

Pulp, Like A Friend

Don't bother saying you're sorry / Why don't you come in
Smoke all my cigarettes again / Every time I get no further
How long has it been? / Come on in now, wipe your feet on my dreams
You take up my time / Like some cheap magazine
When I could have been learning something
Oh well, you know what I mean, oh / I've done this before
And I will do it again / Come on and kill me baby
While you smile like a friend / Oh and I'll come running
Just to do it again / You are the last drink I never should have drunk
You are the body hidden in the trunk / You are the habit I can't seem to kick
You are my secrets on the front page every week
You are the car I never should have bought
You are the dream I never should have caught
You are the cut that makes me hide my face
You are the party that makes me feel my age
Like a car crash I can see but I just can't avoid
Like a plane I've been told I never should board
Like a film that's so bad but I've got to stay till the end
Let me tell you now: it's lucky for you that we're friends.