

Jonas Friedman

"Secrets Don't Make Friends"

Visit "[Secrets Don't Make Friends](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

24 hours ago you were a shadow at best
A ghost laid to rest because it's better to forget than to
be forgotten
This is strictly business; a safety precaution
To make sure we keep our distances

I'd rather waste my breath and find out
That you're liar than wait until you're dead
And identify you as a martyr and an honest man
Hold on, stop everything, I think there's some life in
him yet

Liars don't get second chances
And secrets don't make friends
So open up, spill your guts
Make sure you make an honest mess

I'd rather waste my breath and find out
That you're liar than wait until you're dead
And identify you as a martyr and an honest man
Hold on, stop everything, I think there's some life in
him yet

I'd rather waste my breath and find out
That you're liar than wait until you're dead
And identify you as a martyr

I'd rather waste my breath and find out
That you're liar than wait until you're dead
And identify you as a martyr and an honest man
Hold on, stop everything, I think there's some life in
him yet

Hold on stop everything, hold on

Visit [Jonas Friedman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.