

My Friend, My Friend

Phish

My friend, my friend he's got a knife
A statement from his former life
When he was easy but alone
Beside him was an empty throne
But what of silver silken blade
Affix his gaze, his features staid
Grasps the handle, clips the cable
One steps up, sits at his table
My friend, my friend, he's got a knife
My friend, my friend, he's got a wife

My friend, my friend, the clever ruse
Persuasion through his thoughts peruse
A hidden relic from his past
That wasn't there when he looked last
He feels it ticking like a bomb
Feeding fear, assaulting calm
Takes the object, starts the game
Moves closer to the flame

My friend, my friend, the clever ruse
My friend, my friend, he lights the fuse

My friend, my friend, he's got a knife
My friend, my friend, he's got a knife
My friend, my friend, he's got a knife