

The Buzzcocks, Friends

Well, I've been up all night
Couldn't get to dream at all
Trying hard not to make a decision
You know it doesn't seem right
When your back's to the wall
To be accused of sensationalism
But the way things are going
Wouldn't be at all surprised
If a song that I liked won the next Eurovision

I turn around and it all looks the same
I don't even know if I'll ever be loved again
The only thing I can rely on is change

It's a mixed up world
These are mixed up times
And the recipe of life's mixed up too
But it's the quality of the ingredients that matter
I award myself a cordon bleu
But I can't help thinking
That you wouldn't understand
Unless I did a lot of explaining to you

I look around but it still looks the same
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You know, I've often wondered
If what you're telling me is true
But I know that I can make it
If I have my friends to see me through

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