

Saint Motel, 1997

Well, I've made so many new friends.
With open arms they let me in.
They say they'll be with me 'till the end.
They say they'll stay through thick and thin.
And it's gonna happen in 1997.

The crowd you like is dangerous.
I heard they're just no good.
I'd rather have you stay at home now like a good boy should.

I heard they can't be trusted.
I heard they all wear white.
I'd rather have you prove me wrong than go and prove me right.

Mama, please don't make this harder.

Well, it's tough to love another.
And it's hard to find a friend friend.
Somebody else who has no others.
Somebody else who understands.
Then it happened, in 1997.

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