

Wednesday 13

"With Friends Like These"

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Friendships can grow horns and a tails,
It's a feeling that i know all to well.

You're so perfect, honest, trusting and nice yeah right,
Well 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.

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

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

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

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

You're so perfect, honest, trusting and nice yeah right,
Well 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.

And you call yourself a friend.

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