

**Blood From a Clone**

**George Harrison**

INTRO: **G D G D G D G D**

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

**C G**  
Try beating your head on a brick wall  
**D E A**  
Hard like a stone  
**C G**  
Don t have time for the music  
**Bb A D** [INTRO]  
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