

My Friend, My Friend

Phish

My friend, my friend he's got a knife
A statement from his former life
When he was easy but alone
Beside him was an empty throne But what of silver silken blade
Affix his gaze, his features staid
Grasps the handle, clips the cable
One steps up, sits at his table My friend, my friend, he's got a knife
My friend, my friend, he's got a wife My friend, my friend, the clever ruse
Persuasion through his thoughts peruse
A hidden relic from his past
That wasn't there when he looked last He feels it ticking like a bomb
Feeding fear, assaulting calm
Takes the object, starts the game
Moves closer to the flame My friend, my friend, the clever ruse
My friend, my friend, he lights the fuse My friend, my friend, he's got a knife
My friend, my friend, he's got a knife
My friend, my friend, he's got a knife Knife

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