

Why Do You Bother

Faith No More

Why hold on
Your hands are getting sore
You must be scared of something
From the time before, well
We're here again
How long, who knows
It's not your right to tell me
Where this trip will go
Pull away
You're dying today
You could enjoy it
If you could take your feelings with you
But put your mind on me
And suck my energy
And see the speed gets higher
I see you hold on tighter But just fatigue
Is all your face will show
It's weary from the stress
Getting delirious
I didn't want this race
We can't keep up this pace
We don't want to get well
We want to go to hell
We want an urban dream
The fucking urban scream
This time was mine to borrow
I'll pay for it tomorrow
You'll pay for it today
And as we drive away
I'll make my pleasure greater
Push the accelerator (And down we go)

Songwriters

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