

Faith No More, Last Cup Of Sorrow

This is getting old
And so are you.
Everything you know
And never knew.
Will run through your fingers
Just like sand.

Enjoy it while you can.

Like a snake between two stones
It itches in your bones.
Take a deep breath and swallow
Your sorrow
Tomorrow.

So raise it up and lets propose a toast.
To the thing that hurts you most.

It's your last cup of sorrow.
What can you say?
Finish it today.
It's your last cup of sorrow.
So think of me
And get on your way.

It won't begin
Until you make it end.
Until you know the how the where and the when.
With a new face you might surprise yourself.

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You might surprise yourself
You might surprise yourself