

UB 40

"Friendly Fire"

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We were partners in crime
Spending our days, serving our time
In the usual way
We went behind the lines
To even the score
I won the battle but you won the war
I used to be a gun for hire
Then I was killed by friendly fire
I used to be a real high flyer
Then I was killed by friendly fire
A shot rang out
And knocked me flat
Ain't no coming back from a lick like that
I never saw it coming, it came out of the blue
I never did believe my assassin would be you
I got the message down the wire
That I was killed by friendly fire
I used to be a gun for hire
Then I was killed by friendly fire
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