

Midlife Crisis

Faith No More

1. Go on and wring my neck
Like when a rag gets wet
A little discipline
For my pet genius
My head is like lettuce
Go on, dig your thumbs in
I cannot stop giving
I'm thirty-something

Sense of security
Like pockets jingling
Midlife crisis
Suck ingenuity
Down through the family tree

R: You're perfect, yes, it's true
But without me you're only you (you're only you)
Your menstruating heart
It ain't bleedin' enough for two

It's a midlife crisis
It's a midlife crisis

2. What an inheritance
The salt and the Kleenex
Morbid self attention
Bending my pinky back
A little discipline
A donor by habit
A little discipline
Rent an opinion

Sense of security
Holding blunt instrument
Midlife crisis
I'm a perfectionist
And perfect is a skinned knee

R: You're perfect...

It's a midlife crisis...
It's a midlife crisis...

R: Go on and wring my neck
Like when a rag gets wet
Go on and wring my neck
Go on and wring my neck
Like when a rag gets wet
bleedin' enough for two