

# All the Rage

## Funeral for a Friend

Why do we need this?  
Who was it that said 'The great things come to great men'  
Well, that fucker lied to us  
Well, there's nothing here but a wasteland  
But I can still see the graves of the dead  
But it's useless  
Most of us would rather sit  
Than see this wound that we have created  
Well, let's not last the night  
Well, let's not last the night  
I'm sick and I'm tired  
Of always being the good guy  
I'm sick and I'm tired  
Of always being the good guy  
Well, senseless, I'm not sure why  
I'm not going to pretend that I know all the answers  
Or all of the questions  
It's got to be good for something  
So we'll chalk this out  
And we'll mount the dead on the fireplace  
Above right above our gilded heads  
On our gilded heads  
I'm sick and I'm tired  
Of always being the good guy  
I'm sick and I'm tired  
Of always being the good guy  
Like sitting in the back seat, it's all the rage  
And boring me with your body, it's all the rage  
How many times can I say I'm sorry, it's all the rage  
You really mean it, you really mean it  
You really mean it, you really mean it  
Like sitting in the back seat, it's all the rage  
And boring me with your body, it's all the rage  
And how many times can I say I'm sorry, it's all the rage  
You really mean it, you really mean it, you really mean it  
You really mean it, you really mean it  
Why do we need this?  
Who was it that said 'The great things come to great men'  
Well, that fucker lied to us  
Well, there's nothing here but a wasteland  
There's nothing here

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