

Crack Hitler

Faith No More

(p) Faith No More
Billy Gould: Bass Guitar; Jim Martin: Guitar;
Mike Patton: Vocals >
(Angel Dust [Slash Records, 1992])

Sink the eight ball
Buy the lady a drink
And nobody knows my name
Bodies float up
From the bottom of the river
Like bubbles in fine champagne
He's the one, no doubt
Walkin' on a tightrope
He's the one, no doubt
Got a gash on my head
And a grin on my face
And a shadow called danger
Hidin' in the sheets
And on the streets
In the heart of every stranger
Here he comes, look out

Teach the world a lesson
Here he comes, look out
Sweat on the brow
And a tap on the phone
And lives are on the line
Pick up the briefcase
On a high speed chase
Breathin' by the roll
of the dice
Reachin' up to the top
We're dependin' on you
Reachin' up to the top
"In regards to
My usage of the drug...
it modified my personality
to the extent that I was

highly irritable"
"I was like a crack Hitler"
Keep up the fight
And in the wink of an eye
Never give up
Ooo..ahh..
look out

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