

# Rv

## Faith No More

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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(l,m,p) Faith No More

< Mike Bordin: Drums; Roddy Bottum: Keyboards;

Billy Gould: Bass Guitar; Jim Martin: Guitar;

Mike Patton: Vocals >

( Angel Dust [Slash Records, 1992] )

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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, coackroaches, 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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Lyrics provided by  
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