

Faith No More, Why Do You Bother?

Why hold on?
Your hands are getting sore
You must be scared of something
From the time before, well...
We're here again
How long, who knows?
It's not your right to tell me
Where this trip will go
Pull away
You're dying today
You could enjoy it
If you could take your feelings with you
But put your mind on me
And suck my energy
And see the speed gets higher
I see you hold on tighter....

But just fatigue
Is all your face will show
It's weary from the stress
Getting delirious
"I didn't want this race
We can't keep up this pace"
We don't want to get well
We want to go to hell
We want an urban dream
The fucking urban scream
"This time was mine to borrow
I'll pay for it tomorrow"
You'll pay for it today
And as we drive away
I'll make my pleasure greater
Push the accelerator

(and down we go)