

# Faith No More, Blood

It doesn't really matter, the things you say to me  
Cause if I had a ladder, up there is where I'd be  
Outta here where the air is cold, you're messing with my mind  
Hey! You do it every time, Hey! And the season comes around  
Once more, once more.

It doesn't really matter, the things you try to say  
It doesn't really matter, you say 'em every day  
Right now just give me more blood  
Just give it to me deep red  
A flowing river crimson  
A flowing river burning with desire  
It's great, but I never said how great  
Hey, you never really asked, well, I'm asking you right now  
So shut up and explain  
What's on your mind  
In this dark hour  
I said it doesn't matter, I can't be that much fatter  
And you'll never get as much blood  
From a phony Blarney, stone, rock, hard, Granite!?! Solid.