

Funeral For A Friend, She Drove Me To Daytime

Can't beat the best ones
A little closer maybe a bit too close
You function you turn out
A flawless performance

Turn your camera away from me (Woah)
Spill your guts in 8mm (Woah)
Put your focus where your mouth is (Woah)
You're the only one who's fading here

Such holidays in the sun don't come without sacrifices
You know it makes more sense
Such holidays in the sun don't come without sacrifices
You know

I like the way you cry
Break my heart and break my hands and let me down
I want to snap your neck in two
And leave you for dead, so dead

Turn your camera away from me (Woah)
Spill your guts in 8mm (Woah)
Put your focus where your mouth is (woah)
You're the only one who's fading here

Such holidays in the sun don't come without sacrifices
You know it makes more sense
Such holidays in the sun don't come without sacrifices
You know it makes more sense

on and on and on and on and on...

...
go!...