

# You Am I, Friends Like You

With friends like you  
I could throw away my tv  
Cause I got it all in spades now  
All triumph and tragedy

And when as a kid with a pocket knife  
Like a stone from a distance thrown  
It's a gamblers trick, it's a pain in the dick  
Must have brought it on myself somehow  
Hey!

With friends like you  
With friends like you  
It's a wonder why a guy gets bent

You gotta fine fine way  
Of draggin' the Clouds underneath the dun  
And those darkened sunsuit tea bag colonge  
And sympathy toasts you all alone

You pick me up like a second hand coat  
Spit and shine a Friday night  
But the things you forget hang around like a bet

You're safe 'till they notice the price, price!

With friends like you  
With friends like you  
It's a wonder why a guy gets bent

Yeah, when you're raining on the parades  
Down in the piss stain with a champagne  
You got it

When you thought she's holding you like she means it  
You hold her by the hand, take you somewhere nice and quiet  
When you thought she's holding you like she means it

Cause when the going gets tough  
She'll kick you in the nuts  
And watch your Christmas list wither and die!, Die!

With friends like you  
With friends like you  
With a French IQ  
It's a wonder why a guy gets bent