

Friends

That Handsome Devil

When you're alone
Who comes around
To pick you up
When you are down?
So when you're outside looking in
Who's there to open the door?
That's what friends are for

Who's always eager to extend
A friendly claw?
That's what friends are for

And when you're lost
In dire need
Who's at your side
At lightning speed?
We're friends with every creature
Coming down the pike
In fact we've never met an animal
We didn't like
We've never met an animal we didn't like

So you can see, we're friends
We're friends indeed
And friends in need, are friends
Are friends in need
And friends in need, are friends
Are friends indeed
And friends indeed, are friends
Are friends in need
We'll keep you safe
In the jungle, forevermore
That's what friends are for

(These weren't friends. They were Vultures! Picking away at disparity, cackling while you drank the poison. Where was the direction? Where was the compassion? Where was the humanity!? Across from the watering hole, sprouting from the high grass, stood the home of faith itself. An electric lit cross flickering, drawing he and his box toward the charm of its hymns)