

## Amigos

### Victims Family

It's just that little shred of doubt you choose, that something  
I left out  
You use to get your way because you say "you didn't spell it out".  
Or the simple lack o' proof that makes for a perfect lame excuse  
your  
Nose grows and grows do you suppose I know you're two quarts low  
On truth.  
Oh, the things you put me through, a friendship built on guilt.  
To  
Entertain you out of pity, to just to shut you up.  
No there's nothing wrong, let's go have some fun. A smoke to break  
The ice, maybe I'm just too fuckin' nice...  
Oh, the things you put me through, to bring me down to your level.  
Just to make things tolerable, in hopes of something better.  
But I don't see the change, and you don't think it's needed. So  
one  
More lie for the road, gee I hate to see you go.