

Faith No More, The Gentle Art Of Making Enemies

The words are so familiar-
All the same greats, the same mistakes
It doesn't have to be like this

If you don't make a friend now
One might make you
So learn
The gentle art of making enemies

Don't look so surprised
Happy birthday...fucker
Blow that candle out,
We're gonna kick you, kick you

[Don't say you're not because you are]
[Don't say you're not because you are]
[History tells us that you are]
[History tells us that you are]

And all you need is just one more excuse
You put up one hell of a fight, you put up one hell of a fight
I wanna hear you very best excuse
I never felt this much alive, I never felt this much alive

Your day has finally come-
So where the hat and do the dance
And let the suit keep wearing you.

This year you'll sit and take it
And you will like it-
It's the gentle art of making enemies

I deserve a reward
Cuz I'm the best fuck that you ever had
And if I tighten up my hole-
You may never see the light again

[There's always an easy way out]
[There's always an easy way out]
[You need something wet in your mouth]
[You need something wet in your mouth]

I never felt this much alive