

Faith No More, Blood

It doesn't really matter, the things you say to me
Cause if I had a ladder, up there is where I'd be
Outta here where the air is cold, you're messing with my mind
Hey! You do it every time, Hey! And the season comes around
Once more, once more.
It doesn't really matter, the things you try to say
It doesn't really matter, you say 'em every day
Right now just give me more blood
Just give it to me deep red
A flowing river crimson
A flowing river burning with desire
It's great, but I never said how great
Hey, you never really asked, well, I'm asking you right now
So shut up and explain
What's on your mind
In this dark hour
I said it doesn't matter, I can't be that much fatter
And you'll never get as much blood
From a phony Blarney, stone, rock, hard, Granite!?! Solid.