

## Why Do You Bother

Faith No More

Why hold on?  
Your hands are getting sore  
You must be scared of something  
From the time before, well...  
We're here again  
How long, who knows?  
It's not your right to tell me  
Where this trip will go  
Pull away  
You're dying today  
You could enjoy it  
If you could take your feelings with you  
But put your mind on me  
And suck my energy  
And see the speed gets higher  
I see you hold on tighter....

But just fatigue  
Is all your face will show  
It's weary from the stress  
Getting delirious  
"I didn't want this race  
We can't keep up this pace"  
We don't want to get well  
We want to go to hell  
We want an urban dream  
The fucking urban scream  
"This time was mine to borrow  
I'll pay for it tomorrow"  
You'll pay for it today  
And as we drive away  
I'll make my pleasure greater  
Push the accelerator

(and down we go)