

She Drove Me To Daytime Television

Funeral for a Friend

Can't beat the best ones
A little closer maybe a bit too close
You function you turn out
A flawless performance Turn your camera away from me
Spill your guts in 8mm
Put your focus where your mouth is
You're the only one who's fading here Such holidays in the sun don't come without sacrifices
You know it makes more sense I like the way you cry
Break my heart and break my hands and let me down
I want to snap your neck in two
And leave you dead, so dead

Songwriters

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