

Wednesday 13, With Friends Like These

Friendships can grow horns and a tail
It's a feeling that I know all too well

You're so perfect, honest, trusting and nice yeah right
The best thing that ever happened to me was
When you walked out of my life

Knife in the back, thanks for the memories
With friends like these, who needs enemies yeah

Honesty was something you all lacked,
I'm running out of the room for all these knives in my back

Now you know that you had a free ride, time after time
And now you gotta fucking live with it, and I hope it eats you alive

Take it from me, you'll never be like me
And you can believe what you want to believe
But the truth is you're all too blind to see

And you called yourself a friend