

The Smile, Friend Of A Friend

I can go anywhere that I want
I just gotta turn myself inside out and back to front
With cut out shapes and worn out spaces
Add some sparkles to create the right effect
They're all smiling, so I guess I'll stay
At least 'til the disappointed have eaten themselves away

Buried from the waist down
Stop looking over our shoulder

All the window balconies, they seem so flimsy as our
Friends step out to talk and wave and catch a piece of sun

I guess I believe in an altered state
Where they leave their windows and their doors open wide
The telephone lines are always busy
Unable to give a reason or a straight answer

Buried from the waist down
Stop looking over our shoulders
We need to get this together

From our window balconies we take a tumble as our
Friends step out to talk and wave and catch a piece of sun

All of that money
Where did it go?
Where did it go?
In somebody's pocket
A friend of a friend
All the loose change
Loose change