

# Faith No More, Greed

Over the hills they came from the valley  
Making innuendoes about my lack of talent, oh well...  
They say that when I'm supposed to be singing  
All I 'm really doing is yelling, oh well...  
To you I say ....

Break out or get out  
Then they say that i can't sing  
That I don't say a thing  
That I make everything up...oh well  
To you I say...

Break out or get out  
Break out or get out  
Get out of your mind  
Cause it's much too small  
And there's so much going on