

Blood from a Clone

George Harrison

They say they like it, now, but in the market it
May not go well as it's too laid back.
You need some oomph-papa, nothing like
Frank Zappa
And not new wave they don't play that crap

Try beating your head on a brick wall
Hard like a stone
Don't have time for the music
They want the blood from a clone

I hear a clock ticking
I feel the nitpicking
I almost quit kicking at the wall
There seems a confusion, under the illusion
That they know just what will suit you all

Beating my head on a brick wall
Hard like a stone
Ain't got time for the music
They want the blood from a clone

There is no sense to it
Pure pounds and pence to it
They're so intense too makes me amazed
Don't want no music but, they're making you
Sick with some awful noises that may get played

By beating their heads on a brick wall
Hard like a stone
Ain't no messing round with music
Give them the blood from a clone

Where will it all lead us
I thought we had freed us
From the mundane seems I'm wrong again
Could be they lack roots, they're still wearing Jack boots
They're marching somewhere in the pouring rain

Beating my head on a brick wall
Hard like a stone
Don't have time for the music
They want the blood from a clone