

Faith No More, Crack Hitler

Sink the eight ball
Buy the lady a drink
And nobody knows my name
Bodies float up
From the bottom of the river
Like bubbles in fine champagne

He's the one, no doubt
Walking on the tight rope
He's the one, no doubt

Got a gash on my head
And a grin on my face
And a shadow called danger
Hidin' in the sheets
And on the streets
In the hearts of every stranger

Here he comes, look out
Teach the world a lesson
Here he comes, look out

Sweat on the brow
And a tap on the phone
And lives are on the line
Pick up the briefcase
On a high speed chase
Breathin' by the roll of the dice

Reachin' up to the top
We're depending on you
Reachin' up to the top

"In regards to
The usage of the drug...
It modified my personality
To the extent that I was
Highly irritable."
"I was like a crack Hitler."

Keep up the fight
And in the wink of an eye
Never give up

Ooh...ahh...
Look out