

# R.V.

## Faith No More

---

(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?  
maybe pregnant or on drugs  
or on welfare on top of the world  
don't the honor roll on parole on the Dodgers  
on the back of milk cartons on stakes  
in the middle of corn fields  
on covers of future history books  
on old lady's mantles walkin' on water nailed on crosses  
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'

---

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>