

Friendly Fire

UB40

We were partners in crime spending our days
Serving our time in the usual way
And we went behind the lines to even the score
I won the battle but you won the war I used to be a gun for hire
Then I was killed by friendly fire
I used to be a real high flyer
Then I was killed by friendly fire A shot rang out and knocked me flat
Ain't no coming back from a lick like that
I never saw it coming, it came out of the blue
I never did believe my assassin would be you I got the message down the wire
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