

The Gentle Art of Making Enemies – Faith No More

The words are so familiar
All the same greats, the same mistakes
It doesn't have to be like this
If you don't make a friend now
One might make you
So, learn the gentle art of making enemies
Don't you look so surprised
Happy birthday, fucker!
You blow that candle out
We're gonna kick you, kick you
Don't say you're not because you are
Don't say you're not because you are
History tells us that you are
History tells us that you are
And all you need is just one more excuse
You put up one hell of a fight
You put up one hell of a fight
I wanna hear your very best excuse
I never felt this much alive
I never felt this much alive
Your day has finally come
So, wear the hat and do the dance
And let the suit keep wearing you
This year, you'll sit and take it
And you will like it
It's the gentle art of making enemies
I deserve a reward
'Cause I'm the best fuck that you ever had
And if I tighten up my hole
You may never see the light again
There's always an easy way out
There's always an easy way out
You need something wet in your mouth
You need something wet in your mouth
And all you need is just one more excuse

You put up one hell of a fight
You put up one hell of a fight
I wanna hear your very best excuse
I never felt this much alive
I never felt this much alive
I never felt, never felt this much alive
I never felt, never felt this much alive
I never felt, never felt this much alive
I never felt, never felt this much alive
I never felt, never felt this much alive
I never felt, never felt this much alive
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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych