The Fall, Blood Outta Stone

Unfortunately I'm coming from a bad end
And I'm destined for a bad end

But hanging around with you is like blood outta stone
Getting stuff outta youse is like blood outta stone
Blood outta stone

You're history
You've quit existation
You're green grub

And if I had any guts
I'd turn those money tables up
You dis-corporate bore
You make me tired to the bone

Cos getting things outta you....

When all your friends have dissolved
And you're yakking on the phone
You're techno-grounded
You're blood outta stone
Might appear deranged
But you're blood outta stone
You're mutton dressed as lamb
Cos you're blood outta stone
At least I've got an aim, chick
Blood outta stone
But I'm working to an aim