

R.V.

Faith No More

(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])

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'

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