

Los Amigos

"Dammit"

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It's alright, to tell me, what you think, about me
I won't try, to argue, or hold it, against you
I know that, you're leaving, you must have, your
reasons
the season, is calling, and your pictures, are falling
down

The steps that, I retrace, the sad look, on your face
the timing, and structure, did you hear, he fucked her?
a day late, a buck short, I'm writing, the report
on losing, and failing, when I move, I'm flailing now

And it's happened once again
I'll turn to a friend
someone that understands
sees through the master plan

But everybody's gone
and I've been here for too long
to face this on my own
well I guess this is growing up
well I guess this is growing up

And maybe, I'll see you, at a movie, sneak preview
you'll show up, and walk by, on the arm, of that guy
and I'll smile, and you'll wave, we'll pretend, it's okay
the charade, it won't last, when he's gone, I won't come
back

And it'll happen once again
you'll turn to a friend
someone that understands
and sees through the master plan

But everybody's gone
and you've been there for too long
to face this on your own
well I guess this is growing up

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