

## 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