

# 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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I never felt, never felt this much alive  
I never felt, never felt this much alive



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych