

B.F.F.

Jonathan Wilson

Shit white wine, I'm faded again
There's nobody on the line
In another life I'm peachy keen
Looking sharp, living clean
I guess I thought for some silly reason
I could always go back there

Hardly anyone here wants to run anymore
They're all red-pilled
Caught up in a globalist lie
To try and then buy a bunch of plastic bullshit, then die
I compare it humorously in my mind
To a giant fish fry

Oh yeah, I'm back on my bullshit
I'm feeling myself
I'm high on my own supply
I stay up all night long
Smoking dope and writing songs
I guess it's really just a case of do or die

So bring me the head of John Mayer
And all of the other Jerry imposters
In their online designer tie-dye
Yeah, I'll PayPal one-sixty
For the nonexistent counterculture hoodie
Let's turn this whole fucking fake shakedown into a real fish fry

Oh, the big fish fry, oh my
Can we recover from this?
Did we lose our shit?
Did we lose our innocence long ago?
So long ago

Yes, I was paying to play
Ego was eating me alive
I was living a bald-faced lie
But I was making epic scenes
Doing interviews, all the magazines
And making weekend trips to the bonafide wild-eyed countryside

Oh, the countryside, oh my
Can we recover from this?
Did we lose our?
Did we lose our innocence long ago?
So long ago
So long ago