

Funeral For A Friend "All The Rage"

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Why do we need this?
Who was it that said
That great things come to great men?
Well, that fucker lied to us
There's nothing here but a wasteland
And I can still see the graves of the dead
But it's useless
Most of us would rather sit
Than see this wound
That we have created
Let's not last the night
Let's not last the night

I'm sick and I'm tired
Of always being the good guy
I'm sick and tired
Of always being the good guy

Senseless and I'm not sure why
I'm not going to pretend to know all the answers
Or all of the questions
It's got to be good for something
So we'll chalk this up
And we'll mount the dead
On the fireplace right above our gilded heads
I'm sick and I'm tired
Of always being the good guy
I'm sick and I'm tired
Of always being the good guy

Like sitting in the back seat
(It's all the rage)
And boring me with your body
(It's all the rage)
How many times can I say I'm sorry
(It's all the rage)
And I really mean it
And I really mean it

Like sitting in the back seat
(It's all the rage)
And boring me with your body

(It's all the rage)
How many times can I say I'm sorry
(It's all the rage)
And I really mean it
And I really mean it

Go

Why do we need this?
Who was it that said
That great things come to great men
Well, that fucker lied to us
There's nothing here but a wasteland
There's nothing here

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