Friendly Fire

Peter Frampton

She's driving round in circles;
She wants to curse his name
A van is drawn and meanwhile,
He's finding his composure know, he feels the same
We set the bait, we lie and wait, we wave the flag, too late

Why do we string the arrows, why do we tell the lies
Why do we load the ammo, until dead is from our eyes
Why do we raise our voices, while preaching to the quire
Why do we froze our hearts, and open friendly fire
Why do we wage destruction, why do we scorch the earth
Why do we drive them down into the dirt

I need to press a button, I had to make it rain
When the dust will form and meanwhile
Losing her composure, she never feels the same
We set the bait, we lie and wait, we wave the flag, too late

Why do we string the arrows, why do we tell the lies
Why do we load the ammo, until dead is from our eyes
Why do we raise our voices, while preaching to the quire
Why do we froze our hearts, and open friendly fire
Why do we wage destruction, why do we scorch the earth
Why do we drive them down into the dirt

When looking for some closure, will never be the same
Oooohhhh

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