

## Guess Who "Friends of Mine"

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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 indiscreet and funny, they'll never meet

B-bay, b-bay, b-bay, b-bay, 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  
Alright, alright

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  
Alright

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

Up the thirteen 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 twelve left  
Before he would meet death and his soul would leave  
his body  
And after having completed the thirteen 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

