

I Love You Honey But I Hate Your Friends

Cheap Trick

I love you honey but I hate your friends
I love you honey but they'll be the end of me, oh yeah
I love you honey but I hate those friends

That fat cat Frank got a heart of gold
He's got a head of lead, he's young but he acts old
That limp wrist two-fisted diplomat
Better draw a map, to see where he's at

Around and round when he rambles on
'Bout the latest deal we should be in on
We shouldn't give him the time of day
He doesn't give a damn if we sink or swim

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Did some toot, yeah we had a blow
Look man, no holes, real nose
When he says hi, he really means the moon
He was there long before Armstrong

He stays loose, he says, fill her up
For eternal youth from those Swiss docs
He's thirty but he feels like sixteen
Check it out, yep, hundred-n-sixteen

I love you honey but I hate your friends
I love you honey but they'll be the end of me, oh yeah
I love you honey, let's dance

I love you honey but I hate your friends
I love you honey but they'll be the end of me, oh yeah yeah
I love you honey but I hate your friends

Let's see, there's Miss Tique and Miss Informed
General Disaster, Mister Know-it-all
Missus a lot and Private Stock
Corporal Punishment 'bout to blow his mind

Mister Mock, Mister Completely
Miss De Plot, Miss Story
Mister Call, Mister De Gaulle
The aging Mister Martin and that ain't all

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I love you honey but I hate your friends
I love you honey but they'll be the end of me, oh yeah
I love you honey but I hate your friends

I love you honey but I hate your friends
They love your money but they'll be the end of me, oh yeah
I love you honey but I hate your friends