

# Blood from a Clone

George Harrison

They say they like it but now in the market  
It may not go well as it's too laid back  
You need some oomph, papa, nothing like Frank Zappa  
And not new wave, they don't play that crap  
Try beating your head on a brick wall  
Hard like a stone  
Don't have time for the music  
They want the blood from a clone  
I hear a clock ticking, I feel the nitpicking  
I almost quit kicking at the wall  
There seems a confusion under the illusion  
That they know just what will suit you all  
Beating my head on a brick wall  
Hard like a stone  
Ain't got time for the music  
They want the blood from a clone  
There is no sense to it, pure pounds and pence to it  
They're so intense too, makes me amazed  
Don't want no music but they're making you sick with  
Some awful noises that may get played  
By beating their heads on a brick wall  
Hard like a stone  
Ain't no messing 'round with music  
Give them the blood from a clone  
Beating my head on a brick wall  
Hard like a stone  
Ain't got time for the music  
They want the blood from a clone  
Where will it all lead us? I thought we had freed us  
From the mundane, seems I'm wrong again  
Could be they lack roots, they're still wearing Jack boots  
And marching somewhere in the pouring rain  
Beating my head on a brick wall  
Hard like a stone  
Don't have time for the music  
They want the blood from a clone  
By beating their heads on a brick wall  
Hard like a stone  
Ain't no messing 'round with music  
Give them the blood from a clone  
Beating my head on a brick wall  
Hard like a stone  
Ain't got time for the music  
They want the blood from a clone

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