It doesn't really matter, the things you say to me Cause if I had a ladder, up there is where I'd be Outta here where the air is cold, you're messing with my mind Hey! You do it every time, Hey! And the season comes around Once more, once more. It d oesn't really matter, the things you try to say It doesn't really matter, you say 'em every day Right now just give me more blood Just give it to me deep red A flowing river crimson A flowing river burning with desire It's great, but I never said how great Hey, you never really asked, well, I'm asking you right now So shut up and explain What's on your mind In this dark hour I said it doesn't matter, I can't be that much fatter And you'll never get as much blood

From a phony Blarney, stone, roc

k, hard, Granite!?! Solid.