

No Friend

Paramore

These old letters from years ago
I felt it was leading to a
[...]

When I wrote this [...] I may have been finally able to address how it feels

Another brick-red room,
Another black-top town,
Another misspelled band burning their own houses down,
Another pine-box tune to fill the cemetery day
Another star, a touch of orange over purgatory gray,

Another thorny field to scatter fruitless seed,
Another song that runs too long god knows no one needs
More misguided ghosts, more transparent hands
To drop a nickel in our basket and we'll do our riot!

Dance beneath another burning sky,
Behind our painted lips
In scores of catatonic smile-covered ankle-bitten ships
So throw your pedestal of stone in the forgetful sea
As protection from the paper-thin perfection
You project on me

When this repetition ends behind the window shades,
A semi-conscious sorrow sleeping in the bed I've made,
That most unrestful bed, that most original of sins
And you'll say that's what I get when I let ambition win again

I'd hate to let you down
So I'll let the waters rise
And drown my dull reflection
In the naïve expectation in your eyes
Back in a cast bit-part,
Back when I felt most free,
I had a butcher's heart and no one thought they knew me

So before the regiment resumes,
Before the dreaded sun appears,
My driver's waiting
So let's make one point crystal clear:

You see a flood-lit form,
I see a shirt design,
I'm no savior of yours
And you're no friend of mine.

You're no friend of mine
You're no friend of mine
I'm no savior of yours and you're no friend of mine

You see a flood-lit form
I see a shirt design
I'm no savior of yours
And you're no friend of mine

I see myself in the reflection of people's eyes
Realising what they see may not be even close to the image I see in myself

And I hate I might actually be more afraid
[...] I feel like they know the story
I saw a bear floating in the river and thought it was a fur coat
Twelve years ago I stood on the shore
Jumped in and grabbed the coat
And the river is rushing toward a waterfall
And my friend stood at the shore and shouted to let go of the coat and swim
back to land
I let go of the coat but the coat won't let go of me
In any case please let me know if there's more I can give you
If nothing comes of it, then just know we are grateful