

Are Friends Electric

An Pierlé

It's cold outside
And the paint's peeling off of my walls.
There's a man outside
In a long coat, grey hat, smoking a cigarette.

Now the light fades out
And i wonder what i'm doing in a room like this.
There's a knock on the door
And just for a second i thought i remembered you.

You know i hate to ask
But are my friends electric?

So i open the door
It's the friend that i'd left in the hallway.
I said "please sit down"
A candle lit a shadow on a wall near the bed.

You know i hate to ask
But are friends electric?
Only much broke down
Down, down, down, down
And now i've no one to love.

You know i hate to ask
But are friends electric?