

Rv

Faith No More

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(l,m,p) Faith No More

Billy Gould: Bass Guitar; Jim Martin: Guitar;

Mike Patton: Vocals >

(Angel Dust [Slash Records, 1992])

Backside melts into a sofa

My world, my TV, and my food

Besides listening to my belly gurgle

Ain't much else to do

Yeah, I sweat a lot

Pants fall down every time I bend over

And my feet itch

Yeah-I married a scarecrow

I hate you

Talking to myself

Everibody's starin' at me

I'm only bleedin'

Someone taps me on the shoulder every 5 minutes

Nobody speaks English anymore

Would anybody tell me I was gettin' stupider?

I hate you

Talking to myself

You don't feel it after awhile

You take the beating

I'm a swingin' guy

Throw a belt over the shower curtain rod

And swing - - -

Toss me inside a Hefty

And put me in the ground

A drink needs me

I don't

I ain't about to guzzle no tears
so kiss my ass
newscasters, coakroaches, and desserts
I hate you
Talkin' to myself
Everibody's starin' at me
I'm only bleedin'
Where are the kids?
maybepregnantorondrugs
oronwelfareontopoftheworld
donthehonorolonparoleontheDodgers
onthebackofmilkcartonsonstakes
inthemiddleofcornfields
oncoversoffuturehistorybooks
onoldlady'smantleswalkin'onwaternailedoncrosses
I think it's time I had a talk with my kids
I'll just tell 'em what my daddy told me
YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA AMOUNT NOTHIN'

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