

It Takes Blood & Guts to Be This Cool But I'm Stil

Skunk Anansie

Save me from critical acclaim
Save my smile it's too cracked from fame
Wish me well with my fantasy
Feel my arrogance with your sanity Wash me, oh, so painfully clean
Disect my words with a fist full of your dreams
Build me up and strike me down please
Sign my name, sign my name It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliché
It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliché Just a cliché, just a cliché
Just a cliché, just a cliché Colour my views in red, white and blue
I'm wide awake now, wide awake now
I kiss you, I kiss you but I'm falling down
And all my friends are crowding around They're crowding around looking down to see
But all they can see is me, me, me
So blow me away now with your screwed up mind
There's no charm left now for you to find It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliché
It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliché Just a cliché, just a cliché
Just a cliché, just a cliché I see you, you see me
And who the hell am I supposed to be
I don't care now but I know that I should
Wasting away like you knew I would It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, still
It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, still It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliché
Just a cliché, just a cliché
Just a cliché, just a cliché

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