

Stairs To Korea "All Of Your Friends"

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Your friends are made for great things
They're paid for waiting
For weekends, for sleep and for mating.
They're fresh from college casinos
Pretty sure that they know that we know what they know.
When they fall will they have a say?
Carried on whims or just swept up and then thrown
away
They're splintered and put back together again
But they're lost and they're lacking and they're all
of your friends
All of your friends

Your friends came to see me
Woke me at half three
Said they had something I needed to see
Cuts and capers they made the papers
The type-face was white, ace and day-savers
With that comes your only hope
It's chalked up as this slippery slope
And if you make this all up well it's hard to defend
The red road to ruin for all of your friends
All of your friends.

If we know it's a fool's game
Can't we call it by its name?
So we separate kitsch from camp
Red ringed, then researched, then rubber-stamped.
'Cause they're queuing to burn you
And if it's lifestyle well when did lifestyle concern
you?
While we're all 'at it' it's fun to pretend we're
participants - me, you and
All of your friends
All of your friends
All of your friends
All of your friends

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