

# Faith No More, Midlife Crisis

Go on and wring my neck  
Like when a rag gets wet  
A little discipline  
For my pet genius  
My head is like lettuce  
Go on dig your thumbs in  
I cannot stop giving  
I'm thirty-something

Sense of security  
Like pockets jingling  
Midlife crisis  
Suck ingenuity  
Down through the family tree

You're perfect yes, it's true  
But without me you're only you  
Your menstruating heart  
It ain't bleedin' enough for two

It's a midlife crisis...

What an inheritance  
The salt and the kleenex  
Morbid self attention  
Bending my pinky back  
A little discipline  
A donor by habit  
A little discipline  
Rent an opinion

Sense of security  
Holding blunt instrument  
Midlife crisis  
I'm a perfectionist  
And perfect is a skinned knee

You're perfect yes it's true  
But without me you're only you  
Your menstruating heart  
It ain't bleedin' enough for two

It's a midlife crisis...