

Like a Friend

Pulp

Don't bother saying you're sorry.
Why don't you come in?
Smoke all my cigarettes again.
Every time I get no further.
How long has it been?
Come on in now,
Wipe your feet on my dreams.

You take up my time,
Like some cheap magazine,
When I could have been learning something.
Oh well, you know what I mean.

I've done this before.
And I will do it again.
Come on and kill me baby,
While you smile like a friend.
And I'll come running,
Just to do it again.

You are the last drink I never should drunk.
You are the body hidden in the trunk.
You are the habit I can't seem to kick.
You are my secrets on the front page every week.
You are the car I never should have bought.
You are the train I never should have caught.
You are the cut that makes me hide my face.
You are the party that makes me feel my age.

Like a car crash I can see but I just can't avoid.
Like a plane I've been told I never should board.
Like a film that's so bad but I've gotta stay til the end.
Let me tell you now,
It's lucky for you that we're friends.