

## You Can Buy Friends

The Bears

A squat greek sips his ouzo  
Fingering his gold neck chain  
Robust corn-fed american beauties  
Lick the salty rim of margaritas  
In the corner lies a comatose musician

Dreaming on the job again

You can't buy love  
But you can buy friends

Upon her breast a shiny crucifix  
Holier than me i guess  
Sheds friends like a snake sheds skin  
Her laughter sounds so venomous  
In his corner lies the once proud musician  
Thinking on the job again