

Friends and Lovers

Incubus

I'm a ne'er-do-well
Running out of black gold
It's high time I pulled over
And walked around awhile

I've seen that porcelain shell
Your exoskeleton
And I feel like we'd walk well together

Because in the end, we are friends and lovers

If asked of me I would
Gobble them to bits
The things that wall us off from
Where we belong

What's wrong with you is good
For what's wrong with me
And I think maybe we should stick together

Because in the end, we are friends and lovers
We are friends and lovers

Abandon all the bones
We've got to pick
They'll only weigh us down and
We're better than that

If they all throw stones
Start a collection
Of everything we're not
And won't be 'cause

You should never have to defend
(Never have to defend)
Being friends and lovers
Being friends and lovers (oh)
Being friends and lovers