

RV

Faith No More

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, coakroaches, and desserts
I hate you
Talkin' to myself
Everybody's starin' at me
I'm only bleedin'
Where are the kids?
maybepregnantorondrugs
oronwelfareontopoftheworld
donthehonorrolonparoleontheDodgers
onthebackofmilkcartonsonstakes
inthemiddleofcornfields
oncoversoffuturehistorybooks
onoldlady'smantleswalkin'onwaternailedoncrosses
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'