

## **Funeral For A Friend**

# **"She Drove Me To Daytime Television"**

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Can't beat the best ones  
A little closer maybe a bit too closer  
You function you turn out  
A flawless performance

Well, turn your camera away from me, woah  
Spill your guts in eight milli meter, woah  
Put your focus where your mouth is, woah  
You're the only one who's ready here

Well, such holidays in the sun don't come without  
sacrifices  
You know it makes more sense  
Well, such holidays in the sun don't come without  
sacrifices  
You know

I like the way you cry  
Break my heart and break my hands and let me down,  
yeah  
I want to snap your neck in two  
And leave you dead, you are so dead

Turn your camera away from me, woah  
Spill your guts in eight milli meter, woah  
Put your focus where your mouth is, woah  
You're the only one who's ready here

Well, such holidays in the sun don't come without  
sacrifices  
You know it makes more sense  
Well, such holidays in the sun don't come without  
sacrifices  
You know it makes more sense, yeah

Go on and on and on and on and on  
Go on and on and on and on and on  
Go on and on and on and on and on  
Go on and on and on and on and on, go

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