

# Coal Chamber, Friend

Living a lie, let's not pretend  
That you like me or we are friends  
We can call it for the few  
That are listening tonight  
We'll divide the dream cut the loss  
Feel no pain, you can fuck the fame  
You can fuck the fame  
For the ones that are listening

(x2)  
All this time that I called you friend  
I won't be there for you again  
All this time that I called you friend  
I won't be there for you again

Your future's bleak, you better save your skin  
It's that flesh you smell, it's that skin you're in  
Your soul is rotting as well as your inners  
Your mind and teeth they're getting thinner  
Selfish, selfsustaining  
Regrets, unmistakable  
Fuck the fame, you can fuck the fame  
For the ones that are listening

(x2)  
All this time that I called you friend  
I won't be there for you again  
All this time that I called you friend  
I won't be there for you again

(x2)  
Sleep well, sleep tight  
You know this song is about you don't you?

All this time, i called you  
All this time, i called you... Friend!

(x2)  
All this time that I called you friend  
I won't be there for you again  
All this time that I called you friend  
I won't be there for you again

(x3)  
I won't be there for you again