

Funeral For A Friend, All The Rage

Why do we need this
Who was it that said
That great things come to great men
Well that fucker lied to us
There's nothing here but a wasteland,

But I can still see the graves of the dead
but it's useless
most of us would rather sit
than see this wound
that we have created
Let's not last the night
Let's not last the night

I'm sick and I'm tired of always being the good guy
I'm sick and I'm tired of always being the good guy

Senseless and I'm not sure why
I'm not going to pretend that I know all the answers
Of all of these questions
It's got to be good for something

So we'll chalk this up and we'll mount the dead
on the fireplace above right above our guilded heads

I'm sick and I'm tired of always being the good guy
I'm sick and I'm tired of always being the good guy

Like sitting in the back seat (it's all the rage)
and boring me with your body (it's all the rage)
and how many times can I say I'm sorry (it's all the rage)
and really mean it (and really mean it)
and really mean it (and really mean it)
Like sitting in the back seat (it's all the rage)
and boring me with your body (it's all the rage)
and how many times can I say I'm sorry (it's all the rage)
and really mean it (and really mean it)
and really mean it (and really mean it)
and really mean it

Go

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There's nothing here but a wasteland
There's nothing here