

## Geraldine Quinn "Best Of Friends"

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Was I sick on your couch?  
I can't quite remember, didn't mean to offend you  
At least I'm not as bad as last week  
That is, according to rumour  
And the list of folk whom I appalled  
You don't ask what's the matter with me  
Or why I don't stop crying  
You just get the wine  
And in addition to every faux pas  
And emotional scar  
I forgot to ask you how you are

But that's what friends are for  
To gather what's left of me off the floor  
And to get me to my front door  
So many regrets and times I forget about you  
And you're still here

But I've never been, not ever been  
I've never been the best of friends  
I've never been the best of friends

I smoked all your fags  
When I said I was quitting, I meant I quit buying  
My phone bill's enormous from calling to bore you  
With the latest adventure or potential romantic disaster  
I've never remembered your birthday  
And then I abuse you when you fail to turn up to my  
gigs  
It doesn't mean I don't love you to bits  
And it's not a sexual thing  
Though I might try it on when I'm pissed

But that's why friends exist  
To put up with shit to a daily degree  
When a lesser man would hate me  
So many parades I've managed to rain on  
Christ knows why you're still here

'Cos it buggers me, you fail to see  
I've never been the best of friends  
I've never been the best of friends

Gushing about you to third-party crowds  
In a drinking location is small consolation  
Nor never recalling to call just to say  
How I adore the way  
You let me get away with blue murder  
A saint would have had it by now  
Erased me from their mobile,  
Moved house, changed their number and name  
I'd give you the world  
If for only one minute I'd remember  
That it didn't revolve around me

How the hell can you be  
When it takes me five verses to say what I feel  
There's something in my eye  
It might be my hair, but it's probably my pride  
Please do me honour of saying you ought to  
Forgive me for driving you right round the bend  
Being your friend  
Your emotional friend  
Your so bloody difficult friend

Lucky for me that we're friends  
Sorry for you that we're friends  
Oh God I still hope that we're friends

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