

Friend?

Coal Chamber

Living a lie, let's not pretend
That you like me or we are friends
We can call it for the few
That are listening tonight
We'll divide the dream cut the loss
Feel no pain, you can fuck the fame
You can fuck the fame
For the ones that are listening

All this time that I called you friend
I won't be there for you again
All this time that I called you friend
I won't be there for you again

Your future's bleak, you better save your skin
It's that flesh you smell, it's that skin you're in
Your soul is rotting as well as your inners
Your mind and teeth they're getting thinner
Selfish, self-sustaining
Regrets, unmistaking
Fuck the fame, you can fuck the fame
For the ones that are listening

All this time that I called you friend
I won't be there for you again
All this time that I called you friend
I won't be there for you again

Sleep well, sleep tight
You know this song is about you don't you?

All this time that I called you friend
I won't be there for you again
All this time that I called you friend
I won't be there for you again