

My Best Friend

Motorpsycho

The first time I saw jesus
he had lust in his eyes;
life on his breath and stories big as life
a head that was buzzin' from the worlds that he'd seen
and a mind stuck forever in a dream
and hearing his laughter, I had to think anew
about all of our yesterdays and how it went askew
and how losing our minds was so much more important when
he was my best friend

Never trust your memories, you drink them better every time
soon they're nothing more than a sack of gilded lies
did it really happen or did I read it in a book?
was fifteen years really all it took
to lose all that innocense, that full on lust for life
the undilluted power that cut like a knife
through all the teenage bullshit that we slipped in on the way,
when
he was my best friend

The last time I saw jesus,
he had holes in his eyes
wine on his breath
and conviction in his lies
a head that was buzzin' from all the worlds that he'd seen
but a mind stuck forever in a dream
and hearing his laughter, I had to think anew
about all of our yesterdays, and how it went askew
he took the road less travelled, but somehow won out in the end
I wish he was still my best friend...