

The Police "Friends"

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I likes to eat my friends and make no bones about it
I likes to eat my friends, I couldn't do without it
Ain't a man or poet, friend, I know just how you'll taste
Your limbs go sliding down my throat and never go to
waste

Your death, of course, will sadden me, until I [?] your
essence
I know your life was not in vain when digestion is
commencing
Consider this a celebration and the deepest pact of
friends
And I hope that you will dine on me when I come to an
end

(ah....)

Even friends may come to you with a new found
revelation
But think of it as life renewed and not their termination
"To know you is to eat you" should be the code of
lovers

Death brings the highest act of love preserved for one
another

(ah....)

People say that what you are is only what you eat
And my friends become a part of me, oh well it's then
that life's complete
To know you is to eat you, the act of love supreme
Each one of us inside himself can appetize the dream

(ah....)

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