

Foo Fighters, For All The Cows

I'm called a cow
I'm not about to blow it now
For all the cows
For all the cows

It's funny how money allows
All to browse and be endowed
This wish is true
It falls into peaces new
The cow is you, the cow is you

My kind has all run out, as if kinds could blend
Some time if time allows
Everthing worn in, everything worn in
Everything worn in like it's a friend

I said you're all a painted doll
And it caused the walls to fall
How far is he?
Impatiently
That's as far as far can be
As far can be

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