

## 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 innocence, 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...