

# Everything's Ruined

Faith No More

We were so happy.  
Things worked out better than we had planned.

We were like ink on paper. Numbers on a calculator Knew arithmetic so well.  
Working overtime, completing 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.

He became a fat nickle 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.

One penny won't do. No.(4X)

And he made us proud. He made us rich. But how were we to know; he's counterfeit.

Now everything's ruined. Yeah(4X)