

## Are Friends Electric

An Pierlé

It's cold outside  
And the paint's peeling off of my walls.  
There's a man outside  
In a long coat, grey hat, smoking a cigarette.

Now the light fades out  
And i wonder what i'm doing in a room like this.  
There's a knock on the door  
And just for a second i thought i remembered you.

You know i hate to ask  
But are my friends electric?

So i open the door  
It's the friend that i'd left in the hallway.  
I said "please sit down"  
A candle lit a shadow on a wall near the bed.

You know i hate to ask  
But are friends electric?  
Only much broke down  
Down, down, down, down  
And now i've no one to love.

You know i hate to ask  
But are friends electric?