

The Grownup Noise

"Friends Of Mine"

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(Bachman/Cummings)

Friends of mine don't have the time
For food or wine
Just money is on their minds

Life is sweet
On a one-way street
They're indiscrete
And funny, they'll never meet

B-bay-b-bay-b-bay-b-bay-baby...

I gotta get a two-ton truck
I gotta get a two-ton truck
I gotta get a two-ton truck
I gotta get a two-ton truck
I gotta do it to a duck on a two-ton truck and fade away
like Ron Rene
All right, all right

You got the magical mystery tour
You got the magical mystery tour
You got the magical mystery tour
You got the magical mystery tour

And Kurt is the Walrus
And Kurt is the Walrus
And the Walrus does funny things to the veins in his
left arm
All right

And Michael is now a father, all right
And Michael is now a proud father, all right
And my good friend Michael is now a proud father
And Michael is now a father, all right
And that means Michael's wife is a mother, all right

Up the 13 steps of the gallows walked the condemned
man
And time passes very quickly when death is near

After having completed the first step, the condemned
man knew there were but 12 left
Before he would meet death and his soul would leave
his body
And after having completed the 13 steps the
condemned man was met by a giant cloaked figure
And with a quick flick of the wrist the man was dead
And his soul left his body and went down down down
To a place we laughingly refer to as hell
But none of us will ever go there because we're all far
too groovy
The man's body was left to rot on the gallows
And a great multitude of black birds came and picked
the man's corpse apart
Piece by piece
Limb by limb
Until nothing remained
And his blood melted into the ground below

The gallows was made from a tree created by God
The man's blood dripped into the ground which was
created by God
Even the giant cloaked figure which was the man's own
end was created by God
Even the man's soul which went down was created by
God
Even the black birds which picked the man's corpse
apart were created by God
AND WHERE WAS GOD?

In Flanders Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses row on row
To mark the dead

To Flanders Fields the hippies go
To smoke the poppies there below
And feed their heads

And they're all friends of mine, each and every one of
them, no better or no worse
And we'll probably end up down there together when
it's all over

And that's why we say
B-bay-b-bay-b-bay-b-bay-b-baby ...

It's all over and it's all right.

