

Bad Friends

Dead to Me

I hear them goin out, I hear them coming in
They don't stick around too long
I hear them goin out, I hear them coming in
And what they do here isn't wrong

Pulled out of thin air
Trapped on paper
Filled in with the blues and green
They won't give you no trouble
They wanna be good
They wanna be strong and understood

When we are talking I'm trying to pay attention
But then the phone rings to remind me I need a drink
But like a call to arms or a call back home
You hear a sound that you've always known

Love is not a game that I should play
I think I'll try again some other day
I'm not too competitive that's for sure
There's other things that I want more
And I know how to get 'em

I get the feeling they think that
I can't hear them
But I can hear them loud and clear
I can't explain to you
Just what they said
But is sure sounds good in my head