

Farewell my fairweather friend.
Senseless reasoning.
You believe what you want to believe.
Farewell my fairweather friend.
On you no one can depend.
Bad times, now they must end.
Whatever you want it to be, for you that's what it will be.
Honesty to you is arbitrary.
Logic is lost in your cranial abattoir.
Shallow, empty inside.
Sly-witted and full of snide.
Bad times, now they must end.
The shutter-speed of your thinking process is small, too small.
Too full of pride.
Bad times, now they must end.
Farewell my fairweather friend.
Farewell my fairweather friend.
Bad times, now they must end.
You used to be nice, now you're twice as nice.
You used to be good, now you're too good.
Farewell my fairweather friend.
Farewell my fairweather friend.
Bad times, now they must end.
Used to be nice, now you're twice as nice.
Used to be good, now you're too good.
Farewell my fairweather friend.
Bad times - they must end.
On you no one can depend.
Farewell my fairweather friend.
Logic is lost in your cranial abattoir.
Shallow, empty inside.
Sly-witted and full of snide.
The shutter-speed of your thinking process is small, too small.
Too full of pride.
Lost in a storm.
Farewell my fairweather friend.
Bad times, now they must end.
Bad times - they must end.
On you no one can depend.
Farewell my fairweather friend.