

Fe Fi Fo Fum

Vega, Nico

It's the bastard's saints that created the children
They never look back, no they never ever do
It's the fatherless sons who can't find love
'Cause they can't find something that never ever was

Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an American man
Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an American...

It's the circus of madness that travels around us
Hope doesn't walk and talk on it's own
It's the crown that's worn by the [nodding of operas]?
You can't cure everyone's heart.

Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an American man
Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an American...

Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an American man
Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an American...

It's the American man who's not so sufficient
So he robs the poor to reap all the riches
And the city's on fire, the fire's too big
We need a flood and an arc to start over again, yeah!

Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an American man
Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an American...

Na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na

Wooooaahhh

Fe Fi Fo-Oh Fum
I smell the blood of an American man
Fe Fi Fo-Oh Fum
I smell the blood of an American man yeah yeah

Fe Fi Fo-Oh Fum
I smell the blood of an American man
Fe Fi Fo-Oh Fum
I smell the blood of an American...