

Friendly Fire

UB40

We were partners in crime
Spending our days, serving our time
In the usual way
We went behind the lines
To even the score
I won the battle but you won the war
I used to be a gun for hire
Then I was killed by friendly fire
I used to be a real high flier
Then I was killed by friendly fire

A shot rang out
And knocked me flat
Ain't no coming back from a lick like that
I never saw it coming, it came out of the blue
I never did believe my assassin would be you

I got the message down the wire
That I was killed by friendly fire
I used to be a gun for hire
Then I was killed by friendly fire

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I used to be a gun for hire
Then I was killed by friendly fire
I used to be a real high flier
Then I was shot by friendly fire

A shot rang out
And knocked me flat
Ain't no coming back from a lick like that
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I got the message down the wire
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