

So Called Friend

Uncle Tupelo

Never again, your so called friend
Will leave you sick and dry
This friend has a name
Knows the gutter and shame
This so called friend of you and I?, the long-term goals
Are to leave this friend behind
He knows what I lack
Is a place under the sack
For every other tie that binds This last night on the town
Might be your last fun time out
And you think to yourself
There must be a better way than the same routine
For more than once, you pay
More than once, you pay
Butt full of lead, stuck in your web
Held captive by the stream
Thoughts in your head
The minute I sped
And you still had time to dream This last night on the town
Might be your last
And you smile at things and wave goodbye
More excuses to never even try
As you wave goodbye Forget what I said, your friend's not dead
He's only gone for a while
Come back to that crack between what's white and what's black
And give you one last smile
This last night on the town
Might be your last fun time out
And you think to yourself
There must be a better way than the same routine
For more than once, you pay
More than once, you pay

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