

## **Faith No More** **"Everything's Ruined"**

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Things worked out better than we had planned  
Capital from boy, woman and man  
We were like ink and paper  
Numbers on a calculator  
Knew arithmetic so well  
Working overtime completed what was assigned  
We had to multiply ourselves  
A bouncing little baby  
A shiny copper penny  
And he spent himself  
Would not listen to us  
But when he lost his appetite  
He lost his weight in friends  
Baby became a fat nickel so fast  
Then came puberty

Exponentially  
Soon our boy became a million  
People loved him so  
And helped him to grow  
Everyone knew the thing that was best  
Of course, he must invest  
A penny won't do  
But he made us proud  
He made us rich  
But how were we to know  
He's counterfeit  
Now everything's ruined

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