Blood From A Clone

George Harrison

They say they like it but now in the market
It may not go well as it's too laid back
You need some oomph, papa, nothing like Frank Zappa
And not new wave, they don't play that crap
Try beating your head on a brick wall
Hard like a stone
Don't have time for the music
They want the blood from a clone
I hear a clock ticking, I feel the nitpicking
I almost quit kicking at the wall
There seems a confusion under the illusion
That they know just what will suit you all
Beating my head on a brick wall
Hard like a stone
Ain't got time for the music
They want the blood from a clone
There is no sense to it, pure pounds and pence to it
They're so intense too, makes me amazed
Don't want no music but they're making you sick with
Some awful noises that may get played
By beating their heads on a brick wall
Hard like a stone
Ain't no messing 'round with music

Give them the blood from a clone
Beating my head on a brick wall
Hard like a stone
Ain't got time for the music
They want the blood from a clone
Where will it all lead us? I thought we had freed us
From the mundane, seems I'm wrong again
Could be they lack roots, they're still wearing Jack boots
And marching somewhere in the pouring rain
Beating my head on a brick wall
Hard like a stone
Don't have time for the music
They want the blood from a clone
By beating their heads on a brick wall
Hard like a stone

Ain't no messing 'round with music
Give them the blood from a clone
Beating my head on a brick wall
Hard like a stone
Ain't got time for the music
They want the blood from a clone

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/