

# Uncle Tupelo, So Called Friend

Never again, your so called friend  
Will leave you sick and dry  
This friend has a name  
Knows the gutter and shame  
This so called friend of you and I

?, the long-term goals  
Are to leave this friend behind  
He knows what I lack  
Is a place under the sack  
For every other tie that binds

This last night on the town  
Might be your last fun time out  
And you think to yourself  
There must be a better way than the same routine  
For more than once, you pay  
More than once, you pay

Butt full of lead, stuck in your web  
Held captive by the stream  
Thoughts in your head  
The minute I sped  
And you still had time to dream

This last night on the town  
Might be your last  
And you smile at things and wave goodbye  
More excuses to never even try  
As you wave goodbye

Forget what I said, your friend's not dead  
He's only gone for a while  
Come back to that crack between what's white and what's black  
And give you one last smile

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