



● **I'm not pissing fivers.** By the time half of it's gone to tax and I've paid all the overheads for the roadshows... I'm not saying I'm living on the fucking breadline, and it beats a day job, but when I read in the paper: "Ozzy Osbourne – estimated wealth, £175 million," I think, "Am I talking to the same fucking bank?"

● **There's no rules any more.** You can get your balls out and do a ventriloquist's act with your knob now, and no one will bat an eyelid.

● **They're running out of things to write about me.** When I'm in an interview and somebody asks me something different like, "Have you ever been ice skating?" I'm like, "Fucking hell, what?" because I'm waiting for them to say, "Did you bite the head off a bat?" or, "Did you piss up the Alamo?" People think all I've done in 37 years is gone around killing things. Well, I've done a bit of that, but I've done a lot of other things as well.

● **Humans are gullible.** I used to do a song during which I'd hang fake midgets. Once, on the road, this cop comes Robocopping into the dressing room with the visor, the helmet, the tear gas, the bullets, skintight "ridin' my bike" pants, and says: "Which one of you is Ozzy Boourne?" I say, "Me," and he says, deadly serious, "Do you hang a midget every night? Where do you get them all from?" He didn't even want to arrest me – he was just curious.

● **I'd rather be called "The Prince of Darkness"** than "Michael Jackson".

● **Society is split into addicts and normal people,** and the word "moderation" doesn't exist in my vocabulary. I've never had "a glass" of fucking anything. I'll still say to Sharon, "Look, you've left half that bottle of wine, what was the point of getting it?"

● **People think they've got a divine calling to save you.** Many have tried to convert me. I remember doing shows in the Deep South when I was the Antichrist, people would follow me over eight hours to hand me paragraphs of The Bible to read. I say, if you want to save people, go and join Bob Geldof and go to Africa.

● **All I want to do is give people fun in their lives.** Someone said to me the other day, "Do you think people laugh at you or with you?" and the answer to that is, "As long as they're laughing, I don't give a fuck."

● **What kind of society needs guns?** It's not like they're

## Ozzy Osbourne

Rock star,  
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● **How I'm sitting here alive today is a miracle.**

Every time I took drugs I overdosed, so I should be dead, and then exactly a year ago I fucked myself up on a quad bike. All around my neck I'm all mechanical now, with steel rods and stuff. I severed nerves and arteries in my arm and my lungs were full of blood and my heart stopped twice – all that at 3mph.

● **The media only look for shit on you once they've built you up.** When we were burgled in November, they didn't concentrate on the fact that the guy who did it could have done me and my family a real injury, they just did some exposé about me nicking a fucking tenner out of a till when I was 16.

● **I love the English sense of humour.** Last week, I went to watch Watford play Portsmouth and in a silly moment I decided to shout at the crowd: "Wheeeey! How you all doin' down there?" They all started singing "Ozzy Osbourne is a wanker!" I've been home eight weeks, ripped off for a million quid's worth of gear and called a wanker en masse. I love it.

● **Do it yourself? Fuck off!** That's one of the best reasons to get successful, so some other fucking idiot can "do it" for you. I'm as much use as tits on a nun – if it ain't sparkling fucking new or done for me, I don't want to know.

at war with the Mexicans over there. This billboard on Santa Monica Boulevard lists people who have died from gunshots in various countries, and it's: "Sweden: two. Denmark: four. Africa: fucking five. Canada: 17. United States: 39,871 and it's still fucking August, folks."

● **Combine dyslexia and attention deficit disorder** and you've got a really fucked-up person. Thank God I had music.

● **Women – the weaker sex?** That's the biggest crock of shit I've ever heard. When I found out my missus'd got cancer... It. Knocked. Me. For. Fucking. Six! She was allergic to the painkillers, and went through eight months of sheer willpower and fight. I'd have said, "Allergy or no allergy, whack my stomach up with something that'll make me see a few dreams."

● **I look for the dark clouds on a sunny day,** and won't be happy till I've found them. I've had an amazing career, but I wish my head would tell me that.

● **Don't smoke fucking cigarettes.** Have as much fun as you can when you can, never do the same foolish thing twice and expect different results, but most of all don't smoke fucking cigarettes. If tobacco was discovered today, it'd be down there with crack and smack.

● **I'm a boring old cunt now.** Take today – I've done fuck all wrong all day. ☹

**'Prince of Darkness' (Sony BMG), a boxset spanning Ozzy Osbourne's career, is out on 21 March**