

# The Guess Who, Friends Of Mine

Friends of mine don't have the time  
For food or wine  
Just money is on their minds

Life is sweet  
On a one-way street  
They're indiscrete  
And funny, they'll never meet

B-bay-b-bay-b-bay-b-bay-bay-baby...

I gotta get a two-ton truck  
I gotta get a two-ton truck  
I gotta get a two-ton truck  
I gotta get a two-ton truck  
I gotta do it to a duck on a two-ton truck and fade away like Ron Rene  
All right, all right

You got the magical mystery tour  
You got the magical mystery tour  
You got the magical mystery tour  
You got the magical mystery tour

And Kurt is the Walrus  
And Kurt is the Walrus  
And the Walrus does funny things to the veins in his left arm  
All right

And Michael is now a father, all right  
And Michael is now a proud father, all right  
And my good friend Michael is now a proud father  
And Michael is now a father, all right  
And that means Michael's wife is a mother, all right

Up the 13 steps of the gallows walked the condemned man  
And time passes very quickly when death is near  
After having completed the first step, the condemned man knew there were but 12 left  
Before he would meet death and his soul would leave his body  
And after having completed the 13 steps the condemned man was met by a giant cloaked figure  
And with a quick flick of the wrist the man was dead  
And his soul left his body and went down down down  
To a place we laughingly refer to as hell  
But none of us will ever go there because we're all far too groovy  
The man's body was left to rot on the gallows  
And a great multitude of black birds came and picked the man's corpse apart  
Piece by piece  
Limb by limb  
Until nothing remained  
And his blood melted into the ground below

The gallows was made from a tree created by God  
The man's blood dripped into the ground which was created by God  
Even the giant cloaked figure which was the man's own end was created by God  
Even the man's soul which went down was created by God  
Even the black birds which picked the man's corpse apart were created by God  
AND WHERE WAS GOD?

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow  
between the crosses row on row  
to mark the dead

To Flanders Fields the hippies go  
to smoke the poppies there below  
and feed their heads

And they're all friends of mine, each and every one of them, no better or no worse  
And we'll probably end up down there together when it's all over

And that's why we say  
b-bay-b-bay-b-bay-b-bay-b-baby ...

It's all over and it's all right.