

Green River, Your Own Best Friend

Do you say the right things at the perfect time
Do you wear the right clothes and wait patiently in line
Is that what makes you think I think you'll be alright
Why ask one more question when you pretend not to mind

What's wrong with you
What's wrong
Tell me
What's wrong with you

You wear an until your all alone
Even in your own house you don't really feel at home
Your relatives say they like you
And tell you how much you've grown
But if you hang around too long they start to bitch and moan
Like this

All your friends seem to take everything
They never come over when they know
When they know you've got nothing
When you look in the mirror hanging there on your wall
Do you ever wonder why you have friends at all?

What's wrong with you
(Laughter)
What's wrong
That'll be eighty-five dollars, please
(Laughter)
What's wrong?

Appears on Deep Six compilation