

Faith No More, RV

Backside melts into the sofa
My world my TV and my food
Besides listening to my belly gurgle
There ain't much else to do
Yeah, I sweat a lot
Pants fall down everytime I bend over
My feet itch
Yeah - I married a scarecrow

I hate you
Talkin' to myself
Everybody's staring at me
I'm only bleedin'

Someone taps me on the shoulder every 5 minutes
No one speaks English anymore
Would anybody tell me if I was getting stupider?

I hate you
Talkin' to myself
You don't feel it after awhile
You take the 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

A drink needs me
I don't
I ain't about to guzzle no tears
So kiss my ass
Newscasters, cockroaches, and desserts

I hate you
Talking to myself
Everybody's staring at me
I'm only bleeding

Where are the kids?
Maybe getting pregnant or on drugs or on welfare
On top of the world on the honor roll on parole
On the dodgers on the backs of milk cartons
On stakes in the middle of cornfields
On covers of future history books on old lady's mantles
Walkin' on water nailed on crosses

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 TO NOTHIN'