

Faith No More, Greed

Over the hills they came from the valley
Making innuendoes about my lack of talent, oh well...
They say that when I'm supposed to be singing
All I 'm really doing is yelling, oh well...
To you I say

Break out or get out
Then they say that i can't sing
That I don't say a thing
That I make everything up...oh well
To you I say...

Break out or get out
Break out or get out
Get out of your mind
Cause it's much too small
And there's so much going on