

# Friends

Axelle Red

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Friends

You were my brother

A soul mate a friend

The kinda one you

Supposed to meet 'n keep but then

Some misunderstanding

Ruined a perfect blending

A sour tasting stew

That would never happen to you

I was on the road

Busy obviously

Consuming time and

It didn't help necessarily

You did not return my calls

Surrounded by your walls

Quite a childish thing to do

For a critic like you

We can still talk it over

Get a drink get sober

Friends do that

They just admit 'n forget

We want the world to move on

Already we don't get along

Ain't nothing worse than friends

Who regret they met

Could it be more easy

Pour it down the drain

'cause even "lonely"

At the top of the food chain

Life is still too short

And I don't think we can afford

Friends makin' mistakes

Give history a break

Can you imagine

Endin' up there all together

Oh, it won't matter

They 'll place the two of us right next to each other

Every dinner breakfast

God knows how long it 'll last

Shiits, jews, you and me

Mute eternally

We can still talk it over

Get a drink get sober

Friends do that

They just admit 'n forget

We want the world to move on  
Already we don't get along  
Ain't nothing worse than friends  
Who regret they met

Someone hurt you before  
It's what you're blaming the next one for  
Ain't that exactly  
Why we people 've been needing therapy  
Since the earliest century

We can still talk it over  
Get a drink get sober  
Friends do that  
They just admit 'n forget

We want the world to move on  
Already we don't get along  
Ain't nothing worse than friends  
Who regret they met

And all these conversations we had  
By the value system bein' dead  
Ain't that what you said

... That is what you said:  
"Forgive and forget as easy as that...  
innocent and entire nations dragged into war 'n how did we come this far?"..  
.  
... Cut the crap, you can't even make it up to friend...  
Ok, I'm sorry I called you dreadful, I still think you do need a girl though  
, get a wif, get a drink...  
You called me a capitalist, moralizing in my farm...  
Let's get lots of drinks, mojito's...  
In love with the entire bar, lousy in the morning, still better than embarrassed towards this angel:  
"Were these the best friends?"...  
Before I could never understand, a father and a son on unspeaking terms...  
So sad.

Forgive 'n forget,  
as easy as that,  
I think alcohol could save the world, it's dangerous...  
What? ...  
Not to drink...  
Say that again