

Faith No More "Rv"

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(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 the sofa

My world, my TV, 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

My feet itch

Yeah-I married a scarecrow

I hate you

Talking to myself

Everybody'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 if I was gettin' stupider?

I hate you

Talking to myself

You don't feel it after awhile

You take a 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

The drink needs me

I don't

I ain't about to guzzle no tears

so kiss my ass

newscasters, cockroaches, and desserts

I hate you

Talkin' to myself

Everybody'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 have honor, no parole on the Dodgers
on the back of milk cartons on stakes
in the middle of cornfields
on covers of future history books
an old lady's mantle 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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