Friends And Enemies

Freedom Fry

All of my friends are ghosts,
None of their eyes get close, to me,
Start out not holding stones,
But in the end we're enemies,Looking out the wonder,
Keep me caged up under till I crack the walls, till I crack the walls,
On the bus and under,
Keep me happy waiting, till I crack the walls, till I crack the wallsAll my friends are all my ene-enemies,
Know where to put the knife if they could,
All the nights and days they said they needed me,
Even if it was a lie it was good,
Ups and downs,
We're friends and enemies,
We're friends and enemiesCaught in the open close,
Are you feeling the overdose, with me?
When you're standing me up I'm dead,
'Cause in the end you're all I need,Looking out the wonder,
Keep me caged up under till I crack the walls, till I crack the walls,
On the bus and under,
Keep me happy waiting, till I crack the walls, till I crack the wallsAll my friends are all my ene-enemies,
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We're friends and enemiesAooooooooAll my friends are all my ene-enemies,
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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