

My Friend Chris

The Menzingers

The first sin that once told
Was to my parents at ten years old
I stole somethin' I'll admit it
But not to priests or crucifixes
Me and my best friend Chris
Built our alibis from bricks
And when we were questioned we just read our scripts
"I didn't do it"

The first crime I did commit
Was mischief night with my friend Chris
We packed our bags with toilet paper,
Bars of soap, and egg containers
And we targeted everyone who ever seemed to do us wrong
Oh how the time turns on

And maybe Einstein can express
The formulaic mysteries of time
But I've lost the time
And maybe Kafka was a writer
But I've been living like my name is Samsa

The first time I got my fix
Was with my brother and my friend Chris
Stole my mothers Smirnoff vodka
Mixed it with some cans of Fresca
And we learned how our parents lived
We found that we were good at it
Meet me at the bottom or in between

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See you in hell
I'll see ya when I see ya
(4x)