

## **Monday In London**

### **"A Good Friend, A Worse Enemy"**

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I see a scarecrow figure  
she walks into her apartment.  
The door slams and there's a mirror behind her.  
In the reflection of that mirror  
there's a letter on the bed she can't read,  
her green eyes focus through tears.  
Sometimes it's hard for her to realize  
with her back turned their all laughing.  
He sits alone with his pad and his pen,  
he can't help but write all of his songs about her.  
But it doesn't matter what they say about her.  
Their lives have been shattered on the stage of desire.  
The hammer drops, the mood explodes.  
Her friends clearly see a pattern,  
a distinction in her daily habits.  
She doesn't eat, she doesn't sleep.  
She cries out in the night for passion,  
there's something there that she needs.

All of these things will turn into dust.  
Please lets keep this separation simple enough  
to keep my reputation from being mangled.  
Why should I bite my tongue for you  
when all you do is poison the truth,  
about how I use to treat you like a punching bag.  
Well, maybe then I guess I should have.  
And maybe then that would be enough  
to account for all the stuff you have put me through.  
And maybe then you would stop bothering yourself  
with Libras and lions, you never know where it is.  
Honestly Pixie I believe I found what was missing,  
a piece that actually fits without all the forcing.  
Now you're dying to love me through my friends.

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