

An Pierl, Are Friends Electric?

It's cold outside
And the paint's peeling off of my walls
There's a man outside
In a long coat, gray hat, smoking a cigarette
Now the light fades out
And I wonder what I'm doing in a room like this
There's a knock on the door
And just for a second I thought I remembered you
You know, I hate to ask
But are my friends electric?
So I open the door
It's the friend that I'd left in the hallway
I said, "Please, sit down"
A candle lit a shadow on a wall near the bed
You know, I hate to ask
But are friends electric?
Only much broke down, down, down, down, down
And now I've no one to love
You know, I hate to ask
But are friends electric?