

Magnapop, My Best Friend

Save the sad for real life my best friend cries at the movies
Even when the story's old and bad
And the tube hurts
And my arm hurts
And the movie is sad

Save your tears they're for the injured man
Because he drinks too much and you don't need it
Emotion drives the car home and hollers
Get me down or wake me up
In a cyclone next to my brother I holler
There is no one like my brother

I may get sick there
Sick with pleasure
Tomorrow's a new day

The roof it rips and then my house is a cave
It is a cave where I hide the car keys from myself
And say you're not going anywhere
Even if your mother's waiting at the door with a towel

You can't dry off the
The hurt no more
Tomorrow is too late
My best friend said so
You can't dry off the
The hurt no more
Tomorrow is too late

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