combined with more honest self-expression,
could help me with my issues with emotional repression.
And at 90 bucks a session,
I think I'll take the ...THIEVING, QUACK, BASTARD...
lovely chaps advice.

So I quite like ...PORN... Photography.
And books on ...GUNS... History.
and I'd like to be a ...POLITICIAN... vet.
And I feel as I get older,
I'm more in control of my violent tendencies
and when I die ...KILL... die
I'll have no regrets

And I feel that all this writing is really ...POOFY...
exciting,
and my ...QUACK, DOC, QUACK, FUCKING... Doctor would be
proud.
Because I feel a lot less angry,
and I'm saying stuff out loud,
and I'm letting anger out.

Like today in our last session;
when I taught the ...QUACK... cunt a lesson.
'cuz he said I'm not progessing,
said I wasn't moving forward.
So I said, "well let's see how you move without your
fucking legs."

And I tied him to his chair,
and I pulled out my machete.
And I listened to him beg,
And then I cut his fucking feet off.
And while he lay there bleeding,
I used his feet...
to kick him in the head.

Thankyou ...GIGGLING CUNTS... very much.