

# Billy Corgan, Friends As Lovers

new york isle/wasn't mine  
was it me/or just my kind  
sinning softly/and talking cheap  
cause there's no place left to be  
but a road that just goes on  
to every leaving town  
friends as lovers  
and loves and friends

shall we dance/into the night  
as the jukebox moans/and pours us tight  
friends and lovers  
andlovers as friends  
cause there's no place left to be  
than wrapped around you now  
in every passing town  
us as lovers/and us as friends

there's no prayer/by a dashboard light  
flagging ghosts and blowing signs  
cause they say/you are the one  
and there's no place left to be

than where you stand right now  
i know these leaving towns  
friends as lovers  
and lovers as friends

to your back/i speak aloud  
to your face/i'm only proud  
we're friends with lovers  
and lovers with friends

darling boy(she says)  
you're on my mind(she says)  
i feel your skin(she says)  
as though it's mine(she says)  
the pain is sweet/too sweet to touch  
and there's no place left to be  
than the shadow of your life  
in every passing town  
friends as lovers  
and lovers as friends