

You Can Buy Friends

The Bears

A squat greek sips his ouzo
Fingering his gold neck chain
Robust corn-fed american beauties
Lick the salty rim of margaritas
In the corner lies a comatose musician

Dreaming on the job again

You can't buy love
But you can buy friends

Upon her breast a shiny crucifix
Holier than me i guess
Sheds friends like a snake sheds skin
Her laughter sounds so venomous
In his corner lies the once proud musician
Thinking on the job again