

## Good Friend

Quinn XCII

She waits, he works, they live at night  
Low pay, no way to stay polite  
Too late to change the state of mind  
Lights out, black on, too hard to find  
Hops in his car, that's a bad blessing  
Long night ahead, now she's mad stressing  
Time's on their side, but they're still shakin'  
Gun in their hands, money for the taking

Then he feels her touch, it becomes all too much

Don't say goodbye, say hello to my good friend  
See, he's all I know  
Run and hide, ain't no show, this is a hold-up  
Hope you just know that we steal to survive

She prays to change, they wisely would  
How could something so bad fund their livelihood  
He knows it's tough but it's for their good  
Left their morals out to burn like it's firewood  
And in their hard days have each other still  
Moving through motions like they know the drill  
So when it comes to fate, they don't have a say  
Grown up with these roles that they have to play  
Rents late as hell but they're side-steppin'  
Hearts on their sleeves to conceal weapons  
Break down the door but nobody's waking  
Head for the drawer, money for the taking

Then he feels her touch, it becomes all too much

Don't say goodbye, say hello to my good friend  
See, he's all I know  
Run and hide (yeah), ain't no show, this is a hold-up  
Hope you just know that we steal to survive  
[x2]

But if this ends in ruin  
It could have happened anywhere  
Can't help but feeling human  
Looked up at Wall Street millionaires  
[x2]

Don't say goodbye, say hello to my good friend  
See, he's all I know  
Run and hide (yeah), ain't no show, this is a hold-up  
Hope you just know that we steal to survive  
[x2]