

Skunk Anansie, It Takes Blood & Guts To Be This

Save me from critical acclaim
Save my smile its' too cracked from fame
Wish me well with my fantasy
Feel my arrogance with your sanity

Wash me oh so painfully clean
Dissect my words with a fist full of your dreams
Build me up and strike me down please
Sign my name, sign my name

It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliché
It takes blood and guts to be this cool
But I'm still, just a cliché
Just a cliché, just a cliché
Just a cliché, just a cliché

Colour my views in red, white and blue
I'm wide awake now, wide awake now
I kiss you, I kiss you, but I'm falling down
And all my friends are crowding around

They're crowding around looking down to see
But all they can see is me, me, me
So blow me away now, with your screwed up mind
There's no charm left now, for you to find

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I see you, you see me
And who the hell am I supposed to be
I don't care now but I know that I should
Wasting away like you knew I would

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