

# 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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But I'm still, just a cliché  
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