

## Like a Friend

Pulp

Don't bother saying you're sorry.  
Why don't you come in?  
Smoke all my cigarettes again.  
Every time I get no further.  
How long has it been?  
Come on in now,  
Wipe your feet on my dreams.

You take up my time,  
Like some cheap magazine,  
When I could have been learning something.  
Oh well, you know what I mean.

I've done this before.  
And I will do it again.  
Come on and kill me baby,  
While you smile like a friend.  
And I'll come running,  
Just to do it again.

You are the last drink I never should drunk.  
You are the body hidden in the trunk.  
You are the habit I can't seem to kick.  
You are my secrets on the front page every week.  
You are the car I never should have bought.  
You are the train I never should have caught.  
You are the cut that makes me hide my face.  
You are the party that makes me feel my age.

Like a car crash I can see but I just can't avoid.  
Like a plane I've been told I never should board.  
Like a film that's so bad but I've gotta stay til the end.  
Let me tell you now,  
It's lucky for you that we're friends.