

# All Those Friendly People

## Funeral Suits

Count back, anaesthetise  
Colours burnt into my eyes  
Life for you is shades of grey  
Help me, help me find my way  
Lost, lost, and never found  
Hide your secrets, settle down  
I am young and I am naive  
Tell me something I will believe  
Take me, take me far away  
From this city's soul decay  
Hid away 'til I was eighteen  
Only saw colours on a TV screen  
Skinny jeans and sunglasses  
A fashion statement for the masses  
What you're doing makes me sick  
Over hyped and generic  
Shine, shine, like the sun  
Spread your warmth through everyone  
I asked you why people die  
You said we all had a design  
Slide into the sea  
Landslide comin' down on me  
I said I was into you  
You said you were into me  
You never answer on the phone  
With your nicotine lips and your heart of stone  
I look for you by the underpass  
Looks like this love wasn't meant to last  
You said you reap just what you sow  
So tell me where does your garden grow  
You said in time the pain would pass  
Looks like the end is here at last  
Burn, burn, like a star  
Burn a hole in every heart  
Strung out on a trail of blood  
Who knew the stars were not enough?  
Smile, smile if you can  
If you can't, I'll understand  
See these stitches in my eyes  
Smash computers, kill rock stars  
Purge the past and waste my mind  
Leave no scent or trace behind  
One day when you bury me  
When I wake up, what will I see?  
Down, down, underground  
Dig for fire, dig for sound  
What is on the radio?  
'Cause I would like to say hello  
Crawl, crawl through the dirt  
Jesus, show me what you're worth  
Can't you just send us a sign?

Tell us all that we're doing fine  
Nights for sitting in the dark  
Days for lying in the park  
Wake me up from my sick dream  
A requiem for this dead scene  
You never answer on the phone  
With your nicotine lips and your heart of stone  
I look for you by the underpass  
Looks like this love wasn't meant to last  
You said you reap just what you sow  
Well tell me where does your garden grow  
You said in time the pain would pass  
Looks like the end is here at last  
Count back, anaesthetise  
Colours burnt into my eyes  
Life for you is shades of grey  
Help me, help me find my way  
Mother, can't you help me now?  
'Cause I've been drowning in the sound  
Lying on the motorway  
Writing songs and wasting away

Lyrics provided by

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