

Spitalfield, Fairweather Friend

And you'll choke on those words
no one can swallow that much pride
and my contentions all ring true
every word you said was a lie
and I thought we were friends
but you changed that in time
you're too caught up in the trends
and your ego's on the line

you played the role
until I called you out
and I really hope you listened,
I really hope you
change things this time
don't feed me that line
I'm waiting..
for something
that you'll never give...
never again

and this music will end
and you'll move on
to the next dying trend
you're my fairweather friend
and the signals that you send
get mixed too easily
another day like this
could be..
the end of me