

Friends? We're More Like A Gang

Canterbury

You say your life's run out, taken all it can take.
We will fashion you a place, that will spoon-
feed it right back to you.
Hell was getting way too close so we ran away, ran away
We needed to find a place to go, and we did, oh we did.

When you're lucky to be alive
Hell's not the place you want to spend your time in.
You better run away and hide
Because this old place is making hell look friendly.
We didn't come here no we didn't plan to, we ended up here.
Now we're the crew on a ship that's sailing somewhere, nowhere.

You say you've outrun life; it would have a job catching up.
We will offer you this place and we will put our eyes right into
you.
He asked us what's the point in going back to them
When all you're doing is getting hurt?
He followed stick around a sing, stick around and sing with me.

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[repeat]