

The Police, Friends

I likes to eat my friends and make no bones about it
I likes to eat my friends, I couldn't do without it
Ain't a man or poet, friend, I know just how you'll taste
Your limbs go sliding down my throat and never go to waste

Your death, of course, will sadden me, until I (?) your essence
I know your life was not in vain when digestion is commencing
Consider this a celebration and the deepest pact of friends
And I hope that you will dine on me when I come to an end

(ah...)

Even friends may come to you with a new found revelation

But think of it as life renewed and not their termination
"To know you is to eat you" should be the code of lovers
Death brings the highest act of love preserved for one another

(ah...)

People say that what you are is only what you eat
And my friends become a part of me, oh well it's then that life's complete
To know you is to eat you, the act of love supreme
Each one of us inside himself can appetize the dream

(ah...)