

# Wheatus, Fairl Weather Friend

Hey fair weather friend,  
You know you're ripping me down again,  
And I don't care what you say,  
I can tell when we play,  
That you don't believe in me,  
So this is how it'll end,  
Like it was all just a waste of time,  
Now I got nowhere to go,  
I think I'll call up my bro,  
I do believe he can save my hide,  
I've had enough of your alibis.

Hey Drummer boy,  
Do you remember the beat,  
That we played in the street,  
In the faded summer time,  
Hey keep me hanging one,  
Now I got nowhere to go,  
I think I'll call up my bro,  
I do believe he can save my hide,  
What you think fair weather friend?

Hey mystery man,  
Aint you the guy with the master plan?  
I watch you sit on that fence,  
Just like your fucking parents,  
They never did like me anyway,  
And no I wont be your ass,  
While you go look for some greener grass,  
No I can't be the fool,  
Who watch you push in your stool,  
And stick around just in case you fell,  
Go find some other bitch to nail.

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That we played in the street,  
In the faded summer time,  
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