

2*sweet "Friends 'Til The Weekend"

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This is the putrid smell of your own living hell
Where heavy rain drowns out the sirens
And every searchlight in the city
Couldn't find me a place that I could call my own
In this wretched place
We stew in our mistakes
With boiling blood we say everything is great

What do you say when every word's a lie
What will you do since you're just growing up to die
What do you say
When everything that you've been told's a lie
What will you do since you're just growing up to die

Old timer, coal miner
Breathe in my dust
I live in lust with the dark days
Where the skies are cold and gray
And life seems so constant and plain
In this wretched place
We stew in our mistakes
With boiling blood we say everything is great

What do you say when every word's a lie
What will you do since you're just growing up to die
What do you say
When everything that you've been told's a lie
What will you do since you're just growing up to die

You can take my head at the gallows
You can take my head at the gallows
Or you could bring this war to my front door
Or you could bring this war to my front door
But you never were a friend in the first place
But you never were a friend in the first place

What do you say when every word's a lie
What will you do since you're just growing up to die
What do you say
When everything that you've been told's a lie
What will you do since you're just growing up to die

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