Skunk Anansie "It Takes Blood & Guts To Be This Cool,&hellip"

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Save me from critical acclaim
Save my smile its' too cracked from fame
Wish me well with my fantasy
Feel my arrogance with your sanity

Wash me oh so painfully clean
Disect my words with a fist full of your dreams
Build me up and strike me down please
Sign my name, sign my name

It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliche
It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliche
Just a cliche, just a cliche
Just a cliche, just a cliche

Colour my views in red, white and blue I'm wide awake now, wide awake now I kiss you, I kiss you, but I'm falling down And all my friends are crowding around

They're crowding around looking down to see But all they can see is me, me, me So blow me away now, with your screwed up mind There's no charm left now, for you to find

It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliche
It takes blood and guts to be this cool
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Just a cliche, just a cliche
Just a cliche, just a cliche

I see you, you see me And who the hell am I supposed to be I don't care now but I know that I should Wasting away like you knew I would

It takes blood and guts to be this cool But I'm still, still

It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, still
It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliche
Just a cliche, just a cliche
Just a cliche, just a cliche

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