

Making Friends

Bishop Allen

Making friends is so damn easy

All you handsome devils
Oh, what a congragation you make
Carry on with your revels
Go on and eat your birthday cake

But I, got so much frustration
Its causing me great physical pain
I try to make conversation
It's like trying to stop a train

Making friends is so damn easy
Smile and act real pleasing
Nobody knows, nobody can tell
We do it so well, we're going to Hell

I drove across this great nation
Three times, three times at least
I don't know what I was chasing
But I think it got the best of me

When your, wasted days are behind you
Pounding out your heels
I'll be right there to remind you
How lucky you're supposed to feel

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We do it so well, we're going to Hell

Now, you can knock them dead, baby
You can be the bell of the ball
The music's driving me crazy
I'm going out into the hall

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