

Friend

The Feelers

I'm not addicted any more
I feel so good, I want some more
I've given in, and now I'll take it again
So come with me my friend

Well come with me my friend
Well come with me my friend
Come with me my friend
Come with me

I'm not so deep that I can feel so sweet
And don't tell me that I'm your faithless creep
I'm fucking up with the system again
And come with me my friends

You come with me my friends
Well come with me my friends
Come with me my friends
Come with me

With face paint and matches, no need to be there
Since there's no difference, there's no need to compare
And you see me high, I'm flying
And you see me there, I'm dying

Come with me my friends
Come with me my friends
Come with me my friend
Come with me