

Friendly Fire

Daan

I'm tired of shooting enemies I'm gonna shoot a friend
I never was a diplomat it's time they comprehend
I wore my coat of compliments I shone all of your shoes
now I want endless credit or I'll blame it on the booze
for granted smiles and shaken hands are signals of abuse
I'm gonna spend my ammunition on this silly truce
I'm tired of aiming rockets at some strangers oversea
Now comes the time to concentrate on targets next to me
Oh my darling I'm so tired Oh my queen of foul desire
Let's get lost in Friendly Fire
Like hunters dating reindeer I got caught in my own game

Like sentimental stunt men I got bored of easy fame
I thank you for that formless timeless touching souvenir
but slowly bleeding with compassion get me out of here
Oh my darling I'm so tired
Let's get lost in Friendly Fire
So winter comes this place gets pretty warm
These hormones've got me pretty far My genes've all got it wrong
And from my house on my hilltop I'll send to graze my goat
And end up signing dirty books The kind I never wrote
Oh my queen of foul desire Let's get lost in Friendly Fire
Open up your heart to Friendly Fire