

Funeral For A Friend, It's All The Rage

FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND - It's All The Rage.

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

And 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.

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
Or all of the questions
It's got to be good for something
So we'll chalk this 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
Like sitting in the back seat
And boring me with your body
How many times can I say I'm sorry
And really mean it.