

# Zita Swoon, Still Half My Friend?

I have a problem  
My only friend he turned his head  
Or else he left the room  
It's not a small one  
I crashed my head  
A real bad way  
Upon a wishful tune  
I cried no tears so far  
But it changed the men we are

This is an odd place  
I turned around and asked my friend  
To swop his shoes with mine  
I always go here  
When all my hopes are down, he said  
And try to keep my high  
It never failed my yet  
I never did regret

Oh man I think I am bleeding  
Yeah friend I'm wet with blood  
It can't be you that grieves me?  
It can't be you that shot?

This is our last chance

The race we run  
Is faster than our lives

This is our last chance

My blood runs cold  
Your eyes they are as ice

We keep away now  
We close our eyes and cling ourselves  
To each and others dream  
It's complicated  
We still ain't sure about  
Who or what did  
Interfere our scene  
We never could agree  
We saw how fate decreed

Who has been deceiving?  
Who volunteers to carry that cross?  
It's gotta be you or me man  
Or do we want those other suckers that much?  
Can't we just do without them?  
Can't we just stay on the road?  
That was laid out for you and me, man  
You left me here to doubt every word  
That was ever spoken between you and me, man  
I wonder if we ever were true  
But if you ever change you mind, man  
I'll be running back to you  
Like a fool

It's in the blood