

## Dead Friend

Against Me!

Needn't worry about tomorrow anymore, because you're dead.  
Does anything still echo? Is there any trace left?  
I know she still remembers, she sleeps with your picture by her  
bed.  
They shaved your face and they washed your hair clean,  
You were wearing the jacket that I met you in.

How could I not have guessed she would fall in love with the fi  
rst boy she kissed in a casket?  
God damn it. God damn, I miss my dead friend.

We buried your body into the heart of a hole in ground.  
John Paul Allison, the orphan boy Pope.  
She waits for you to haunt her,  
She sleeps with your ghost at night in bed.  
When you died, you were only twenty-six,  
The most real person that I've ever met.

Your cold dead hands, your cold dead lips,  
Your cold dead heart, your cold dead kiss.