

# Dr. Feelgood, My Buddy Buddy Friends

(Corthon)

Got lots of money  
Got lots of phony friends  
I can drink lots of whiskey  
I can drink lots of gin  
I know every guy in this town  
When my money runs out  
I won't have these friends around

I drove to the Boogaloo Club  
I walked right on in  
Everybody knows me  
By the money that I spend  
Well I finally realized  
That these buddies tell lies  
In fact they're no good friends

Money makes some folks frown  
Money makes some folks steal  
Money gets some folks hurt  
Money gets some folks killed

I don't trust nobody  
Not even my buddy, buddy friends  
I know they'll stab me in the back  
Took away my baby's ring  
Well I finally realized  
That these buddies tell lies  
In fact they're no good friends

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