

# 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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