

As Friends Rust, Like Strings (Spell It With a K)

Hit the road and you ignite.
Just add Pabst and eyes grow wild.
I know this town has got you down
and you can't take the pain she brings,
so fuck old friends you've got four here,
tight like strings.
We may never make sense to them.
Because of who we are,
because of what we do.
But what good are they anyway,
when we can only cry on tour?
Now you're fighting the need to be alone,
because a hundred miles outside your calling zone,
there's a bed, a dog, and a girl you once called Home.
But like all good things, they must end,
so just tough it out with your dirty friends.
How good were "things" anyway?
When the pretense won't wash away?
And these cigarettes are smoking you.
And the sex is doing nothing.
And it seems there is no medicine, just that cliched Open Road.
We've been sitting here too long. Lets go.
I know this town has got you down,
and you can't take the pain she brings.
Fuck old friends, you've got four here, tight like strings.